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(There was an Edition in 1586 4to)
The 1st Edition of Warner's Albion's England was
in 1596, and is so rare that it is not mentioned by
Ames or Herbert, and was unknown to Stevens & Ritson.
There was another Edition in 1597.
In Chapter the 4th. Page 65, see the History of King
Lear and his 3 Daughters, which Shakespeare probably
used in writing his Play.
Shakespeare's Lear is supposed to have been written in 1605.

ALBIONS England.

A

Continued Hiſtorie of the ſame Kingdome, *from the Originals of the firſt Inhabitants* thereof: With moſt the chiefe Alterations and Accidents theare hapning, vnto, and in the happie Raigne of our now moſt gracious Soueraigne, Queene ELIZABETH:

Not barren in varietie of inuentiue and hiſtoricall Intermixtures:

Firſt penned and publiſhed by *William Warner*: and now reuiſed, and newly inlarged by the ſame Author:

Whereunto is alſo newly added an EPITOME *of the whole Hiſtorie of* ENGLAND.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edm. Bollifant* for *George Potter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Bible. 1602.

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May 1873

To the right Honorable, my verie good Lord and Maister, *Henrie Carey, Baron of Hunsdon, Knight of the* most noble Order of the Garter, Lord Chamberlaine of her *Maiesties most Honorable Houshold, Lord Gouernour of* Barwick, Lord Warden of the East Marches for and anenst *Scotland*, Lord *Lieftenant of* Suffolke *and* Norfolke, *Captaine of her Maiesties Gentlemen Pencioners, and one of her Highnes most Honorable Priuie Counsell.*

THis our whole Iland, anciently called *Brutaine*, but more anciently *Albion*, presently containing two Kingdomes, *England* and *Scotland*, is cause (right Honorable) that to distinguish the former, whose onely Occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our Historie, I intitle this my Booke *ALBIONS ENGLAND*. A subiect, in troth, (without vaine-glory be it spoken) worthy your Honorable Patronage, had it passed from the pen of a more countenanced Author: But for

great Personages gratefully to entertaine the good wils of meane workemen, is answerable to themselues, and animating to feeble Artists. I therefore secure of your Honours Clemencie, and herein not vnlike to *Phaëton*, who at the first did fearefully admire euen the Pallace of *Phœbus*, but anon feareles aduenture euen the presence of *Phœbus*, hauing dedicated a former Booke to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth, now also present the like to your Lordship, with so much the lesse doubt and so much the more dutie, by how much the more I esteeme this my latter labour of more Valew, and I owe, and your Lordship expecteth especiall dutie at the hands of your Seruant. And thus (right Honorable) hoping better than I may offend, desirous to please, desperate of praise, and destitute of a better Present, I make Tender onely of good will, more I haue not, for your Honors good word, lesse I hope not.

Your Lordships most humble and dutifull Seruant, *W. Warner*.

To the Reader.

Well know I, that Pearles low-priſed in India *are precious in* England, *that euen* Homer *was ſlightly authoriſed in* Greece, *but ſingularly admired elſewhere, and that for the moſt part, the beſt Authors finde at home their worſt Auditors: howbeit, whatſoeuer Writer is moſt famous, the ſame is therefore indebted to his native Language: Neither preferre I aboue three ſpeeches before ours for more ſententious. Writtten haue I already in Proeſe, allowed of ſome, and now offer I Verſe, attending indifferent Cenſures. In which, if groſely I faile (as not greatly I ſo feare) in Veritie, Brenitie, Inuention, and Varietie, profitable, patheticall, pithie, and pleaſant, ſo farre off ſhall I be from being opinionate of mine owne Labors, that my ſelfe wil alſo ſubſcribe to preſcribe the ſame for abſurde and erronious. But in vaine is it either to intreate or feare the Courteous or Captious: the one will not cauill, nor the other be reconciled. My labour is paſt, and your liking to come, and things hardly founded may eaſily bee confounded; Arrogancie is* Linx-*eyed into aduantages, Enuie and ſelfe-conceited Readers capable of the leaſt errour: But ſuch are good Mindes and the Contraries of thoſe Men in reading of*

Bookes, as were the Paganes in reuerencing their Gods, sacrificing as deuoutly to a woodden Iupiter, *as to a golden* Iupiter, *to an Oxe, a Cat, or vnreuerent* Priapus, *as to the Sunne, the Starres, or amiable* Venus: *deuotion and discretion being euermore senceleſſe in detraction. Of the latter ſort therefore I craue pardon, preſuppoſing their patience; to the former, preſuppoſing impatience, I offer pardon: reſting to either, and to you all in good will ſuch as I ſhould,*

Yours W. W.

A Table for euery of the seuerall Bookes, to find out the speciall Stories and matters directing *from their Chapters and Pages.*

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FINIS.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. I.



Tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this Clime of ours, the Accidents pursue.
Thou high Director of the same, assist mine artlesse pen,
To write the gests of *Brutons* stout, and actes of English men.

When arked *Noah*, & seuen with him, the emptyd worlds Remaine,
Had left the instrumentall meane, of landing them againe:
And that both man and beast, and all, did multiplie with store,
To *Asia Sem*, to *Affrick Cham*, to *Europe Iapheth* bore
Their families. Thus triple wise the world deuided was:
One language common vnto all: vntill it came to passe,
That *Nembroth* sonne to *Chus*, the sonne of *Cham*, old *Noah* his sonne,
Had in *Chaldea* (neuer seene before) a Throne begonne.

As he and his audacious crew, the Tower of *Babell* reare,
Pretending it should check the cloudes, so to auoyd the feare
Of following flouddes, the Creator of Creatures beheld
The climing toppes of cloud-high Towers and more to be fulfild.
To cut off which ambitious plot, and quash their proud intent
Amongst a world of people there he sundry speeches sent,
So that, vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnfinished: and euery man withdrew
Himselfe apart, to ioyne with those whose language best he knew:
And thus confused tongues at first, to euery Nation grew.

THe Babylonian *Saturne* though his buildings speede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him he many Nations had.
He was the first that rulde as King, or forraine lands subdude,
Or went about into the right of others to intrude:
Ere this aspiring mindes did sleepe, and wealth was not pursude.
His sonne *Ioue Belus* after him, succeeded and puruaide
For dreadfull warres, but awlesse death his dreadfull purpose staide,
Then *Ninus* prosecutes the warres, preuented *Belus* sought,
And fild the wronged worlde with armes, and to subiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of such his nouile fight.
From *Assur* to *Caldea* he translates the Empire quite:
And caused fire on horses backs, before him euer borne,
To be adored for a God. Thus out of vse was worne
In *Assur* and *Caldea* too the honour rightly due
To high *Iehoua*, God indeede. Idolatrie thus grew
From *Ninus* first: he first of all a Monarchie did frame,
And bewtified *Niniuie*, that bore the Builders name.
His warlike wife *Semiramis*, her husband being dead,
And sonne in nonage, failing him long ruled in his stead:
Delating in a males attyre, the Empire new begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, she yeelded to her sonne.

Thus

Thus *Cham* his brood did borgeon firſt, and held the world in awe:
But *Iaphets* Line to *Iauans* land from *Aſſur* doth vs drawe.

MVch praiſe is ſpoke of *Theſſalie*, and *Pegaſus* his Springs,
And how the Nimphes of *Meonie*, in *Tempe* did great things,
And how that *Cecrops* and his ſeed did honour *Athens* ſo,
As that from thence are ſaid the Springs of Sciences to flow.
Not onely Artes but Cheualry, from *Greece* deriue we may:
Whereof (omitting many things) my Muſe, alonely ſay
How *Saturne*, *Ioue*, and *Hercules*, did fill the world with fame
Of iuſtice, proweſſe, and how they both men and Monſters tame:
And ſo from theſe deriue the meane how *Brute* to *Albion* came.

In *Crete* did floriſh in thoſe daies (firſt there that floriſht ſo)
Vranos: he in wealth and wit all others did out-goe.
This tooke to wife (not then forbod) his Siſter *Veſta* fayre,
That crooked *Titan* did to him and comely *Saturne* baer.
The elder for deformities, in making and of minde,
With parents and the people too did leſſer liking finde:
The younger by the contraries, gaue hanſell in his prime
Of many vertues, honouring their Owners elder time.
Away ſlips age: death ſpareth none: *Vranos* leaues the ſtage,
His body (now depriu'd of pomp) interrd, the wormes doe gage.
Well may a rich mans Hearſe want teares, but heirs he ſhall not mis,
To whom, that he is dead at lenght no little ioye it is.
Howbeit, at the leaſt for forme, *Vranos* Sonnes lament:
But ſcarce their parted fathers Ghoſt to heauen or hell was ſent,
When that his heires did fall at oddes about the vacant Raigne:
And *Titan* chafes, diſabled then the Scepter to ſuſtaine.
Each eye did follow *Saturnes* forme, each heart applaudes his fame,
And to couclude, with whole conſent, he winnes away the game.
Yet, for becauſe the Birth-right ſhould inure to *Titan* ſtill,
In *Mars* his Church did *Saturne* vow his Iſſues males to kill.

Not meanely glad was *Saturne* then his head poſſeſt a Crowne,
When, of his building, he was Lord of many a peopled Towne.
He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obay,
And equally belou'd and feard he wealds a kingly ſway.
He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the luſty land:
And how to pearſe the pathleſſe ayre, with ſhaft from Bow-mans hand.
God *Dis* did quaile to ſee his golde ſo faſt conuayd from hell,
And fiſhes quakte, when men in ſhips amidſt their flouds did dwell:
Who loues not him? Wherein did not the King of *Crete* excell.

But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe ſubiects moue?
Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Gold, or all? king *Saturne* is in loue.
He loues, and is beloude againe: yet ſo might not ſuffice,
In former vow to *Titan* made his paine of pleaſure lies:
But no man from the Monarche *Loue* by wealth or weapon flies.
Cybella, faire *Cybella* is eſpouſed to her brother:
And as doe *Venus* billing Birds ſo loue they one another.
In Coiture ſhe doth conceiue: one ſonne is borne, and ſlayne:
And *Saturne* of the hanſell hard, doth male-content remayne.

CHAP. II.

THe Sunne had compaſt all the Signes, and *Cybell* brought to light
Her ſecond breede, a ſmiling boy, and *Iupiter* he hight,
Together with the Queene of Gods (ſo *Iunoes* ſtile we wright.)
The infant ſmiled at his birth: but *Cybell*, ioy-bereft,
And *Veſta*, whom *Vranos* had an heauy widow left,
Did both lament: for *Saturne* wild the new borne babe ſhould die,

Both

Both to acquite him of his vow, and fruſtrate Deſtinie.
For at the Oracle he had, his wife a ſonne ſhould beare,
That ſhould eiect him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
Did haſten on (vnwillingly) the ſlaughter of his ſonne:
For which (his ſorrowes granting ſpeech) his moene he thus begonne.
And want not ſtately crowns their cares? With pompe haue princes (paine?
Ah, die he muſt, and die he ſhall, els may not *Saturne* raigne.
Yeat, might a Scepters want ſuffice, I gladly would reſigne:
But ſworne by *Stix* and wreakfull *Mars* at periuries repine.
Then farre be it that they repine, leaſt I too late repent:
It doubles ſinne, if ſinne by ſinne we practiſe to preuent.
From this time foorth, *Melancholie*, for Surname *Saturne* had:
No mirth could wreſt frõ him a ſmile, ech ſmile would make him ſad.
His ſeruants feare his ſolemne fittes, when if they ought did ſay,
He either anſwers not at all, or quite an other way.
Vnpeopled roomes and pathleſſe waies did fit his humour beſt:
And then he ſighs and ſheadeth teares when all things elſe did reſt.
Who ſo could cite a Tragedie was formoſt in his creede,
For, balking pleaſaunt company, on ſorrowes did he feede.
Death likes him that miſlikes himſelfe: in geſture roabes and all
He ſhewes himſelfe like to himſelfe: and hence it doth befall
That men to Melancholy giuen, we *Saturniſts* do call.
His Wife and Siſter kiſſing oft her Nephewe and her Sonne,
(For ſhe his Aunt and Mother was) with *Veſta* ſeeke to ſhunne
The voted Fathers deadly doome: to kill ſo ſweete a Childe
Their eies and very ſoules abhorre: who (nothing ſo vnmilde)
Doe weeping kiſſe his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to ſaue:
Howbeit feare of *Saturnes* wroth contrary counſell gaue.
But when in haſte the Babe his heart was ſent for by and by,
So *Saturnd* wild, ſo *Cybell* muſt, and *Veſta* not denie,
It was a woe to heare their woe and death to ſee them die.
Vnhollowed wretch, then *Cybell* ſaid, in wombe why did I beare

This double burthen? happy Twins, saue that my Twins they are.
So that my teeming with these throwes had ending well were I:
Or would I might not giue them life, that liuing foorthwith die.
Thy Scepter *(Saturne)* is not worth Perfourmance of thy vow:
Thy conscience doth a scruple holde that Gods nor men allow.
From Gods, frō men, frō brutish beasts, frō nature nought doth grow,
But fosters what it bringeth foorth: thou onely doest not so.
Thy sonnes alone for slaughters serue, and I meane while their mother
Am *Saturns* Wife, lesse prowd of it then that he is my Brother.
Vnhappy *Cybell* borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitlesse fertill to a man that soweth not to mow.
Now teares had drowned further speech till she, as one bestrought,
Did crie that with a knife the Babe should to her bed be brought:
My selfe (quoth she) will be his death, with whome my selfe will die:
For so may *Saturne* saue and shunne his vow and destinie.
But *Vesta* countermaunds her moode: yet *Saturnes* will must stand,
For *Ioue* must die, or they not liue. A Damsell theare at hand
Was then enforced to that charge. Thrise toucht her knife his Skin,
But thrice his smiles did cause her teares: she fourthly did beginne,
And fourthly ended as before. Betide me death or life,
Liue still (at least for me) she said: and casting downe the knife,
She kist that sweete and prety mouth that laughed on her lippes,
And brings him back to *Cybels* bed: Her heart, reuiued, skippes,
Reuiewing life where reckned death had wrought repentant teares.
The Father fronted with a guile, at length the Damsell beares
The Infant vnto *Oson* Towne, and in her Ladies name,
Intreates *Melissus* Daughters twaine to nourish vp the same.
Vp to a mountaine beare they him, and in a secret Caue
A Mountaine Goat did giue him milke, and so his life they saue.
His Nourses, sounding Simbals once to drowne the Infants crie,
A many Bees (the Muses birds) into the Caue did flie,
Where making Honie, *Saturnes* Sonne did long time liue thereby.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

IT doth remaine of *Iupiter*, as how (but then a Lad)
From *Epire* to *Pelasgis* him the Lordes *Epyrotes* had,
To fetch their pledge *Lycaon* held, when time of truce had ende.
Lycaon (fayning to consent, that did not so intend)
Next day, as though he would dismisse the Legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast: when, hauing slaine of late
The noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countrey men to feede vpon in sauſed dishes store.
The Strangers and his Subiects too abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing each in others face, bereft of speech and sprite,
Vntill that lustie *Iupiter*, a stripling to beholde,
Did take the limmes dismembred so, and with a courage bolde
Did shew them throw *Pelasgis* streetes, declaring by the way
The murther of their bloodie King: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they, deteſting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their King, where youthfull *Ioue* did fight
So valiantly, that by his force *Lycaon* tooke his flight:
And after did by Robberies, by blood, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Wooluish shape the Poets aptly giue.

IN *Epyre* and *Pelasgis* thus *Ioue* first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same Worthy donne.
And partly, in the monstrous warre that *Titan* and his Crue

Did holde with *Saturne*, when by search of Issues males he knew
The which his brother had aliue, against their couenant made:
When, *Titan* Victor, fast in hold was vanquisht *Saturne* laide,
Together with his wife and friends: where sorrow much they past,
Till *Iupiter* did vnderstand his parentage at last.
He therefore landing tooke in *Crete*, with well prouided men,
And slew his Vncle *Titan*, and the Giant *Tiphon* then,
With most part of the *Titanoies*, and sets his Father free;
By meanes whereof they reconcile: and well a while agree.

NOt brooking then *Apollos* fault, in that he entertainde
The remnaunt of the *Titanoies* that after warres remainde,
Apollo was by *Iupiter* inforced for to flie
His kingdome *Paphos*, and to liue exilde in *Thessalie*.
There loue, but chiefly penurie, constrained him to keepe
(Vntill he was restored home) the King *Admetus* sheepe.
And for his Sonne disdainefully enuied *Ioue* his praise,
Ioue was the same Phisitions death that dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grew thus. As *AEsculap* an heardsman did espie,
That did with easie sight enforce a Basiliske to flye,
(Albeit naturally that Beast doth murther with the eye)
Apollos Sonne perceiuing him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was indeede) some hearb such vertue bread:
And for a proofe, he caused him to cast the wreath away,
When strait the beast her onely eyes the silly man did slay.
Then *AEsculap* himselfe did take the wreath and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Basiliske anon.
In hearbs that deeper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, said he, and hearb by hearb into his mouth did straine
That lay for dead, an hearb at last reuiuing him againe.

Henceforth, men thought him more thā man, whē by his wondrous (skill
He rendred life to many like, so winning great good will.
But as he wāxed famous thus, he famous waxed proud,

Disdaining

Disdaining all, yea *Ioue* himselfe for Peere disalowd:
Vntill that *Saturns* angry Sonne reueng'd his pride by death:
Correcting iustly each abuse, as Rector on the Earth.

THe Sonnes renoune thus added grace vnto the Fathers name,
But shadowes waite on substances, and enuie followes fame:
Euen *Saturne*, pompous *Saturne*, ridde by *Iupiter* of Foes
And feare of *Titan*, did renew his superstitious woes,
As touching former Oracle: and hastie sommons sent
Throughout his Realme to muster men, in purpose to preuent
By death of *Ioue* his destinie. The men of *Crete* repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had found so kinde:
But will they, nill they, so they must, for so their King assignd.
And *Saturne* with his armed troupes into *Arcadia* went,
Where *Iupiter*, forewarned of his Fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide, so that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward Sire, or rather foe vniust.

Theare might ye see King *Saturne* fight like to a Lion wood,
Whilest *Iupiter* did beare his blowes and spares his Fathers blood:
And him that foe-like would him slay he friendly did defend,
Desiring *Saturne* to retyre, but wordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood, *Ioue* ceaseth to perswade,
And rushing in amongst his foes so hote a skirmish made,
That euery blow sets blood abroch, and so in little space,
Euen he who late he did entreat is followed now in chace
By *Arcas* and his company: for *Ioue* refraind the flight,
Because against his countrey men he had no will to fight.

Whilest luckless *Saturne* did escape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious *Iupiter* was crownde with glory King of *Create*:
And *Saturne*, now ariude at *Troy*, for succour did entreat.
Ganymedes, King *Troys* sonne, waas sent in *Saturnes* ayde:
A worthy Knight, and valiant warre to *Iupiter* he made.

But he and his were chaſed backe, euen to their Citie walles,
For who ſo ſtoode with *Iupiter*, by *Iupiter* he falles.
And there the *Troyan* Paragon *Ganymedes* was taine,
Twixt whom and *Iupiter* thencefoorth ſound friendſhip did remaine.
Then *Saturne* did the ſecond time to Seas with ſhame retire,
And neuer after durſt by warre againſt his ſonne conſpire:
But ſayling into lower Realmes, in *Italie* did dwell:
And hereof it is ſaid, his ſonne did chaſe him into hell.

MEane while, leſſe ioyous of his fame then ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong Queene *Iuno* on the Truls of *Iupiter* ſhe wreakes.
Which was the cauſe that, all too late, he (purpoſing returne
To reſcue *Danae*, in whoſe loue he amorouſly did burne)
Was caſt by ſtormes into the Seas, that foorthwith tooke the name
Of him whom for his Piracies *Ioue* vanquiſht in the ſame.
Ye might haue ſeene *Aegeon* theare, with wreakfull wrath inflamde
At ſight of *Ioue*, at whoſe decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that *Ioue* had now the worſt, and in a triſe againe
The Gyant with his twiſe three Barkes in hazard to be taine.
The *Centaures* ſhew them valerous, ſo did *Ixeon* ſtout,
And braue *Ganymædes* did deale his balefull dole about:
But when couragious *Iupiter* had beaten to the ground
Aægeon, and in ſelfeſame Chaynes wherein he often bound
The harmeleſſe ſoules that croſt thoſe Seas, himſelfe in fetters lay,
Ye might haue ſayd, and truly ſayd, that then did end the fray.
So many were his high exploits, whereof ſuch wonder bread,
That for the ſame the Heathen foſke do deifie him dead.
Which ſince they are ſo manifold, I many ouerpaſſe:
And though *Amphitrio* bluſh to heare how he deceiued was,
And that *Alcmena* pinch my toong, poſſeſt with baſhfull ſhame,
Yea though that *Iupiter* himſelfe my lauiſh tongue ſhall blame,
Yet ſince that ielous *Iuno* knowes already of the ſame,
I dare to tell how *Iupiter* ſo cunningly beguilde

His

His loue *Alcmena*, that by him ſhe traueled with childe
Of *Hercules*: whoſe famous Acts we orderly ſhall tell,
Whereof the firſt, but not the leaſt, in Cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IIII.

QVeene *Iuno*, not a little wroth againſt her huſbands crime,
By whome ſhee was a Cockqueane made, did therefore at the time
In which *Alcmena* cride for helpe to bring her fruit to light,
Three nights and daies inchaunt her throwes: and of a Diueliſh ſpight)
Intended both the Ladies death and that wherewith ſhe went:
Till *Galinthis*, vnwitching her, did *Iunos* ſpels preuent.
Howbeit cankered *Iuno*, ſtill purſuing her intent,
Two poyſoned Serpents, got by charmes, into the chamber brought
Where *Hercules* in cradle lay, and thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them looſe: who ſmelling out their pray,
Skaerd *Hercules* his brother that in ſelfeſame cradle lay:
But *Hercules*, as Children vſe with little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childiſhly with them, and no whit did diſmay:
Vntill at laſt his tender fleſh did feele their ſmarting ſtings,
And then diſpleaſd, betwixt his hands the Snakes to death he wrings.
Amphitrio and the *Thebanes* all of this ſame wonder tell:
And, yeeres permitting, *Hercules* did with *Euriſteus* dwell.
This King, by ſpitefull *Iunos* meanes, did ſet him taske on taske,
But *Hercules* perfourmed more then both of them could aske.

Yea,

Yea, yet a Lad, for Actiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wreſtle, Ride, Run, Caſt, or Shoote, to Swim, to Shift, or Strike,
As witnes (his inuention firſt) thoſe ſolemne actiue Plaies,
That were on Mount *Olympus* tride, where he had prick and praiſe.
For which his Nouell, and himſelfe (in thoſe not hauing Peeres)
The *Græcians* by th' *Olimpides* kept reckning of their yeeres.

KIng *Atlas* daughters in the Iſles of *Heſpera* did holde
A many Sheepe: and Poets faine their fleeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Wooll in figures ſo they faine)
Euriſteus pricks his Puple on this nouile Prize to gaine.
The *Greekes* applie their ſweating Oares, and ſailing doe perſiſt
Vntill they reach the wiſhed ſhoare: where ready to reſiſt
Their entrance to the cloſed Iſles an armed Giant ſtayd,
Whoſe grim aſpects at firſt approch made *Hercules* afraid.
Now buckle they, and boyſterous bloes they giue and take among:
A cruell fight: But *Hercules* had victorie ere long.
The Giant ſlaine, *Philoctes* tooke the vanquiſher in hand:
An harder taske had *Hercules* then pauſing now to ſtand,
Moſt dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground.
The Sonne of *Ioue* perceauing well that proweſſe not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in deed had quaild,
And left th' aduantage of his ground, and fiercely ſmites his Foe:
But *Hercules*, whoſe policie was to contriue it ſo,
Renewing fight moſt eagerly, ſo ſtrikes and ſtrikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who yeelding to his Victors will, did finde in him ſuch grace,
As *Hercules* did thenceforth vſe his friendſhip in each place.
Heſperides, the goodly Nimphs, their Keepers chaunce lament:
But *Hercules* did comfort them, and cure their diſcontent:
And ſhipping then of Rammes & Ewes a parcell thence he went.

In

IN coasting back by new-built *Troy*, he saw a monefull sort
Of people, clustering round about their yet vnconquered Port.
He musing much, and striking Saile, did boldly aske wherefore
They made such dole: *Laomedon*, then standing on the Shoare,
Did tell the cause: the cause was thus *Laomedon* ere than
To reare the stately wals of *Troy* (a costly worke) began,
And wanting pay to finish vp the worke he had begunne,
Of *Neptuns* and of *Phœbus* Priests (the Gods of Sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promising repaiment of the same
By certaine time which thereunto he did expresly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Priests their money craue,
Laomedon forsweares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Diuell then did many wonders showe)
Began to swell, and much of *Troy* with violence ouerflowe:
And thereupon the swealtie Sunne (the wastfull Sea retierd)
So vehemently did shine vpon the Oosie plashes myerd,
That thereof noisome vapours rose, and of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the liuing might giue buriall to the dead.
Repentant then, their wretched king, to diuell-god *Delphos* goes
Whereat the Oracle he knew his wrongs to cause such woes:
And how the Gods of Sun and Seas, offended, do require
Each month a Virgin, to appease a scaish Monsters ire.
Wherefore to saue their common weale, the *Troians* did agree,
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, should pay that monthly fee.
Now after many murdred Maids (for monthly at one day,
The fearefull Monster at the Port expects his wonted pray)
The lot fell to *Hesione* the daughter of the King,
Whom to the Port to be deuourd with teares the *Troians* bring.
When *Hercules* thus vnderstood the hard occasion why
The guiltles Lady should haue died, he purposing to trie
His valiantnesse, (for what was it that *Hercules* would flie?)
Did aske the King what gift should grow to him that should both free

His Daughter and his kingdome of that bloody monthly fee.
The king(whom now a doubted hope of profered helpe made glad)
Made promiſe of two milk-white Steedes as chiefeſt gemmes he had.
Braue *Hercules*, whoſe ventrous heart did onely hunt for fame,
Accepts th' aſſumpſit, and prepares the fiend-like fiſh to tame.
Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues the Sea before his breſt,
And ſpitting mightie waues abroad, diſgorgde from monſtrous cheſt,
Lifts vp his vgly head aboue the troubled waues to catch
The trembling Lady, for which pray his yawning iawes did watch.
But he, whoſe ſtrength exceeded ſenſe, with yron Club in fiſt,
Did bootleſſe long with bruſing waight the boiſtrous Whale reſiſt.
The greater ſtrokes, the fiercer was the monſters awleſſe fight:
So that the *Greekes* and *Troyans* all miſdoubt their dreadleſſe knight.
Still *Hercules* did lay on load, and held the fight ſo long,
That in the end the Sea retird, and left the fiſh among
The bared ſands: and ſo for want of water, not of ſtrength,
Good fortune honours *Hercules* with victorie at length.
Now when the King, his *Troyans*, and the *Grecians* had behild
The ſubſtance of the vgly ſhape, euen dreadfull being kild,
They bring the Champion to the towne with triumphs, gifts, & praiſe:
And who but be belou'd in *Troy*, whiles that in *Troy* he ſtayes?
Alone the King (a man no doubt predeſtinate to ill)
Obſeruing how his Subiects bore to *Hercules* good will,
And fearing leaſt their loue to him might turne himſelfe to hate,
And ſeeing now himſelfe and land in proſperous eſtate,
Vnfriendly did exclude his friend from out his City ſtrong,
Whileſt with his *Greekes* he hunts abroad, miſtruſtleſſe of ſuch wrong
And when the Champion and his men did from their ſport returne,
Not onely did gain-ſay in *Troy* that longer they ſoiourne,
But alſo (impudent in guiles) withheld the Corſers twaine,
Which *Hercules* ſo dearly wonne, in hazard to be ſlayne.
Alcmenas Sonne abaſhed then to finde ſo lewd a meede,

In

In lieu of well deserued loue was chollerick indeed:
And made a vow (if life gaue leaue) he would such vengeance take
On *Troy*, that euen the stones thereof for dread of him should quake,
And that the liuing *Troyans* then should say, and iustly say,
That they were happie whom the plague and Monster made away.
And threatning so the trothlesse King did leaue the hated Port,
And shortly did ariue at *Thæbes*, and feasts in *Creons* Court.

THence brought he war and wrack to *Troy*, and in his armie Kings:
And by the way *Larnessus* walles vnto the ground he flings,
And setteth *Tenedos* on fire, whose fearefull flames espide,
Gaue Sommons vnto careless *Troy* for worser to prouide.
Before the *Greekes* had reached *Troy*, the *Troyans* by the way
Did bid them battaile: many men on either part decay.
The sounding armours crack with blowes, whilest piercing arrows flie,
This lyeth dead, that fame is maimde, and more at point to die.
Heads, armes, and armour flie about, and bodies swimme in blood,
And fresh supplies did fall with them on whom they fighting stood.
But *Hercules*, aboue the rest, bestird himselfe so well,
That still before his balefull Club by Shocks the *Troyans* fell.
Who fainting now, seeke to retire into their fensiue towne:
Where *Hercules* their Porter was, and rudely knocks them downe.
Thus wonne he *Troy*, and sacked *Troy*, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whilest any part of all the Citie stood,
Saue stately *Ileon*. In the same a many Ladies weare,
Whose piteous teares wrought *Hercules* that onely place to spare,
As for the false *Laomedon* he secretly was fled
And valiant *Pryamus* his sonne to *Greece* was captiue led.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

AT home returne, Queene *Iuno* craues his compa-
nie at *Creat*,
Whom, there arriu'd, with hartleſſe ioy his ſtep-
dame did intreat.
What? Heareſt thou not my ſonne (quoth ſhe)
how *Argiue* folke complaine
Of Lions three, that in their fields both men and
heardes haue ſlaine?
All this ſhe ſaid, as knowing him to ſeeke ſuch hard affaires:
To win him to which deſperate fight no Courſe nor coſt ſhe ſpares.
When this was ſaid, enough was ſaid, and halfe was yet behinde
When *Hercules* did vow redreſſe, and *Iuno* had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, ſuch was his ventrous hart,
And thanking *Iuno* for her newes, did ſo from thence depart.
Philoctes now and *Hercules* in *Nemea* Forreſt be,
Long ſeeking what they could not finde, till, crying from a tree,
An heards-man ſaid, friends ſhift away, or elſe come vp to me:
Leaſt that thoſe cruell Lions three now ranging in this wood,
Which haue deuourd thoſe Heards I had, and with my Manies bloud
Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Tree, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
May, all too ſoone, with tearing teeth deſtroy you in like caſe.
The quaking Heards-man ſcarce had ſaid thus much, when as a pace
From out a Thick the Lions three on *Hercules* did run.
Philoctes truſtleſſe of his prowſe, by climing did them ſhun,
And now the Rampant Lions great, whoſe onely view would quaile

An

An hundred Knights, though armed well, did *Hercules* assaile,
And sometimes with their churlish teeth and pinching pawes againe
So grieuously indanger him, that neere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now dispatcht:
The third, and dreadfulst of the three, though many a blow he catcht,
Yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hide,
Vntill that (weapons laid apart) by strangling hands he dide.
Not *Hercules* himselfe conceaud more ioy of this successe
Then did *Philoctes*, who ere while did hope of nothing lesse.
The Herdsman, poore *Melorcus*, like as *Hercules* him wild,
Vncaest the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the Knights a Countrey feast he hild.
The *Argiues*, hearing of this deed, with Triumphs him intreate,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to *Create*:
Whom glozing *Iuno*, gainst her minde, with cost did intertaine,
And with a tongue repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his deeds, whē rather she did wish he had been slaine.
And therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not pursue?

IN *AEgypt* was a grieuous drought, the cause thereof vnknowen:
Which to redresse, their Diuelish Gods and Oracle had showen.
Doo offer vp strange bloud, they bid, and so auert our ire:
Busiris, prone before to bloud, had now his harts desire.
No sooner Stranger toucht the shoare, but them the barbarous King
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea custome added worse to ill, his Subiect and his friend
(When Strangers misse) supplie the flames, his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with these Butcheries the drought did still remaine:
For in *Busiris* was the bloud that should redeeme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd *Busiris* he
An Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought should be.
A Noble man of *Iunos* kin *Busiris* late had slaine,

For losse of whom the craftie Queene did often sorrowes faine.
Cease (Madame) saith *Hercules*, not long the time shall be,
But I his tyrannie shall end, else it giue end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy, when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske: for death was it she ment.
Now *Hercules* in *AEgypt* meetes *Busiris* and his Crew,
When sodainely with maine assault on him the Giant flew:
Supposing to haue dealt with him, as he had done before
With other Strangers. *Hercules*, alonely and no more
To take his part, with skathfull stroakes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones, that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruell traine,
Till hearing of no further foe, he commeth backe againe,
And taketh vp the wretched King, that cryeth out for ayde:
And on the Altar, where himselfe had Strangers often layde,
Himselfe was made a Sacrifice: and as his blood did staine
The Altar, euen at that same time there fell a ioyfull raine.
With ended drought, and Tyrants death, a common ioy befell,
And all in *Memphis* entertaine the vnknowne Champion well:
From thence returning backe to *Thæbes* he there a while did dwell.

KIng *Creons* daughter *Megara*, at *Thæbes* he did espouse:
To coũtenãce their wedding feast did wãt nor knights, nor prowse
Which triumphs ended, whẽ the knights should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all, and names the day
Wherein to meete at *Thessalie*: to which did all consent,
And at the time concluded of at *Thessalie* conuent,
Amidst their cheere, the solemne feast the *Centaures* did disqueat:
Whom by no meanes the Nobles theare to patience might intreat.
For they an hundred Gyants strong, with drinking whitled well,
Amongst their cups, from words to blowes, and worser dealings fell:
And (too outragious at the last, fierce *Eurytis* their Guide)
Vnreuerently they rauish thence *Hippodame* the Bride.

But *Hercules* not brooking it, to arme himselfe begunne,
And all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did runne.
By this time did *Ixeons* Seed stand still in battell ray,
When he, but one against them all, began a bloodie fray.
Ech arrow that with ayming hand from sturdy Bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one the Sender his intent.

Whilest *Hercules* with deadly bow had store of *Centaures* slaine,
And wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did staine,
The Bridegroome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When all were foyld, excepting twelue, that sau'd their liues by flight.
Alonely *Lycus* yeelded him a prisoner, and liues,
And liuing, vnto *Hercules* much after-sorrow giues:
But *Nessus*, that escaped then, in time him worser grieues.

CHAP. VI.

THE glory of this high attempt and sauing of the Bride
They all ascribe to *Hercules*: and whilst they heere abide,
To exercise his Piracies, as *Pluto* King of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place where he did dwell,
That he and it were titled so) lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of *Cicilie* their Gods with rights adore,
This rouing King, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
Did come a land to make their Pray: but for, to outward view,
They faine deuotion, none suspect the ill that did insue,
Anon, a wreathing Garlands sweet hard at her mothers side,

King *Pluto* sawe *Proserpine*, and liking whom he spide,
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boistrous armes he tooke the faire and fearefull wench,
And, doo what the *Cicilians* might, he setteth her aboord:
And to his giltie Sailes the Aire did gentle Gales afoord.
A number eyes in *Cicilie* for her did weepe, in vaine:
For her her Mother *Ceres* and her Louef-mate did complaine,
Her selfe (sweet Lady) of her moane did finde no meane, God wot,
Though *Dis* to please did say and giue what might be said or got.
Imbarked then, with him his Harpe did wofull *Orpheus* take,
And to *Molossa Plutos* Realme with speedie Sailes did make:
Where he, vnknowne, at gate of Hell did harp such Musick sweete,
As lumpish *Cerberus* could not but shake his monstrous feete.
His foule and warpt ill-fauoured face, ore-hung with cole-black haires,
His horslike teeth, his lolling lips, his Doglike hanging eares,
His hooked nose, his skowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
And what not in his vgly shape? but presently appeard
More milder than his common moode, and lesser to be feard.
This hellish Porter, deeming that such musick would delight
His weeping Mistris, did conuay the Harper to her sight:
Where *Pluto* swore by dreadfull *Stix*, if *Orpheus* did by play
But make her laugh, what so he askt he should receiue for pay.
Anon such Heauenly Harmonie on skilfull Harpe he plaid,
That she her husbands musick knew, and ioyfull was she made.
Now *Orpheus* did a watch-word giue, and she to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he asked than.
Although it gawled *Plutoes* soule his sweet-heart to forgo,
Yeat for to quit him of his oath, he yeelds it shall be so,
With this condition, that before they fully passed Hell,
He should not backwards looke on her, what chance so ere befell.
Now as they passe through blinde by-waies, he fearing least perchance
She erre or lag, returnes a looke: and who should marke that glance

But

But *Cerberus*, that purposely for such aduantage waites:
Who still detayning her, did shut her Husband out the gates.
When *Ceres* heard of this mischance, she *Cicill* leaues anon
And knowing all the Knights of *Greece* to *Thessalie* were gone,
She thether goes in hope of helpe: where presently she meetes
With *Thæseus* and *Pirithous*, whose salutings she regreetes.
They, wondring what the noble Queene of *Cicill* there should make,
Become inquisitiue thereof: to whom sad *Ceres* spake,
Firſt of *Proserpine* her griefe, and then of *Plutoes* guile:
For her she weepes, on him she railes, and mooueth them meane while.
The mother of false *Dis* his rape had more behinde vnsaid,
When *AEgeus* and *Ixions* Sonnes did iointly offer aide.
About the desert parts of *Greece* there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall that from the Mountaines flowe:
So Rockes doe ouershadow it that scarce a man may vewe
The open ayre: no Son shines there: Amidst this darkesome Mewe
Doth stand a Citie, to the same belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is so straite,
Cut out the rough maine-stonie Rocke: This Citie did belong
To *Pluto*, and because that he was euer doing wrong,
And kept a theeuish Rable that in mischiefes did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels said, and Citie named Hell.
When to this Cities ruthlesse gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce *Cerberus* did rouse himselfe, and scarcely barking bites.
He thought the world had lackt the man that thether durst repaire:
And troth to say, not one till then to doo the like did dare.
Now fiery sparks from thundering strokes in darke did giue them light,
And *Ceres* Champions valiantly maintaine their ventrous fight,
When stout *Pirithous*, too too bold, a deadly wound he catcht,
And *Thæseus*, though Combattan-like he long the Helhound matcht,
Yeat with his fellowe had he falne, and flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing lesse then life: but hap exceeded hope:

For *Hercules* at *Theſſalie* did feare ſo hard euent:
Whence lanching out, he made in ſhowe as if to *Thæbes* he went,
But with *Philoctes* all his traine and *Lycus* home he ſent:
And he himſelfe to aide his friends did to *Moloſſa* goe,
Wheare, like as did his minde preſage, he found it very ſo.
For euen as curriſh *Cerberus* with gorie bloes did chace
The wounded and the wearie Knight, came *Hercules* in place.
An vnexpected happie ſight to *Theſeus* at that tide:
Whom *Cerberus* forſaking then at *Hercules* he flide,
Vpbraiding him with threatning words, and like himſelfe did raue,
And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his preſumptious Glaue.
The Danter then of Treſpaſſers, perceiuing *Theſeus* drie
His grieuous wounds, and at his feete *Pirithous* dead to lie,
Deſirous to reuenge them both, laies luſtie lode about,
And with his ſtill victorious Club did *Cerberus* ſo cloute,
That, quite diſmaid at ſuch a match, he reeling to the ground,
Did ſend from out his Doggiſh throat a loud and diueliſh ſound.
But when the Victor ſure enough the vanquiſhed had bound,
He leauing *Theſeus* weake without into the Cittie went:
Whereas he found the wicked King and Citizens, that ſpent
Their fruiteleſſe time in vices foule, and dealings moſt vniuſt,
As thoſe that in their Porters ſtrength repoſed all their truſt.
With theſe did *Hercules* play Rex, and leauing *Dis* for dead,
Not one eſcapes his deadly hand that dares to ſhew his head.
Whole thouſands thē did breath their laſt, & who had ſeene the ſight,
Might well haue ſaid it Hell indeede: for euerie thing out-right,
Beſides that ſullen Mew it ſelfe, did giue a figure plaine
Of ſelfe ſame Hell where damned Soules abide in endleſſe paine.
Saue howlings out & ſhuddering feare came nought to eare or ſight,
With grieuous grones of dying ghoſts: & ſo much more their ſpight
By how much more he found them then in pleaſures and delight.
This horror hanging, *Hercules* in buskling vp and downe

In

In *Plutoes* Pallace, to her ioy, *Proserpine* he found,
And tolde her of enlargement thence: And then in harrowed Hell
(*Pyrithous* buried) he, nor she, nor *Theseus* longer dwell.
But, waying Anker with the Queene of *Cicils* Daughter went
To *Thessalie*: where present greefes pretended ioyes preuent,
For, hearing of *Pyrithous* death, not one but did lament.
Hippodame (a Widowe now) especially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie Husbands death: But weeping lesse preuailes
Then did Reuenge: for *Hercules* vnto her doome commits
Her greefes-Contriuer, *Cerberus*, almost besides his wits
For feare of death his due desert: whome causing to be bound
Both hands and feet, and to be dragd along the ragged ground,
A knauish Skull of Boyes and Girles did pelt at him with stones,
And laying on with staues and whippes did breake both flesh & bones.

WHen *Hercules* should passe to Hell, as hath before been said,
And that *Philoctes* of his men he had Lieutenant made,
And as *Philoctes* with his charge on Seas to *Thæbes* did passe,
He met *Androdamus* (the King of *Calcedon* he was)
Androdamus, not knowing yet his Cosen there inthralde,
(For *Lycus* was his Cosen) to the *Thæbane* Pilots calde,
To Ken of whence and where they would. But ere the *Thæbans* might
Giue answer, *Lycus* clogd with chaines on hatches stoode vpright
And cride, *Androdamus* beholde and succour me thy friend,
That shamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
I Captiue am to *Hercules*, and thus to *Thæbes* must goe:
Giue aide therefore. *Androdamus* deferres not dooing so,
But setteth on *Philoctes*, that himselfe and Shippe defends,
And part of *Calcedons* he slewe, and part to sea he sends:
But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends.
When *Lycus* was discharg'd of bands, and stout *Philoctes* bound,
He tolde what skath the *Centaures* late in *Thessalie* had found.

Amongſt the ſlaine he named ſome allied to the King:
For which the ſauage Tyrant ſwore reuenge on *Thæbes* to bring.
And ſayling thence preuailed theare by comming vnawares:
And putteth all to ſacke and ſword, nor old nor young he ſpares.
He ſlaieth *Creon*, and in holde faire *Megara* was caſt:
And leauing *Lycus* King in *Thæbes*, from *Thæbes* the Tyrant paſt.
Whileſt *Lycus* thus did Lord-it theare, the error of his eie
Did vexe his heart: but *Megara* his luſt did chaſtly flie.
And *Hercules* by now had newes how things at *Thæbes* fell out,
And how that *Lycus* theare was Lord, and none for him durſt rout.
Diſguiſed then he thither comes and to the Pallace went:
Whom, when the Porters would haue ſtaide, his rags he off did rent,
And ſhowes himſelfe like to himſelfe, no bloe in vaine he ſpent
That ſets not breath or bloud abroch. This vprore *Lycus* heard,
And thinking that ſome priuat Fray had falne amongſt his Garde,
Preſuming that his preſence would appeaſe the growing heat,
Did caſt his haughtie armes abroad, as who would ſay, be queat,
Or here am I that can aſwell commaund it as intreat,
Which *Hercules* ſo ſuddainly chopt off that (yet vnmiſt)
He thinking to haue vſed Armes, was armeleſſe ere he wiſt.
Then *Hercules*, our *Hercules* is come, all *Thæbes* it cride,
Now ſhake we off our ſeruile Yoke and follow him our guide:
And ſo they did, till none were left to hold on *Lycus* ſide.
The medly ended, *Hercules* did bring the *Centaure* bound
To Priſon, whereas *Megara* in miſerie he found:
(For *Lycus*, ſpeedeles in his luſt, againſt her ſo had frownd)
Yea (more reuengefull) ſeeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing leſſe then life, to vexe them ere he goe,
He ſaid: thou doateſt ouermuch to entertaine that Whore,
The falſeſt Ladie vnder Heauen, for let me liue no more,
If *Megara* (I ſpeake by proofe) imbraced ſo of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common been to mee.

Then

Then *Hercules*, suppoſing that his ſpeeches had been true,
Swept off the lying *Centaures* head, and in that choller ſlewe
(Too credulent) his guiltleſſe wife: but dead her death did rue.

FOr loſſe of her, and ſlaughtered friends, he vexed at the heart,
Did then from *Thæbes* (an heauie man) to Forraine lands depart.
Diſtreſſed in the *Troyan* Rhode he ſuccour ſought for pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) *Laomedon* ſaid nay:
And to prouide their ſecond ſcourge ſaild *Hercules* away:
For, comming back with *Iaſons* Prize from *Colchos*, he complaines
Of churliſh King *Laomedon*, and ſo an armie gaines.
At *Troy* the *Greekiſh* Peeres and he did land their armed men:
Whome to reſiſt *Laomedon* did range his Battailes then.
The *Troyans* they beſtird them well, the *Grecians* ſtood not ſtill,
Laomedon fights valiantly, and many a *Greeke* did kill:
Till *Hercules* (diſgeſting ill to ſee his Foe purſue
Such good ſucceſſe) encounters him, whom eaſily he ſlue.
And hauing ſlaine the traiterous King he ceaſeth not to die
His *Thæbian* Club in *Phrigian* bloud, till all began to flie.
But with the *Troyans*, *Telamon*, and *Hercules* both twaine,
And by their valour all the *Greekes* the gates and Citie gaine,
And kill who ſo of *Troy* they caught, and raſed to the ground
The Citie, whileſt that houſe by houſe, or ſtone on ſtone they found.
When ventrous *Telamon*, for that he entred firſt the gate,
For Prize had faire *Heſione*, of *Troy* the lateſt fate:
For *Priamus* to quit her Rape, long after ſent his Sonne
To rauiſh *Hellen* from the *Greekes*: So thirdly warre begonne:
Heſione the cauſe to *Troy*, and *Hellen* to the *Greekes*,
And all did worke that *Troyan Brute* the *Albian* Climate ſeekes.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VII.

THe twise-sackt Towne the *Grecians* then did merrily forsake,
And *Hercules* for new affaires, did land in *Aegypt* take.
Theare in a Porte he did espie a Fleete of Shippes from farre,
Well fraught with Men, Munition, and what elsse pertaines to warre.
When *Affer* (he chiefe-Captaine was of that same Fleete) did spie
The Ensignes of the famous *Greeke*, he knew them by and by:
And entertaining on his knees the Owner of the same,
Reioyced to behold the man so honoured by fame,
With *Affer* sailed *Hercules* to *Lybia*, to put downe
The Gyant King *Antæus*, that had aided to the Crowne
Of *Aegypt*, gainst th' *Aegyptians* willes, *Busiris* lately slaine
By *Hercules*, in whose conduct the doubt not to obtaine.
The taking land in *Lybia* now, and hauing in their sight
The threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did *Affer* pight,
And girts it with a sodaine Siege. The Giant then did shake
His hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea sharpe reuenge to take.
But issuing out his Citie gates he found the Foe so hot,
That, notwithstanding such his bragges, the worst *Antæus* got:

For

For *Hercules* did canuase so his carkes, that at length
He did retire himselfe and men, as trustlesse of his strength.
His *Libians* slaine, and he not found, *Antæus* Truce did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilest the Month of Truce did last, the Giant brused sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part sollicits Aiders more,
Meane while the *Greeke* to *Mauritain* did passe, vnknowne of all,
And theare in King *Antæus* aide he found supplies not small:
And for he looked souldier-like, they brought him to the King,
Who offered pay: not so (quoth he) I meane an other thing,
Discharge these bands, or else will I discharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine oppose me to the death.
When *Atlas* knew him *Hercules*, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to latest fate
His Giant that defended them, and captiuated than
His friend *Philoctes* he twixt feare and fiercenesse waxed wan.
And looke how fast the ratling haile vpon an house dooth fall,
So fast they lay on *Hercules*, that holdeth wage gainst all.
For as the Smith with Hammour beats his forged Mettall, so
He dubs his Club about, their pates and sleas them on a row.
And whilest (not daring to looke downe) by heaps on him they flie,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead are smoldred so and die:
Some sliding in their slippery bloud, wherewith the place did swimme,
Were strangled so: some others, whilest disorderedly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on by those that hindmost be,
And with their weapons spoyle themselues and fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
And others daring with their Foe their bootles force to trie,
Were in a moment slaine by him: and thus in little space,
Without resistance *Hercules* had Lordship of the place:
And, maugre swords or studied Starres, brought *Atlas* to the Seas,
Whereas *Philoctes* did in time his pensiuenes appease,

And to his friend commends the Foe for bountie (which at laſt
Himſelfe did finde) and when as time his griefe had ouerpaſt,
The ſame that for Aſtrologie the Skies-ſupport was ſaid,
In ſuch his Science *Hercules* a perfect Artiſt made.
The Month of Truce by this had end, and *Hercules* returnes
To *Affer*, that incamped at the *Lybian* walles ſoiournes.
A ſecond battell then begonne: *Antæus* like a Baer
Beſtires himſelfe amongſt his Foes, whileſt *Hercules* did faer
As roughly with contrarie bloes, till none to fight did daer:
But humbly all ſubmitting them ſubdued by his might,
He gaue them grace, and ſtaied theare to doe them law and right.
Meane time *Antæus*, lately fled, returnes from *Mauritain*,
And with a mightie Troupe of *Moores* renewed fight againe:
And all the Fields with Carcaſes of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the *Moores* that *Hercules* had kild.
But when *Antæus* ſaw his men to leſſen more and more,
Reſoluing or to win the Spurres or loſe himſelfe therefore,
He makes a bloudie glade vntill the *Thæbane* he eſpide,
And finding him: beſtowe on me thy bloes, the Giant cride,
That am both able to endure and to repay the ſame,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouſe a Lyons game:
My death might countenance thy deedes (if that it ſo would be)
But make account that I anon will triumph ouer thee.
In ſaying which he ſmites his Foe, perfourming wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equall dammage fight.
But *Hercules* diſdaining that ſo long *Antæus* ſtandes
With him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did cruſh his Carkaſſe in the ayre that life did leaue him ſo:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then *Hercules* (*Antæus* dead) with eaſe he ouercame
All *Lybia* with the Prouinces and Kingdomes of the ſame,
And maketh *Affer* King of all that beares the Donees name.

In

IN expedition of which warre when *Hercules* would dwell
No longer time, but purposed to bid his friends farewell,
A warlike wench, an *Amazon*, salutes him by his name,
And said: know *Hercules* (if it thou knowest not by fame)
How that the *Scythian* Ladies, late expeld their natiue Land
By King of *Egypt*, haue contriu'd amongst themselues a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all *Asia*, *Egypt*, and
All *Cappadocia*, Now for that we, Victors, vnderstand
The *Africans* are our Allies, we minding to proceed
In further Conquests, tendring them, haue therefore thus decreed:
That you two Champions shall elect, and we will also send
Two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend:
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we will tribute pay,
But if that ours doe vanquish yours, then you shall vs obay.
But hope not so, more profite giues our bountie then our bloes,
And vninforced tribute may procure your friendly Foes.
Then *Hercules*, admiring much the Chalengers, did yeeld
Two aduerse Knights the morrow next should meet them in the field.
And mounted well on Corsers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Listes came *Hercules* and *Theseus*: Mid the way
Vpon a brace of milke white Steedes the two *Viragoes* meete
The Knights, and each the other did with ciuill Congies greete.
Then either part retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With *Menalippe Hercules* the fight did vndertake,
And *Theseus* with *Hippolite* did his encounter make.
They meeting, either part both Horse and load to ground were cast,
Whereat the *Africanes* did muse, and *Scythians* were agast.
Vnhorsed thus, disdainfully each Knight defendant tooke it:
And either Ladie so disgrac'd as scornefully did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helmes and Harnesse pierce.
But *Hercules*, though neuer matcht so hardie in his life,

Disarmes

Disarmes at length his *Scythian* Taske, and ended was their strife.
But *Theseus* with his Combatteſſe in doubtfull battell fights,
Till, blushing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending sprights:
And laid so hardly to her charge, not able to sustaine
His fresh-got force, that he also the second Prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto those warlike Sisters twaine,
Beholding how sinisterly the double fight had past,
Makes sorow, whilst the *Africanes* reioice for it as fast.

The *Scythians* to the *Africanes* did homage then, and pray
Their Ladies might be ransomed. That sute did *Theseus* stay,
For he through launce, his Foe through loue went victoreſſe away.
And therefore when th' *Athenian* Knight and *Amazon* were matcht
In mariage, *Menalippe* then from durance was dispatcht.
And *Hercules* (then which to him no greater prize could be)
Had Queene *Antiope* her Bealt and armour for his fee,
And sets the dames of *Thermodon* from other ransome free.
And *Theseus* with *Hippolite* at *Athens* landing takes,
And *Hercules* to *Calidon* a Disinall viage makes.

THeare did King *Oeneus* bounteously receaue so great a Gueſt:
Where scarcely had he any time from passed toiles to rest,
But that proud *Achelous* sent Ambassadors to knowe
If that King *Oeneus* on him his daughter would bestowe,
If not, to threaten wreakfull warres: which much abasht the King,
Till *Hercules*, who then was come about the selfe same thing,
(For loue to *Deianira* both competitors did bring)
Expelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe,
By meanes whereof vnsatisfide away the Legats goe.
The Tyrant *Achelous* then, with all *Epirus* force
Inuades the bounds of *Calidon*, and spoyls without remorse.
But *Hercules* then leading forth his Armie got the day,
And well was he amongst his foes that fastest ran away.

They and their King, with hard escape, inmure themselues at length
Within

Within a Caſtle neere the Sea, an Hold of wonderous ſtrength.
The *Thæbane* then, as reſolute to ſpoyle both Foe and Fort,
Did burne his foes forſaken ſhippes, left riding in the Port,
And with a fewe beſets the hold. When *Achelous* he
So ſlender watch about the walles of Enemies did ſee,
He ſcorned that ſo weake a ſiege ſhould pen him vp ſo ſtraight,
Who hauing ten for one of them, did iſſue out the Gate
Againſt the *Greekes*, that willingly his comming did awaite.
Eſpying *Hercules*, he cride, lo yond ſame diuell is he
That droue vs out of *Calidon*, who ſo of mine he be
That ſlaieth him, ſhalbe inricht with great rewards by me.
But he that made ſuch offers large, did offer them in vaine:
For when his men ſaw *Hercules* approching them amaine
With fierie eies, and angrie lookes, and dreadfull Club in fiſt,
They thought it needles to aſſaile, and booteles to reſiſte,
And euery man retired backe into the holde againe,
Where many daies, attempting flight, they cowardly remaine.
From warre at length they fell to wieles. There lay vpon the ſhore
A broken Hoy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before,
The Maſt they boring full of holes, in euery hole did ſticke
A burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when clouds were thicke.
No ſooner was the fierie keele a floate vpon the waues,
And that the *Greekes* eſpyed it, but ech man raſhly craues
The viewing of ſo ſtrange a ſight: But *Hercules* did ſmell
The preſuppoſed Stratagem, and raung'd his armie well:
And marching neere the guilefull light, did finde ambuſhment theare
That playing on aduantage thus (preuented though) appeare.
Occaſion hapning, *Hercules* would not omit the ſame,
But tooke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
When *Achelous* he beheld his guile by guile to faile,
Wel might he chafe, but harder chaũce his courage might not quaile:
For looke how fierce and boiſterouſlie a chafed Bull doth fight,
So *Achelous* luſtily on either ſide did ſmite:

And by his only proweſſe then a many Knights were ſlaine,
Whileſt *Hercules* with like ſucceſſe his Oppoſits did paine.
And now, by chance, amidſt the brunt the valiant Woers twaine
Doe ſingle, and together tug, and as two Lions ſtrong,
Each one deſiring others bloud, did hold a Combate long.
King *Achelous* minding her for whom began that broyle,
To Conquer where he did contend, annexed hope to toyle:
Alcmenas Sonne remembring too whoſe cauſe he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his very ſoule depend,
So charged his Contrarie with knocks, and vſd his Club ſo well,
That vanquiſhed (though valerous) King *Achelous* fell.
Th' *Epirotes* when they ſaw their King a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were done, and *Hercules* ſubdued them ere day,
And *Achelous* in exile did end his latter daies,
And all *AEtolia* was fild with *Hercules* his praiſe:
To whom the King did giue to Wife faire *Deianira*, ſhee
The pleaſing prize of that his prowſe, and dearely earned Fee,
Who after, of her owne decay, and his, the meane ſhould bee.
The *Centaure Neſſus* was the man that made her erre ſo much:
Of which her error, but his ſinne, the circumſtance is ſuch.

CHAP. VIII.

WHen ouer deepe *Euenus* Foord the paſſage did not fit,
This Giant of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it:
And *Hercules*, forgetting him, (for at the *Centaures* Fray
The ſame vnſlaine, but not vnskard, eſcaped then away)
Did pray him to the farther ſhoare with *Deianire* to waide,

And

And so he did, whilst *Hercules* this side the Riuer staid.
When *Iunos* Breed on farther bankes his Passenger had set,
Then lust and long conceaued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not *Deianira* could auoid a Rape, or little lesse:
Or *Hercules*, disioynd by Foord, giue aide to her distresse.
One while, contrarie to himselfe, full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like *Hercules* indeed, he did command with threates,
But first nor latter might preuaile, for *Nessus* halde her thence.
I may not follow, nor in flight is (*Centaure*) thy defence
Said *Hercules*: His deeds approoue his latter saying true,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauisher he slue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the very hart,
Yeat for a while he did indure the not indured smart:
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie, said:
See *Deianira* how thy Loue an end of me hath made:
Yeat is my death lesse griefe to me, then that thou should bestow
Thy selfe on such a changing Churle as *Hercules*: I know
(Sweete Wench, I know) he doth preferre contrary Loues to thee,
Wherefore my graue (the lesse my griefe) in this thy good shall bee.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the baene therein
He mixed somewhat of his bloud) this same (quoth he) shall win
To thee againe thy Husbands loue, when he shall it estrange:
For out of doubt, I know it, I, he takes delight in change.
When thou suspectest such a wrong, doe boyle a shirt with this:
No sooner shall he weare the same (herein such vertue is)
But that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence it did flie:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch, least so the vertue die.
In all this time betwixt his armes he did the Lady claspe,
And hild her so, as Hawke a Pray, vntill his latest gaspe,
Then leauing him a liueleesse Coarse, mistrusting nought his drift,
She meaning simply, tooke with her the Traitours poysned gift.
And *Hercules* by this had past the Riuer deepe and wide,
Who (*Deianira* first imbrast) drew from the *Centaures* side

The fatall Shaft that ſhould the death of braue *Achilles* proue,
In *Phœbus* Church, by *Paris* hand, for *Polixenas* loue.

THe *Centaure* left vntoombed there, Hee, Shee, and all their traine
are come to *Lerna*: whom the King did noblie entertaine.
Theare had he from their common teares the cruell hauock made
By *Lernan Hydra*, whom in Fenne not armies durſt inuade.
His vpper parts had humane forme, his nether Serpentine, (fine
The whole was monſtrous, yeat his wit more monſtrous, but moſt
(For wit is monſtrous when the ſame from vertue doth decline)
Such were his ſubtill arguments, and ſtill ſupplies therein,
That he by often loſſe of heads was fained heads to winne:
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all hee found,
Propounding queſtions, and a word vnanſwered was a wound.
The Scourge of Tyrants hearing this, did promiſe death or ayde,
Whilſt fearefull *Deianira* did the contrarie perſwaide.
But womans ſpeech from weapons vſe might not withdraw him then,
Til entring *Palus*, he had rouſd the Monſter from his Denne.
Diſdainfully did *Hydra* take the preſence of his Foe,
And after ſubtill arguments to ſturdie fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glaue and Taile made *Hercules* to reele:
Who ſince he firſt had vſed armes the like did neuer feele.
Not long he borrowed had the Loan, but *Hydra* had the like:
So either twayne repay their debt, and neither faintly ſtrike.
But who might ſtand with *Hercules?* By him the monſter fell:
Who, burning vp his vgly ſhape, did paſſe his ſoule to hell:
Which happie fate of *Hydras* fall left *Lerna* glad and well.
From whence to *Athens*, and from thence to *Lycia* did he ſaile,
Then to *Heſperia Gerons* Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie (for *Geron* he was ſaid
Three headed, in reſpect that him three other Giants aid).
So ſpoild & plaug'd the neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs & war,

That

That all the force of *Africa* his furie could not barre.
In *Gadira* when *Hercules* his Pillers reared had,
The which(our weſterne world not knowne)men farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ſhips he ſets on *Gerons* chaſed Fleet:
And ſecondly at *Megida* did either armie meete.
Theare *Geron* with his brothers twaine the Citie did beſet,
And ſcornefully aduance themſelues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes,they threaten hot aſſault:
Whileſt *Hercules* contrarie warres vnto his ſouldiers taught.
The Gates wide opned,out he comes vnto the Giants three,
Your men,he ſaid,are well at worke, well met are alſo wee.
This leſſe then monſter more than man,a Fiende in humane ſhape
The *Spanyard* ſaid,is he from whom I made ſo hard eſcape.
Yet hardlier ſhalt thou now eſcape,ſaid *Hercules*,and than
Betweene them foure(three to one)A cruell fight began.
And euery of the Giants thought himſelfe an ouer-match
To *Hercules*,who almoſt gaue to one a quicke diſpatch,
The ſecond he diſpatcht in deed,who fell his lateſt fall.
Then thouſands came to reſcue them yeat,one,he fights gainſt all:
Till *Theſeus* with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him,their Foes with them,and all make battaile ſtout.
Then *Gerions* brother fights againe,and both did bathe in blod,
It was no fighting where they fought,or ſtanding where they ſtod.
King *Meleus*,*Theſeus*,*Hiſpan*,and *Philoctes* did no leſſe:
But ſoueraignly the ſonne of *Ioue* beſtird him in the preſſe.
The Giant *Gerons* brother,then by him did breath his laſt,
And *Geron* did retire his men into their Gallies faſt,
But where they land,theare *Hercules* wonne landing,though he paſt
The Pikes, withſtanding thouſand Swords, & warding thouſand ſlings,
Himſelfe alone,ere that his men to fight on Shore he brings.
Then *Geron*,curſing heauen and earth,beſtirre ye friends,he cride,
Now is the time to liue or die,let good or bad betide,

Doe liue as men, or die as men, see, tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie, that victors haue beene knowne?
Reuenge your selues, reuenge your friends, reuenge our cõmõ mone.
Nor did he shrinke from what he said, or said not as he wrought:
His onely deeds were manies death: Till *Hercules* he sought,
Whom singling, after combat long, of him his end he cought:
So to subiection *Hespera* by *Hercules* was brought.

NO better Spanish *Cacus* sped, for all his wondrous strength,
Whom *Hercules* from out his Realme debelled at the length.
A richer King or Tyrant worse liu'd not in any Land,
Nor any one gainst *Hercules* in hardier fight did stand,
Yeat, chased by his Conqueror, he was inforc'd to flie
Vp to a Mountaine in those parts, where as at point to die
Through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
And by that shift escapt his Foe, long wondring at the same.
Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
He on a Mount in *Italie* cal'd *Auentine* did light,
Where laboured *Cacus* did repose his wearied limmes all night.
In this same Hill he found a Caue, which fitting place espide,
He did resolue in secrecie thenceforth himselfe to hide
In that same Mount a mal-content: and being theare alone,
That words at least might vent his woes, he maketh thus his mone.
Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now must change,
Thou late weart fearfull vnto all, now fearing all must range.
This ragged Caue must now suffise in stead of Royall seat,
And though (alas) the place should please, yeat want I what to eat.
Wheare be my solemne banquets now? wheare is my stately traine?
My Tributes? nay my proper Goods? or doe my friends remaine?
Not one I feare: proud wealth was such, that now in time of need
I knowe not where to seeke a friend in any hope to speede.

And yeat deſpaire not, *Picus* liues, indebted much to me
For great good turnes, to him I will ere here I ſetled be.
Thus droue he foorth the diſmall night, and vp by peepe of day,
He ſped him vnto *Calabrie*, for there King *Picus* lay.
His daughters three of long before, and ſtill did loue him well:
And whether with the kings conſent, or not, it ſo befell
He took them all to *Auentin*, and theare with him they dwell.
About his boiſterous necke full oft theare daintie armes they caſt,
With often kiſſes plying him, no ſport was ouer-paſt
That *Cacus* would, & they might worke: and more, their cuſtome was
By pleaſant tales in order told the wearie times to paſſe:
And once eſpecially it was concluded on a row
That each of them ſhould tell her tale, the firſt beginning ſo.

CHAP. IX.

KIng *Aganippus* ere his death had with his Lords decreed
His onely daughter *Daphles* ſhould in Empire him ſucceed.
A fairer Ladie liu'd not then, and now her like doth lack,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will a ſecond She compact.
The King intombed, *Daphles* of his Scepter was poſſeſt:
And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not diſgeſt.
Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of victorie their ciuill quarrels ſtand.
At length the *Argiue* Maiden Queene ſhe *Doracles* ſubdued:

But(*Cacus*)of this Stratagem a Tragedie enſued.
Now Loues,not Launces came in vre,the man that loſt the day,
And lies in Chaines,left her in cares,her Conqueſt was his pray.
Full often did ſhe blame her ſelfe for louing him her Foe,
But oftner thought ſhe it more blame not to haue erred ſo.
Thus whom in Campe ſhe loathed late, in chaines ſhe loued now,
And thought him ſure,becauſe ſo ſure. To Princes priſoners bow,
Thinks ſhe: and watching fitting time, vnto the Priſon went,
Where at the dore of ſuch his Lodge a many teares ſhe ſpent.
But entring,when her eyes beheld the Image of her hart,
To her ſtill peereleſſe,though his bands had altred him in part,
She caſting downe her baſhfull eyes ſtood ſenceles then a ſpace,
Yeat what her tongueleſſe loue adiornd was extant in her face:
And now the Goaler left to her the Priſoner and the place.

Then,cheering carefull *Doracles*,let it ſuffice(quoth ſhe)
That I repent me of thy bands,and frankly ſet thee free:
And let that Grace grace-out the reſt(for more remaines behind
Then,being ſaid,may decent ſeeme to ſuch as faults will find)
My ſelfe,my Land,my Loue,my life,and all what ſo is mine
Poſſeſſe: yet loue,and ſaue my life,that now haue ſaued thine.
Then ſownes She at his ſullen feete,that yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid,he faintly rubs his Liuer on his gall:
And with his hand,not with his heart,did reare her ſinking downe,
And faining to approue her Choiſe,had promiſe of the Crowne.

But neither Crowne,nor Countries care,nor She(worth all the reſt)
Nor grace,nor dutie,reconcile whom enuie had poſſeſt:
No ſooner was he got at large,and wealth ſuppli'd his lack,
But he to ſeeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queene diſgeſted ſuch her wrong,
But aske if ſhe,the tidings tolde,to heare them liu'd ſo long.
She liu'd in deede,yet ſowned oft,and ſowning ouerpaſt,
From her miſtempered head ſhe teares her louely Treſſes faſt.
And beareth on her Iuorie breſts,and caſts her on the ground,

And

And wrings her hands, and ſcricheth out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittying her diſtreſſe had got their Queene to reſt:
From whenceforth outward ſignes & ſighs her inward griefe expreſt:
Her ſparing Diet, ſeldome ſleepe, her ſilence, and what not?
Had framd her now right Louer-like, when thus to him ſhe wrot.

WHat fault of mine hath cauſd thy flight doth reſt in cloudes to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, and faultie may I be.
Yet not my Scepter, but my ſelfe, haue kingly Suters ſought:
Did all amiſſe, ſaue thou alone, that ſetteſt both at nought?
At nought, ſaid I? Yea well I ſaid, becauſe ſo eaſily cought.
One crime but cite, and I for it will ſhead a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah, *Doracles*, if our extreames, thy malice and my loue,
The formers euer ill ſhall not the latters good remoue.
I heare thou doeſt frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with mee,
Forgetfull that my *Argine* men impatient Warriours bee:
Sweet, haſſard not the ſame to ſword that Loue doth warrant thee.
Ech Speare that ſhal but croſſe thy Helme hath force to craeſe my hart:
But if thou bleede, of that thy blood my fainting ſoule hath part.
With thee I liue, with thee I dye, with thee I looſe or gaine,
Liue ſafe therefore, for in thy life conſiſts the liues of twaine.
Moſt wiſely valiant are thoſe men that backe their armed Steeds
In beaten Paths, ore boorded Tylthes to break their ſtaffe-like Reeds:
Wheare not the dint of wounding Launce, but ſome deuiſe of loue,
Sans danger, hath ſufficient wait their manhoods to approue.
Wheare braue Aſpects of louely Dames *Tantara* to the ſight,
Whoſe formes perhaps are weg'd in harts, when Fauours wag in ſight.
Whearas the Victors Prize is praiſe, and Trumpets ſound ech blow,
Wheare all is well, that ſeemes but well, in courage or in ſhow.
Wheare Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, and kiſſe wheare Beauers hid,
And parlie vnder Canapies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, ſweet heart retire: or, if thou wilt be arm'd,

Then fight as theſe where all things make that all eſcape vnharm'd.
Such manhood is a merriment: things preſent are regarded:
Not perillous wounds in warre, but here wars perill is rewarded.
In few, the warres are full of woes, but here euen words of warre
Haue brauer grace thē works thēſelues, for Courts from Campes be far.
Than are the valiant, who more vaine? Than Cowards who more wiſe?
Not men that trauell *Pegaſus*, but Fortunes fooles doe riſe.
Me thinks I ſee how churliſh lookes eſtrange thy cheerefull face,
Me thinks thy geſtures, talke, & gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
Me thinks thy ſometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
Me thinks I ſee how ſcars deforme where Swords before did maime:
I ſee thee faint with Summers heat, and droup with winters cold:
I ſee thee not the ſame thou art, for young thou ſeemeſt old:
I ſee not, but my ſoule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
I ſorrow, laſtly, to haue ſeene whom now I wiſh to ſee,
Becauſe I ſee loues Oratreſſe pleads tediouſly to thee.
If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if eaſe, nor toyle in fight,
May waine thee from a pleaſing ill, yet come thou to my ſight:
Perchance my preſence may diſſwade, or partnerſhip delight.
But wo am I, dead paper pleads, a ſenceleſſe thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the hands, but ſay that ſhe did ſo:
And ſaieth ſo vncredited, or if, then thought of corſe:
Thus thus, becauſe not paſſionate, to paper failes remorſe.
O that my griefes, my ſighes, and teares, might muſter to thy viewe,
The woes, not words, thē paine, not pen, ſhould vouch my writing true.
Yeat fare thou well, whoſe fare-well brings ſuch fare-ill vnto me:
Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home, and welcome ſhalt thou be.

Theſe lines, ſubſcribed with her name, when *Doracles* did viewe,
He was ſo far from liking them, that loathing did enſue.
And, leaſt that hope ſhould eaſe her heart, or he not ſeeme vnkinde,
In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.

The beſt of Bees doe beare, beſides ſweet hony, ſmarting ſtings,
And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.

Content

Cõtẽt thee, *Daphles*, Mooles take mads, but mẽ know Mooles to catch,
And euer wakes the *Dawlian* bird to ward the floe-wormes watch.
I haue perus'd, I wot not what, a scrole, forsooth, of loue,
As if to *Dirus* in his Tent should *Cupid* cast his gloue.
A challenge proper to such Sottes as you would fashion me,
But I disdaine to talke of Loue, much more in Loue to be.
Nor thinke a Queene, in case of Loue, shall tie me to consent,
But holde the contrarie more true, and it no consequent:
For persons must in passions iumpe, els Loue it proueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a Womans graunt, but as a Woers game.
Your Sex withstands not place and speach: for be she base or hie,
A Womans eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
Then senceles is he, hauing speach, that bids not for the best:
Euen Carters Malkines will disdaine when Gentrie will disgest.
The better match the brauer Mart, and willinger is sought:
And willing sute hath best euent: so *Vulcan Venus* cought.
I argue not of her estate, but set my Rest on this:
That opportunitie can win the coyest She that is.
Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toyes with Arte,
Brings loue that swimmeth at her eyes to diue into her hart.
But since the best, at best, is bad, a Shrow or els a Sheepe,
Iust none at all are best of all, and I from all will keepe.
Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thee?
No, when I come, my comming is contrarie sights to see.
My leasure serues me not to loue till fish as falcons flie,
Till Sea shall flame, till Sunne shall freese, till mortall men not die,
And Riuers, climing vp their bankes, shall leaue their channels dry.
When these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to Loue,
And then the strangest change will be that I a Louer proue.
Let Beuers hide, not busses hurt, my lips for lips vnfit:
Let skarred limbes, not carefull Loues, to honor honor get.
I skorne a face effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
That, borne a man, prepostrously by Arte doth alter kinde:

With fingers, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in print,
With fashions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke no lint,
With Speare in wrest, like painted *Mars*, fr̃ thought of battaile free,
With gate, and grace, and euery gaude, so womanly to see,
As not in nature, but in name, their manhood seemes to bee.
Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyish chinne
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.
And yeat to winne, whō would be wonne, these wow with lesser speed,
Then might be wun a towne of warre, the croppe not worth the seede.
But let them trauaile till they tire, and then be ridde for Iaides,
If Gamesters faire, if Souldiers milde, or Louers true of Maides?
Who loue in sporte, or leaue in spight, or if they stoupe to luer,
Their kindnes must haue kindely vse: faults onely make them suer.
Did fancie? no, did furie? yea, hang vp the *Thracian* Maide,
The wonders seuen should then be eyght, could loue thee so perswaide.
But loue or hate, fare ill or well, I force not of thy fare:
My welcome, which thou doest pretend, shall proue a thankelesse care.
When *Daphles* heard him so vnkind, she held her selfe accurst:
And little lacked of so well but that her heart did burst:
And wheare she read the churlish scrole, she fell into a sowne,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed her selfe she casteth downe,
Not rising more: and so her loue and life together end:
Or (if I so may gesse) in death her soule did liue his friend.
The Queene enterr'd, and Obbit kept (as she in charge did giue)
A Knight was shipt to *Calidon*, wheare *Doracles* did liue,
To offer him, as her bequest, the *Argiue* Throne and Crowne.
Not that we force, or feare (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frowne
We moue this peace, or make thee Prince, but *Daphles* swore vs so,
Who louing more then thou couldst hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
And is she dead (quoth *Doracles*) that liued to my wrong?
I gladly doe accept these newes, expected-for of long.
The Lord and Legate were imbarkt, and Ship ran vnder saile,
Vntill into the *Argiue* Strond the Mariners did haile.

To

To *Daphles*, by adoption, theare inthronized a King,
He diuers yeares good fortune had succeſſiue in each thing,
All friends, no Foes, all wealth, no want, ſtill peace, and neuer ſtrife,
And what might ſeeme an earthly Heauen to *Doracles* was rife.
A Subiect, but a Noble man, did ritchly feaſt the King,
And after meat preſented him with many a ſight and thing.
Theare was a chamber in the which, portraied to the quick,
The Picture of Queene *Daphles* was: and deepely did it prick
The King his conſcience, and he thought her like did not remaine:
So, whom her perſon could not pearce, her Picture now did paine.
A kiſſing *Cupid*, breathing loue into her breaſt, did hide
Her wandring eies, whilſt to her hart his hand a Death did guide:
Non mœrens morior, for the Mott, inchaſed was beſide.
Her curteſie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
And of her beautie in himſelfe he did a *Chaos* finde.
Recalling eke his late degree, and reckning his deſart,
He could not thinke (or faintly thought) his loue to ſterne her heart:
And to the Maker of the feaſt, did ſuch his thoughts impart.
And doubtes your Grace (the Feaſter ſaid) if *Daphles* lou'd or no?
I wiſh (I hope I wiſh no harme) ſhe had not loued ſo,
Or you more liked than you did, then ſhe had liued yet:
To what her lateſt ſpeech did tend I neuer ſhall forget.
My ſelfe, with diuers noble men, whoſe teares bewraid our care,
Was preſent, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare.
My hap (quoth ſhe) is ſimply bad that cannot haue, nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to ſo skant a ſcope?
I ſee him roue at other markes, and I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault, but follow it, whileſt death doth followe me.
Ah death (my Lords) diſpaire is death, and death muſt ranſome bliſſe,
Such Ranſome pleaſeth *Doracles* and *Daphles* pliant is.
Not bootleſſe then (ſince breathles ſtrait) ſweet Loue doth flames con-
The which ſhall burne me vp at once that now do burne aliue. (triue,

Alas

Alas (then did ſhe pauſe in teares) that *Doracles* were by,
To take it from his eies, not eares, that I for him doe die:
At leaſt, perhaps, he would confeſſe my loue to be no lie.
But (Want-wit I) offenſiue ſights to *Doracles* I craue:
Long liue, deare Hart, not minding me when I am laid in graue.
And you (my Lords) by thoſe ſame Goddes, whoſe ſight I hope anon,
I coniure that ye him inueſt your King when I am gon.
Alonely ſay I liu'd and died to him a Louer true,
And that my parting Ghoſt did ſound, ſweete *Doracles* adue.
A ſigh concluding ſuch her words, ſhe cloſed vp her eye:
Not one of vs, beholding it, that ſeemed not to die.
Thus to your Grace I leaue to geſſe how tragick *Daphles* died:
In Loue, my Lord, yea louing you, that her of Loue denied.
The picture, and this ſame diſcourſe afford ſufficient woe
To him, that, maimed in his minde, did to his Pallace goe.
Theare *Doracles* did ſet abroach a world of things forgot:
What meaneſt thou man? (ah frantick man) how art thou ouerſhot
(He ſaid) to hate the ſubſtance then, and loue the ſhadow now,
Her painted boord, whoſe amorous hart did breake whilſt I not bow?
And couldſt thou churliſh wretch, cõtemn the loue of ſuch a Queene?
O Gods, I graunt for ſuch contempt I iuſtly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy *Ioue*, that now on me hath power)
Was worthie of farre worthier Loue, without a further dower.
But gaze thou on her ſenceles Signe, whoſe ſelfe thou mad'ſt thy pray,
And gazing periſh: for thy life is debt to her decay.
Time going on, greefe it grewe on, of dolour ſprung diſpaire,
When *Doracles* to *Daphles* Tombe did ſecretly repaire:
Theare (teares a preface to the reſt) theſe only words he ſpake:
Thy Loue was loſſe, for loſſe my life in recompence do take,
Deare *Daphles*. So a daggers ſtab a Tragedie did make.
Well did this Tragicke matter ſort to *Cacus* Tragicke vaine:
But merrier matter did behoue ſuch humour to reſtraine.

That

That knew the ſecond Siſter weil, who (ſmiling ere ſhe ſpake)
Began her turne, and of her Tale the next report I make.

CHAP. X.

A Proper Lad made Loue (quoth ſhe) vnto a pretie Laſſe:
In ſelf-ſame houſe, for-worne with age, this Maidens Grandame was.
Her eyes were ſunck into her head, her cheekes were leane and lank,
Out ſtood her chin, into her mouth her blood-leſſe lips they ſanke,
Her toothleſſe chappes diſgrac'd her toong in telling of a Tale,
And ſucke ſhe might a Teat for teeth, and ſpoonage too did faile,
Her haire (ſince ſixtie yeares nor blacke) was now or white or none,
The ſubſtance of her wrinkled face was only skin and bone,
Dimme were her eies, deafe were her eares, ranke ſmelt it ſhee could ſent,
A Palſie made her feeling ceaſe, downe taſtleſſe food it went:
Sight, hearing, ſent, touch, taſt, and all, thus failing with her ſtrength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire betooke her at the length.
But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd, her bags and ſhe were one,
She muſt the Maidens Dowry giue, els Dowry hath ſhe none.
The yoong man, though he lou'd the Maid (on whō no loue was loſt)
Did loue to liue, as one that knew that marriage asketh coſt.
The old wiues bags did let the Banes, with whom he ſmoothed ſo,
That flattered, ſhe fantiſed, her moldie braines did cro.
What Diuel, I wote not, made her dote, ſhe doted on the man,
Her rotten trunke and ruſtie face ſhe finified than,
And ſeeth what ſhe could not ſee, her ſenſleſſe Senſes worke,

And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Vnkindly too she kisses gaue, which he did kindly take,
Supposing that her kindnes was but for the Maidens sake.
Her crooked ioynts (which long ere then, supported, scarcely stood)
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, disiellowing so her bloud:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue) did make her chew the cudde.

Young *Battus* from his *Omphida* (for they were named so)
Dislodged by the Grandame long, to worke did roundly go,
Desiring both the Maiden, and to marrie her a Dower.
The old-wife, netled at his words, for all her loue did lower,
And, drying vp what drained out in belching, thus did say:
The thing (friend *Battus*) you demaund not gladly I denay:
But well you wot that I am old, and yeat not all so old,
But that the remnant of my life may spend the wealth I hold:
As all are neereſt to themselues, so to my selfe am I,
And all shall lacke ere I will lacke, store is no sore we trie.
If you doe like of *Omphida*, I also like the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to such as watch.
You louing her, she to her selfe a dowrie is, if not,
My money shall not sell the Maid, a sinfull sale God wot:
For money shall not sell my selfe. And yeat I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age an honeſt match would be.
My Goods besides doe want a Guide, and often did I know
Your youngers vpon elder wiues then I themselues bestow,
And liued well, and loued well. But as I doe not care
For mariage, so an honeſt match were poperie to forsweare.
Well, *Battus*, take you *Omphida*: but if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him whom I my selfe shall haue.
Yet thinke I not mislike of you in that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match, if I my selfe should wed.
Thus cunningly she closd with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Vnequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought,
The one was in her flowring age, the other too too old:

The first with beautie did allure, the latter with her Gold. (liue,
But stormes (thought *Battus*) haue their stops, not long the Croen can
Or if my kindenes length her life, my kindenes God forgiue.
Resoluing therefore on such hope, with easie sute, he got
Assurance to be wedded to the old deformed Trot.
Medea charmed *AEson* yong, *Battus Medea*-like,
Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke.
Now on the bridle played she: yeat as she laughes she lookes
With ielious eyes, if *Omphida* be blotted out his bookes.
Yea she that could not moue before, now crauleth euery wheare,
To prye if *Battus* play not false, and cause there was to feare.
But all this while no mariage was, nor witnes of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes shrinke, if men for slowe dispatch.
So hasting whats he hindred not, come was the wedding day:
The Morning thaw'd the eauening frost, and slipprie was the way:
Yeat, hobling on her rustie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bride,
Whose feete (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but slide.
Then *Battus* kindly leadeth her, and euer as she trips,
God blesse thee Mouse, the Bridegroome said, & smakt her on the lips.
The oftner stumbled then his Beast, the oftner to be kist,
And thinketh in her gentle Choyse her selfe not meanly blist.
But when the priest had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bride, for *Battus*, might salute the Pauement with her bomme.
She reeled oft, and looked backe: he sawe, but would not see:
At length she stumbled headlong downe, hoyst vp againe, quoth hee:
The second time she did the like, hoyst Brock, her good-man saide,
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde Iade.
The old-wife tooke it at the hart, and home she went and dyde:
But *Battus*, ere his first was sicke, had owed his second Bryde.

THis Iest from *Cacus* straynde a smyle, but quickly was it donne:
When, turning to her Sisters twaine, the yongest thus begonne.

Ye,

Ye,sisters,seuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,
And age with youth,but I doe say that Loue can all with all.
Examples we,whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there neede of further proofe,a thousand proofes I haue.
Could *Latmus* speake, it might accuse euen *Phœbe* of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to speake my purpose is.
But first she cheared thus her friend (for *Cacus* sadly sits)
Be merrie man,thy pensiueneſſe our pastimes badly fits:
Be as thou art,not as thou wouldst,it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke,and learne to liue,for crosses neuer mis.
Thinke Fortune newly hatcht is fledge,and waggeth wing to flye:
All suffreth change: our selues, new borne,euen then begin to dye.
Be resolute,not desperate: the Gods that made thee poore,
Can,if they will(doe waite their will(thy former state restoore.
At least let patience profit thee, for patience is a thing
Whereby a begger gaineth of a discontented King.
Know Destinie is Destinie. This Epitaph I reede,
Though common-booked Poetrie,yeat not vnworthie heede:
Vnborne to knowe what I should be to Gods my mother praide:
A Male,quoth *Phœbus*,Female *Mars*,and *Iuno* neither sayde:
An *Hermaphrodite* was I borne.My death then askt she after:
By sword quoth *Iuno*,Tree quoth *Mars*,and *Phœbus* said by water.
A Riuer shadowing tree I climbd,out slipt my sword,I slidd,
By feete I hung,stabd with my sword,my head in water hidd:
Male,Female,neither,hanging,Sword,and drowning I abidd
Thus,*Cacus*,howsoeuer things from likelihoods discent,
In birth,life,death,the Gods are first,the middell,and Euent:
And not what they can doe they will,but what they will they can,
And that they doe,or doe it not,behooues not vs to skan:
And saying so,and kissing too,her tale she thus began.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.



Speake not of the *Argiue* Nimph that had the ielious Syer,
To whome, shut vp in brasen Tower, *Ioue* passage had for hyer:
Nor of *Europa, Semele*, or *Maia*, will I dwell:
Not of your Foe his bastardie: or *Lædas* rape I tell:
Not of King *Ceus* Daughters faulte, or other freak of *Ioue*
Speake I: saue of th' *Arcadian* Nunne, with whom he thus did roue.
Calisto was as faire a Maide, as faire as faire might bee,
Her father King *Lycaon* fled, *Ioue* chaunced her to see,
And seeing liked, liking lou'd, and louing made it knowne
To her (sweet Lasse) for fathers losse that maketh then her mone.
Take patience, wench, said *Iupiter*, with thee shall all be well,
Thy fathers deeds haue their deserts, but thou in peace shalt dwell.
I am his Victor, but thy selfe art Victoresse of mee:
Doe graunt me loue, my zeale is more than fatherly to thee.
The restlesse cloudes that mantling ride vpon the racking Skie,
The scouring windes that sightlesse in the sounding aire doe flie,
The thriftie Earth that bringeth out and broodeth vp her breed,
The shifting Seas whose swelling waues on shrinking shoores do feed,
Shall fall and faile ere I be false (*Lycaons* Impe) to thee:
Of hartie Loue this kisse (he kist) an happie hansell bee.
But hapleſſe termes are these, quoth she, vnfitting to a thral:
Yeat, in respect of that I feele, I heare them not at all.

A friend (ah friendleſſe name I Friend?) it being as it is,
A friend I ſay, much more a foe, and more, and worſe than this,
The ſonne of *Saturne* ſhould, and ſhall, that ſpeed and hearing miſſe.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and ſet my hart at reſt,
By taking life, not making Loue, the former likes me beſt.
Or, if that poore *Caliſtos* life ſhall lengthen to her wo,
Graunt that among *Dianas* Nunnes a Votarie I go:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer ſhall it ſo.
What viewed *Iupiter* this while, not pleaſing to his ſight?
Or what vnuiewed did he geſſe, not adding to delight?
Not excellent, but exquiſite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue ſhe, the hanſell of this loue, did him of Loue denie.
It greeues that Natures Paragon in Cloiſter, not in Court,
Should looſe the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his ſport.
But conſtant in her chaſt pretence, he grants that would gain-ſay,
And, ſeated in religion now, with *Phœbe* did ſhe ſtay.
Blame *Iupiter* of other Loues, of this doe ſet him cleere:
It was his firſt, and firſt is firme, and toucheth verie neere.
He might forgoe, but not forget *Caliſto* in her Cell,
When, ſetting higher thoughts apart, the Frithes did pleaſe him well:
He takes his Quiuer and his Bow, and wheare ſhe hunts hunts hee,
And ſacrificed to his eyes that day he did her ſee:
About the Chaſe, Toyles, Dogs and Bowes, the Stand, Quarrie and all
He vſeth double diligence: ſo often did befall,
Not onely ſight of her his Saint he got, but alſo talke,
Whilſt thus for his *Caliſtos* loue, he haunted *Phœbes* walke.
But ſight and talke accrew to loue, the ſubſtance muſt be had:
And for to bring his drift about, he virgin-like is clad.
His nonage kept his beard from bloome, no wench more faire thē he,
Whom at her Nunnerie a Nunne *Diana* takes to be,
And with his Siſters brotherly doo geſſe him to agree.

Thus

Thus faines *Lycaons* Conqueror a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to woll, and Arras worke, and womans Chares hee laid,
That not so much as by the tongue the Boy-wench was bewraid.
Yeat thought is free, he sees, and smiles, and longs perhaps for more:
No maruell, for that Sister-hood had goodlie Ladies store.
Scarce one for birth and beautie too was theare vnworthie him,
Yet chieflie to *Calistos* vaine he formed life and limme,
And Sisterlike they single oft, and chat of manye things,
But that *Calisto* mindeth loue no likelihood he wrings.
So *Ioue* not once durst mention *Ioue*, and force was sinne and shame:
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap: by long pursute of game,
She wearie resteth in the Thicks, wheare sitting all alone,
He seeing her, is resolute or now to end his mone,
Or for so sweete a bodies vse to leaue his soule in lone.
Nymph-like he sits him by the Nymph, that tooke him for no man,
And after smiles, with neerer signes of Loues assault began.
He feeleth oft her Iuorie breasts, nor maketh coy to kisse:
Yeat all was well, a Maiden to a Maiden might doe this.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, nor did *Calisto* blush,
Or thinke abuse: he tickles too, no blab she thinks the Bush.
Thus whilst she thinkes her Sister-Nunne to be a merrie Lasse,
The Wanton did disclose himselfe, and told her who he was.
Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhild by force:
Thy loue (sweet Nymph) hath vrg'd this shift, wel worthy thy remorse,
He said: nor scorne with me a King to ioyne thy selfe a Queene,
Or doe but loue and I will liue in *Phœbes* Celles vnseene:
And theare in beds, in bushes heere (My fainings fit so well)
We may enioy what loue enioynes, and none our scapes shall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leaue, she wrangleth, and he wooeth,
She did resist, he did persist, and sport denied dooeth.
That done, which could not be vndone, what booteth discontent?
As good bee pleas'd as not be eas'd: away *Calisto* went
To Cloyster, *Iupiter* to Court: nor much she did repent.

Vntill her growing wombe discloſed an ante-cedent fault,
Then in the Chapter houſe ſhe told of *Iupiters* aſſault.
Diana and her virgines all, admiring that eſcape,
Did gird at her, malrgning *Ioue* for ſuch his ſubtill Rape.
And who more ready to controule then *Athalanta* was?
Whome ſhortly *Meleager* brought vnto the ſelfe ſame pas.
The Lady Abbeſſe did diſcharge *Caliſto* from her Cell,
And (ſilly Nymph) ſhe, great with child, ſome other wheare muſt dwell.
Pelaſgis it was *Iupiters*, and he her cauſe of blame,
The King her father in exile, her ſelfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euen ſecrecie, to hide her ſelfe from ſhame.
Keepe cloſe (quoth ſhe) frō world, ye woods, mine error, *Ioue* his crime:
And ſetling theare in ſimple Caue, did waite her childing tyme.
At length was hairy *Arcas* borne: no ſooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers wo:
No beaſt ſo ſtrong that he would ſhunne, and man he neuer ſawe,
Nor yeat his vexed mother could from fearcenes him withdrawe.
Long time (the daughter of a King) ſhe liued thus in Caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that pooreſt wretches haue?
And (worſt of all) her ſauage ſonne (whoſe manners did agree
Vnto his birth-place) howerly threats his mothers death to bee:
And angrie once, purſued her ſo long from place to place,
That euen into the Citie gates he followed her in chaſe.
The people when they did behold ſo faire a nimph in flight,
A Beare-like *Arcas* in purſute, for being naked quite,
His skinne was ſwart and hairie) they did wonder at the ſight:
And ſome that would his paſſage ſtop, he rudely caſteth downe,
And ſpares no ſpoile vntill the ſight was noiſed through the towne.
Then out came *Iupiter* in armes, whom, when *Caliſto* knewe,
Helpe *Ioue* (ſhe cryde) for loe thy ſonne his mother doth purſue.
He knewe his Leiman at the firſt, and ioyed of her ſight:
Then kiſſe they, when the Sauage boy by force did leaue to fight.

Caliſto liued Lady-like, yea, *Iunos* Riuall now,
And *Arcas*, nobly mannaged, ſuch vertues him indow,
That (*Ioue* conſenting) him for King *Pelaſgis* did allow.
A Sonne well worthy ſuch a Syer, and for his prowes and fame,
Pelaſgis then, of *Arcas*, tooke *Arcadia* to name.

BVt neither might theſe Ladies faire by any pleaſant tale,
Or dazeling toye of maſhing loue, (ſweet Conſorts to preuaile)
Diſſwade outragious *Cacus* from vnpatientnes of minde:
Who in his greateſt tyrannies did chiefeſt pleaſures finde.
He fleas the harmles Paſſengers, from eldeſt ſoule to childe,
He burnes and ſpoiles the neighbour parts, and women he defild:
And to his Caue (*Troponius* Caue) did bring the ſpoiles he gaines,
In which (except to doe more harme) he ſecretly remaynes.
Whilſt none did paſſe, that did repaſſe vnſpoiled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all *Italie* with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo an helpe: when *Hercules* had ſlaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants, of *Cremona* Kings, and put th'eleauenth to flight,
From thence the worthie did ariue with his victorious band
At King *Euanders* Cittie, that by *Auentin* did ſtand.
Amongſt a many richer Spoyles, though none to him ſo rare,
He brought a ſort of Spaniſh kine: *Euander* taking care,
(Becauſe the like misfortunes oft had hapned theare before,)
Leaſt *Hercules* ſhould looſe his kyne, of which he made ſuch ſtore,
Gaue counſell that within the walles they might be kept all night:
And, better to approoue his words, with teares he did recite
The murthers, thefts, and cruelties, without compaſſion made
Vpon his ſubiects and their goods, by whom could not be ſaid,
But that the Gods (for ſo they geſſe) for ſinne them ſo inuade.
I am reſolu'd (quoth *Hercules*) wheare Gods do vengeance craue,
It is not ſtrong or fenſiue walles that any thing can ſaue:
My Kyne ſhall therefore graſe abroad: if mortall man it be,
Then know a Tyrant is my taske, his blood the Taskers fee.

The Cattell grasing then abroad(as was his vse alwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne to seeke his cursed praies.
The Moone not wanting of her light,the Kine he did espye,
And knowing them,he also knewe his feared Foe was nye.
And far much better feare had bin then malice at that tyde:
But hardly shunneth policie what destinies prouide:
He might haue lurkte a while in Denne,but of a peeuish spight,
Eight of the Kine with fastned cords,by pollicie and might,
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diueliſh nest,
Then stopping vp the subtill hole,did laye him downe to rest.
Now *Hercules* (the rather prickt by King *Euanders* talke)
Into the fieldes to see his Kine by prime of day did walke:
Where missing eight,he could not gesse which way they should be gō:
A many therefore had in charge, to search them out anon.
The Searchers,following euery signe,great store of footings found
Descending from Mount *Auentine* into the lower ground:
But for the footings did descend, and not ascend,they thought
Of no such cunning as in deed in *Auentine* was wrought.
Alcæus Grand-sonne searching long the Thefts he could not finde,
Was much disquieted in himselfe, and angrie in his minde,
And chafing,when he should depart,he twise or thrise did shake
A Tree that grew on *Auentine*,which rooted vp,did make
So large a vent that one might view they hollow caue belowe,
And *Cacus* with his Leash of wiues they were disclosed so.
Whome, when the Greeke espied theare, O graceleſſe King, he said,
Whose Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of *Hesperia* afraid,
Whose cruelties haue been the cause of al the losse thou hast,
What moueth thee in *Italie* to prosecute such waste?
Thinkste thou,whom neither mightie Realmes,nor royal Gards of mē
Could late defend,now to escape,inclosed thus in den,
The iust reuengment of the Godds?no,no,the Heauens we see,
Haue brought to light a wretch so lewd, euen by a senceles Tree:
And since that neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thee win,

A greeuous death, condignly, shall cut off thy grounded sinne.
To it did *Cacus* answere thus: doest thou pursue me still,
Who onely art the chiefest cause of these my doings ill?
Not suffering me to liue the rest of mine vnhappie daies
Among the fruitlesse Rocks, a wretch in miserie alwaies,
Cease further prate: said *Hercules*, in troth it greeueth much
To see a King in this Distresse, but since thy life is such
As neither in aduersitie, nor prosperous estate
Thou canst affoord one iot of good, I purpose to rebate
Thy wicked daies by worthy death, prepare therefore to dye.
When *Cacus* saw he must perforce so hard a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe indeuoured to flye.
But *Hercules*, deluded once by that deuise before,
Had learned now for being so deceiued any more:
And, casting feare aside, did leape into the flaming Caue,
And theare by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to saue
Himselfe did take his Axe in hand, wheare *Hercules* and he
Couragiously bestirre themselues, vntill they did agree
To trye it out in open ayre. So doubtfull was their fight,
That Lookers on could not discerne to whether best should light.
The frighted Ladies did their best to helpe their fighting friend:
But *Hercules* had victorie, and *Cacus* had his end.

CHAP. XII.

FOr Gyants of *Cremona* slayne, and *Cacus* ridded so,
The *Latine* Princes praise on him and presents did bestoe.
Wheare *Rome* is now, *Pallantia* then, *Euander* he did frame

A temple, and to *Hercules* did dedicate the same:
And he (intreated thereunto) in *Italie* did stay:
To honor whom did Princes come from farre and euery way.
King *Faunus* had affaires abroad, when from *Laurentum* came
His wife *Marica* (*Facua* some this louely Queene doe name,)
From liking did she fall in loue with *Hercules*, and he
(More readie to haue made demaund, then like to disagree)
Conceiuing her by circumstance, so coupled by contract,
That, had King *Faunus* neuer liu'd, *Latinus* had not lackt:
Yeat home came *Faunus*, fathering his late Corriuals act.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, *Brute* his Gran-dames Syer, was sonne vnto a God.

WHilst that in loue of this same Queene, & lande of all besides,
The vanquisher of *Vulcans* sonne in *Italie* abides,
Of *Calabres* a mightie host King *Picus* he prouides.
And, in reuenge of *Cacus*, swore his Slayer should be slaine:
But he, ere long, that so did sweare, vnsweared it againe,
When, chased home into his holdes, theare sparred vp in gates,
The valiant *Thebane*, all in vaine, a following fight awaites.
Who, for dispatch, did fayne himselfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the same, before their Tyrant bring.
Then shaking off his ciuil robes, his shining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron sparre, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other some did fight with him their last:
Both Court and Cittie in the end did lay vpon him fast.
Theare *Picus*, worthely, did winne of valiantnesse a name,
Yeat *Hercules* more valiantly by death did *Picus* tame:
And to attend their King his ghost he sendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferne, his foes as waues to Rocke,
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane time his men assault without, whil'st he assayles within,

Wheare

Wheare fighting to beate downe the Gates he ſo the Goale did win.
Within the King his ranſackt Court he *Iole* eſpies,
Whoſe teares, then mounting frō her hart, diſmount thē frō her eyes.
King *Picus* (now a lifeles corſe) was Father of this Mayde:
In vaine therefore did *Hercules* her penſiueneſſe diſſwayde,
Nor could he but lament her fate, and loue ſo ſweete a face,
Whoſe perſon alſo did containe the type of female grace.
At firſt ſhe was ſo farre from loue ſhe rather ſeem'd to hate,
Yeat could ſhe not ſo giue the Checke but that ſhe tooke the Mate.
Then eithers loue was eithers life: poore *Deianira* ſhe
Was out of commons, yea of thought, an other had her fee.

WIth this ſo faire and portly wench he ſayled into *Thrace:*
And heares how *Diomedes* did tyrannize in that place.
No Straunger ſcapes vnranſomed: but Raunſome wanting, then
He caſteth them, as prouender, to Horſes eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants, like himſelfe, attending on him ſtill,
Who richly did maintaine themſelues, by ſuch their doings ill.
The Scourge of ſuch was moued, not to be remoued now
By *Iole*, whoſe louing teares ſuch labours diſalow.
With *Diomedes* and his Garde in Forreſt did he meete,
Who with their common Stratagem the Stranger thinke to greete.
Hands of, commaunded *Hercules*, for Horſe I am no hay,
All Straungers Ranſom, once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which ſaid, himſelfe againſt them all began a noble fray.
The ſturdie *Thracians*, mightie men, did hardly looſe their ground,
But, than the King, a mightier man not any wheare was found:
Theſe all at once aſſayle, and ſtrike, and thunder on his Sheeld:
But number fitted to his force, vnwonted ſo to yeeld.
For with his club he skuffles then amongſt their Curets ſo,
That ſpeedie death was ſweeter dole then to ſuruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himſelfe, whom he diſmounts anon,

But

But, rescued to his Horse againe, away he would be gon.
Lesse haste, he said, I Harts out-runne, nor shalt thou me out-ride:
Out-stripping so the man-feade horse, he topled ore his side
The monstrous King, that resculesse to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to frushed thus, the sonne of *Ioue* did bring
His cruell Iades, that soone deuoure their more than cruell King.
The *Thracians* all submit themselues, and ioye their Tyrants death,
And thinke some God had left the Heauens to succour men on earth,
From such as what they would they will, and what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withstan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his deeds approue,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.

This common Soldiour of the world with *Iole* did land
In *Lycia*, and (the earth in peace) discharged theare his band.
Sweete busses, not sharpe battels, then did alter man and minde,
Till he, as others, sorrowe in securitie did finde.
From *Assur* went the Empire then when *Tonos* he had time
To court his Trulles, *Arbaces* so espying place to clyme:
Secure in *Tomyris* her flight, was valiant *Cyrus* slaine:
From *Capua*, not from *Cannas*, grew braue *Hanibal* his baine:
The fame, to whose victorious Sword a second world was sought,
That *Macedon* in court, not Campe, to traytrous end was brought:
A louer, not a Soldiour, went *Achilles* to his graue:
And *Cæsar* not in steele, but silke, to Rome his farewell gaue,
Euen so, this second vnto none, superior vnto all,
To whom did sooner Causes cease then Conquests not befall,
This monster-Master *Hercules*, this Tyrant Tamer, hee
Whose high Exploytes, did leaue the earth from spoyle and Spoylers free,
In pleasures did he perish now, that did in perils thriue:
A greeuous Taske I vndertake his dying to reuiue.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

WHen *Deianira* vnderstood her husbands back returne,
She thought it strange that he frō her so strangely did soiorne:
Explorers sent to search the cause, returne was made that he
Did loyter in a strangers Loue: and *Iole* was she
That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor laid a-part, in silke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th' *AEtolian* King did little lesse then raue:
And can the churle (quoth she) preferre in loue a captiue Slaue
Before his wife, whom late he saind inferiour vnto none?
Ah *Hercules*, thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpets armes so fasten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) must bowe if she doth becke?
Oh how vnlike to *Hercules* is *Hercules* in this?
But, leauing men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is,
No man so chaste, but such as she may worke to doe amis.
Thus whilst her ouerplus of loue to Ielousie did growe,
She simply minds the spightfull gift that *Nessus* did bestowe:
And, for he dying spake the words, she held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her selfe: of which now hauing neede,
She vseth part, and sent a Shirt so boyled as he bad
To *Hercules*: and *Hercules* was of the Present glad:
Confessing her his onely Wife: And whilst he did repent
His breach of Loue, on *Oeta* Mount to sacrifice he went.

Philoctes,

Philoctes, *Pæans* valiant Sonne, and *Lychas*, he that brought
The poysoned Shirt, were present theare, but of no treason thought:
Nor *Deianiras* selfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moysture to the bayne.
His stoutnes hid such torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his very Marrow fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory smoking cloathes:
And striuing to strip off the Shirt he teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breaking Synoees bare, his Intrailes euery one
Did boyle, & burst, & shew themselues where lumps of flesh did lacke,
And still the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Espying *Deianiras* Squire, that quaking stood, he saide,
And art thou, wretch, the Instrument of my destruction maide?
Whom swinging then about his head, he slinged downe the hill:
And so did silly *Lycas* dye, that purposed no ill.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and mightie Hils in error of his paine:
Till, sadly leaning on his Club, he sighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of *Hercules* but *Hercules* alone.
And to his friend *Philoctes* tooke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer, as to his bed did go.
Wheare lying downe, and taking leaue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector so, in peace, amidst the flames did dye.
Philoctes, neere o'rgone with griefe, his ashes did conuay
To *Italy*, inshrined in his Temple there to stay:
And wofull *Deianira* heares of *Hercules* decay.
His Ghoste she voucheth and the Gods to witnes that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me so vnkinde
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to ouerliue thee heere,
But that my Ghoste before thy Ghoste it selfe of guile shall cleere:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue ye gods the deed
She sayde, and pearsing so her breast, a breathles Corse did bleed.

As

AS *Greekes* lament their Champions losse, so did the *Phrygians*.
And *Priamus* did fortifie his stately Cittie *Troy*. (ioy
Twise *Hercules* had rased it, and thirdly was it reard
By *Pryam*, strong in wealth and walles, through *Asia* lou'd and feard.
He cald to minde *Laomedon* whom *Hercules* had slayne,
His Sister too *Hesione*, that Captiue did remayne
In *Salamis* with *Telamon*: and well he was apayde,
In that the Doer of the same liu'd not the *Greekes* to ayde.
His Sister therefore not restorde, his Legates asking it,
By stealing of the *Spartane* Queene did *Paris* cry them quit.
Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-ships, with men and Armor frought,
By seauenty kings & kingly Peeres, from *Greece*, to *Troy* were brought
To winne her thence. King *Priamus* (besides his Empire great)
Had ayders Princes thirtie three: lesse Lords I not repeate,
Nor *Sagitar*, that in this warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenne yeres, ten moneths, & twise sixe daies, the siege they did abide:
Eight hundred sixtie thousand *Greekes* by *Troian* weapons dide:
Sixe hundred fiftie sixe thousands of *Troians* fighting men,
Besides the slaughtred at the sacke, by *Grecians* perisht then:
And (if that *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Paris* so we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little lesser fame.
Mislike, and ciuill quarrels, when the *Grecians* homewards drewe,
Did well neere waste the remnant Kings that *Phrigia* did subdewe.
Thus secure *Troy* was ouer-set, when *Troy* was ouer stout,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lookt about.
The *Greekish* ships with *Phrigian* spoiles through *Xant* & *Simoes* roe,
For now *Antenor* had betraid *Palladium* to the foe,
And with *Palladium Priamus*: *AEneas* sought to hide
From *Pyrrhus Polyxena* (she for whom *Achilles* dide,
Wherefore vpon *Achilles* tombe her selfe was after slayne,
What tyme old *Hecuba* descryde yoong *Polydor* his bayne)

For

For which, *AEneas* baniſhed, did hoyſt his ſayles to winde,
And, after many perils, rule in *Italie* did finde.

ÆNeas dead, *Aſcanius* raign'd: *Aſcanius* dead his brother
Poſthumus Syluius did ſucceed: *Lauinia* was his mother,
Her Syer *Latinus*, *Faunus* his, and *Picus* him begot,
And *Saturne* him: From mother thus *Poſthumus* lacked not
The nobleſt bloud. On Fathers ſide his petigree was thus:
Ioue had *Dardanus*, and the ſame begot *Erictheus*,
He *Troys*, *Troys Aſſaracus*, he *Capys*, and the ſame
Anchiſes, he *AEneas* had, of him *Poſthumus* came,
And he was Father vnto *Brute*: and thus the *Brutons* bring
Their petigree from *Iupiter*, of Pagane Gods the King:
And adde they may that *Brute* his Syer of *Venus* ſonne did ſpring.
Thriſe fiue degrees from *Noe* was *Brute*, and fower times ſixe was he
From *Adam*: and from *Iaphets* houſe doth fetch his petigree.
Poſthumus Syluius periſhing in Chace amongſt the brakes,
Miſtooke for Game by *Brute* his Sonne, *Brute Italy* forſakes:
And to aſſociate his Exile, a many *Troyans* mo
At all aduentures put to ſeas, vncertein where to go,
To whom did Fortune, Fortunelike, become a friend and foe:
Till *Brute* (with no leſſe payne and praiſe then had his Grandſier late
Achiued *Latium*) landing here, ſuppreſſed ſo the ſtate
Of all the Fiend-breed *Albineſts*, huge Gyants fearce and ſtrong,
Or race of *Albion*, *Neptuns* Sonne (els ſome deriue them wrong)
That of this Iſle (vn-Scotted yet) he Empire had ere long.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIIII.

NOw, of the Conquerour, this Isle had *Brutaine* vnto name,
And with his *Troians Brute* began manurage of the same.
For rased *Troy* to reare a *Troy* fit place he searched then,
And viewes the mounting Northerne partes: These fit (quoth he) for men
That trust as much to flight as fight: our Bulwarks are our brests,
The next Arriuals heere, perchaunce, will gladlier build their nests:
A *Troians* courage is to him a Fortres of defence:
And leauing so wheare Scottes be now he Southward maketh thence:
Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleasure might allure:
And more, the Lady Flood of Floods, the Ryuer *Thamis*, it
Did seeme to Brute against the foe, and with himselfe to fit.
Vpon whose fruitfull bancks therefore (whose bounds are chiefly said,
The want-les Counties *Essex*, *Kent*, *Surrie*, and wealthie Glayde
Of *Hartfordshire*, for Cities store participating ayde)
Did *Brute* build vp his *Troy-nouant*, inclosing it with wall:

Which

Which *Lud* did after beautifie, and *Ludſ-towne* it did call
That now is *London*: euermore to rightfull Princes trewe,
Yea Prince and people ſtill to it as to their Storehouſe drewe,
For plentie and for populous the like we no wheare vewe.
Howbe-it many neighbour townes as much ere now could ſay,
But place for people, people, place, and all for ſinne decay.
When *Brute* ſhould dye thus to his Sonnes hee did the Iſle conuay:
To *Camber* Wales, to *Albanact* he *Albanie* did leaue,
To *Locrine Brutaine*: whom his Queene of life did thus bereaue.

THe furious *Hun*, that drowning theare to *Humber* left his name,
The King did vanquiſh, and for ſpoyle vnto his Nauie came:
Where *Humbars* Daughter, Parragon for beautie, ſuch a Dame
As Loue himſelfe could not but loue, did *Locrine* ſo inflame,
That *Guendoleyne*, the *Corniſh* Duke his daughter, *Locrins* Queene,
Grewe in contempt: and, *Coryn* dead, his Change of Choyſe was ſeene.
To *Cornwall* goes the wrothfull Queene to ſeaze her Fathers Land,
Frō whence ſhe brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours ſtout a band,
And bids her husband battell, and in battell is he ſlaine:
And for their Sonne in Nonage was, ſhe to his vſe did raine.
The Lady *Eſtrild Locrins* Loue, and *Sabrin*, wondrous faire,
Her Husbands and his Leimans impe, ſhe meaning not to ſpare,
Did bring vnto the water that the wenches name doth beare:
There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her yre,
She ſaid: if *Scythia* could haue hild the wandring King thy Syre,
Then *Britiſh* waters had not been to him deſerued bayne:
But *Eſtrild*, ſnout-faire *Eſtrild*, ſhe was ſparde, forſooth to traine
With whoriſh tricks a vicious King: But neither of yee twaine,
Thou ſtately Drab, nor this thy Brat, a baſtard as thy ſelfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: firſt mother and her Elfe
Shall fiſh in Flood for *Humbars* ſoule, and bring him newes to hell,
That *Locrins* wife on *Locrins* whore reuenged her ſo well.

They

They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
Powre teares like Pearles, and wash those Cheekes where naught saue
And seeking to excuse themselues, & mercie to obtaine, (beautie lyes:
With speeches good, and praiers faire, they speake and pray in vaine:
Queene *Guendoleyne* so bids, and they into the Flood are cast,
Whereas amongst the drenching waues the Ladies breath their last.
As this his Grandame, such appear'd *Mempricius*, *Madans* sonne,
Whose brother *Manlius* traitrously by him to death was donne.
And since of noble *Brute* his line prodigious things I tell,
I skipping to the tenth from him will shew what then befell.

ABout a thirtie yeeres and fiue did *Leir* rule this Land,
When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
To tell how much they loued him. The Eldest did esteeme
Her life inferior to her loue, so did the second deeme:
The yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,
And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.
The former two did please him well, the yongest did not so:
Vpon the Prince of *Albanie* the first he did bestoe:
The Middle on the *Cornish* Prince: their Dowry was his Throne,
At his decease: *Cordellas* part was very small or none.
Yeat, for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble *Gallian* King
Did her, vn-dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.
Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their husbands by consent
Did ioyne in Armes: from *Leir* so by force the Scepter went:
Yeat, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content.
In *Albanie* the quondam King at eldest Daughters Court
Was setled scarce, when she repines, and lessens still his Port
His secõd Daughter then, he thought, would shew her selfe more kind:
To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
Ere long abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,
That of two bads, for better choyse he backe againe did goe.

But *Gonorill* at his returne, not onely did attempt
Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.
His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my good hap withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-liue,
When those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my welth stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders fall, and warne that none do fall as *Leir* fell.
Bid none affie in Friends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke.
Cordella, well *Cordella* sayd, she loued as a Child:
But sweeter words we seeke than sooth, and so are men beguild.
She onely rests vntryed yet: but what may I expect
From her, to whom I nothing gaue, when these do me reiect?
Then dye, nay trye, the rule maye fayle, and nature may ascend:
Nor are they euer surest friends on whom we most doe spend.
He ships himselfe to *Gallia* then: but maketh knowne before
Vnto *Cordella* his estate, who rueth him so poore,
And kept his theare ariuall close till she prouided had
To furnish him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly entertayned him: the Queene, with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and increasing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound
For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others crime:
And King-like thus in *Agamps* Court did *Leir* dwell, till time
The noble King his Sonne-in-lawe transports an Armie greate
Of forcie *Gawles*, possessing him of dispossessed Seate:
To whom *Cordella* did succeede, not raigning long in queate.
Not how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of them slew th'other
Shall followe: but I will disclose a most tyrannous mother.

CHAP. XV.



Orbodags double Iſſue nowe, when eighteene Kings were paſt,
Hild ioyntly Empire in this land, till *Porrex* at the laſt,
Not tyed ſo by brotherhood, but that he did diſdaine
A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome brooke of twaine)
Did leuie ſecret bands: for dread whereof did *Ferrex* flie,
And out of *Gallia* bringeth Warre, in which himſelfe did die.
Then *Porrex* onely raigned heere, and ruled all in peace:
Till *Iden*, mother Queene to both, her furie did increaſe
So fearcely, as ſhe ſeekes reuenge euen in the higheſt degree,
Why liueth this (quoth ſhe) a King? in graue why lieth he?
Dye *Iden*, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch haſt made:
His ghoſt, whoſe life ſtood in thy light, commaundeth me of ayde.
Nor want I (*Ferrex*) will to ayde: for why the Gods I ſee
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Deuils diſagree. (hell,
The heauens, me thinks, with thunderbolts ſhould preſſe his ſoule to
Or Earth giue paſſage, that at leaſt with men he might not dwell:
But I my ſelfe, euen I my ſelfe, their ſlackneſſe will ſupplye,
And Mothers name and Nature both to ſuch a Sonne denye.
Dead night was come, when *Iden* found the King her ſonne a ſleepe,
And all was ſtill (not then as now did Guards their Princes keepe:
Admit they had, who would haue feard ſuch miſchiefe in a mother?)
She whiſpring ſoftly, ſleepe thy laſt, yea ſleepe as doth thy brother.
Did gaſh his throte: who ſtarting vp, whē ſtrēgth & ſpeech were gone,

Lifts vp his faynting hands, and knew the Tyranneſſe anone:
And maketh ſignes, as who would ſay, ah mother thou haſt done
A deed, as neuer mother earſt did practiſe on her Sonne.
But name of ſon, nor ſignes did ſerue, him ſtill with wounds ſhe plyes
Nor (more than Monſter) did it pleaſe that ſimplie ſo he dyes,
But that his bodie, peecemeale tore, about the Lodging flyes.
And thus from noble *Brute* his line the ſcepter then did paſſe:
When of his bloud for to ſucceede no heire ſuruiuing was.

FOwer Dukes at once, in ciuil broyles, ſeiunctly after raine.
Neere when, the *Scottes* (whō ſome accuſe by Ante-dates to gain)
Did ſettle in the Northerne Iſles. Theſe people bring their line
From *Cecrops* and that *Pharo*, he that euer did decline
From *Moſes* ſeeking *Hebers* houſe from *AEgypt* to conuay.
His daughter *Scota Gathelus* their Duke brought thence away,
When *Pharos* ſinne to *Iacobs* ſeede did neere that Land decay.
And *Cecrops* ſon brought thē from thence (as *Scottes* inforce the ſame)
The ſtone that *Iacob* ſlept vpon, when Angels went and came:
Of it was made their fatall Chaire, of which they beare in hand,
That whearefoere the ſame is found, the *Scottes* ſhal brooke the land:
At *Weſtminſter* that Monument doth now, decaying, ſtand.
In *Luſitanea Gathelus* did firſt his kingdome found,
And of his race (of *Scota*, *Scottes*) when *Spaniſh Scottes* abound,
Ariue in *Ireland*, and in it a ſecond Empire ground:
And thirdly, when their broodie Race that Iſle did ouer-ſtore,
Amongſt the Iſlands *Hebredes* they ſeeke out dwellings more.
Theſe *Iriſh*, ſometime *Spaniſh Scots*, of whence our now-*Scottes* be,
Within the Iſles of *Albion* thus, whilſt *Brutaines* diſagree,
Did ſeat themſelues, & neſtle too amongſt the Mountaine groundes:
What time a *Scythian* people, *Pichtes*, did ſeaze the middle boundes
Twixt them and vs: & theſe did prooue to *Brutaine* double woundes.
The *Penthland* people and the *Scots*, alying, friendly liue,
Vntill the *Picths* by Britiſh wyles, contrarie cauſe did giue.

Then

Then from their Captains fell the *Scots*, and choſe to them a King.
And *Fergus* out of *Ireland* did the Chaire of Marble bring:
In which inſtald the firſt *Scotch* King in *Albion*, ſo he wrought
That *Pichts* and *Scots*, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought.
Three valiant people thus at once in *Albion* Empire hold,
Brutes, *Scots* and *Pichts*: the latter twaine leſſe ciuill, but as bold.
The *Pichts* were fierce and *Scythian*-like: much like the *Iriſh* now
The *Scots* were then: couragious both: Nor them I diſallowe
That write they fed on humane fleſh, for ſo it may be well,
Like of theſe men their bloudy mindes their natiue ſtories tell:
But to our *Brittiſh* buſines now, to ſhew what there befell.
Not how the tri-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Dunwallo, after fortie yeeres, did Monarchize againe:
Not what precedent Kings in *France*, and *Denmarke* did obtaine
Speake I: From *Porrex* fortie Kings in ſilence ſhall remaine:
Alonely valiant *Brennus*, and his brother *Beline*, thay
Vnpraiſed for their warres and works ſhall not eſcape away.

CHAP. XVI.

THeſe Brothers, thirſting amplier Raignes, did martially contend,
Till *Brenn* his force was not of force his brothers to defend.
To *Norway* ſayles hee, wheare he got an Armie and a prize,
The Prince of *Norwayes* Daughter, whom hee winneth in this wiſe.
The King of *Denmarke* ſtoode with him, vntill the States decreed
That both ſhould plead before their Prince, and better Pleader ſpeed.

And when the *Norgane* Prince and Peeres were seated for their strife,
The King of *Danes* beginning first, thus pleaded for a wife.
Not yet a King, King *Philips* son with none but Kings would cope,
His reason was, inferiour strife of glorie giues no hope:
I am a King, and graunt the Prize in question worthie mee,
But grudge that my Competitor a banisht man should bee.
Doe grant him what he hath for-gon, and neuer more shall git,
Yeat were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnfit:
Dunwallos yonger Sonne, that hath his brother to his Foe,
And worthelie, his trecheries haue well deserued soe.
And yet (audacious that he is) he blusheth not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yeat an heere-Repulse doth feare.
Would she for whom I must contend were not to me the same
She is, or he that stands with me a man of better fame.
But since in this vnequall Plea I must my selfe imbrace,
Knowe, *Norwaies*, that my pleaded cause cõcernes your publique cace.
It is the King of *Denmarke* doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By league, or Leigure, *Danske* can fence, or fronte you, friend, or foe,
Our neighborhood doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe:
Combine therefore in needfull League our neere conioyned States:
I may your good, nought lesse can he that thus with me debates.
He is a *Bruton* (if Exile allow we call him so)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes himselfe not to bestoe.
Admit he were receiued home, what Empire doth he sway?
A sorrie Ilands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diademe: what Ioynter can he make?
Not anie: giue not then to him from whom you cannot take.
And Ladie (She for whom they strone was present) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt than so to be forgot.
I wish (mine Opposite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but doom'd (sweet wench) that thus with tongue I fight.
Proude *Bruton* (frowning so on *Brenn*) disclaime in her my dewe,

Els

Els thou repining shalt repent, doe make thy choyce a new:
At least amend thine Error, and mine enuie shall haue end:
I need not force so weake a Foe, seeke thou so strong a friend.
Norwaies consent, and, Ladie, be no Counter-mand to this:
Discent not *Brenn:* conclude her mine: els my Conclusion is,
If not for worth, by force perforce to winne her from you all,
Yea though our banisht Copes-mate could his *Britrish* Succours call.
The King of *Danes* concluded thus: and after silence short,
The *Brutaine Heros* vailed, and did answere in this sort.
Most gracious *Norgane* Peeres, you heare the ouer-tearming taunts
Of this Appelant, that himselfe and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
It lesser greeueth he should grudge that I with him co-riue,
Than his so peremptorie speach in your despight to wiue.
It greeues, in troth, not for my selfe, but for he beardeth you,
And seemes disdainfull of your aide, that doth so proudly wowe.
How captiously he derogates from me, and mine estate?
And Arrogates vnto himselfe, to bring me so in hate.
How daintely his eies endure so bace an Obiects view?
How desperately doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you?
Well, barke he, byte he, bragges nor blowes shall dare me to defend
A Challenge, where so braue a Prize stands for the Wagers end,
Nor thinke (vaine-glorious that thou art) me lesser then a King,
Or greater than by suite, or sword, to prize so rare a thing.
Vpbrayd me not with banishment, nor *Belyns* quarrell touch,
Nor yeat my petite Signorie: nor more than troth by much,
These present nobles know the cause for which I hether come:
Not as an exile, but for ayde, and they assure me some.
Then know, the cause is honest when their Honors giues supplies:
As capable are they of troth, as thou art apt for lies.
My bothers Kingdome seemes, forsooth, an Ouer-match to mine?
My Kingdome, *Cutlake*, therefore is an vnder-match to thine?
Nay, giue (and so I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than
Let *Cutlake* with his Crowne of *Danske* vn-crowne me if he can,

Then he, difabling me to make a Ioynter happelie,
With Denmarke fuch a Ioynters want(if wanting)fhould fupplie.
But neither haue I fuch a lacke, nor holde I fuch a loue,
As that her Dowrie(not in queſt)before her ſelfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himſelfe would haue, that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he ſue in milder ſort, and ſuing, feare to faile.
For, Ladie, ſee your Louers Plea: your loue, ſaith he, is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor ſhall you get.
Braue words and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vaine.
But ſay he cannot wooe in print, but Soldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in ſooth, more loues my heart than can my tongue explaine.
Conclude we therefore Souldior-like, and let a combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twaine the honour of the field.
If not, then (if my Lords ſo pleaſe, or ſhe thereto agree)
Although thou ſhould'ſt by force of Armes ſubdue her hence to thee,
Yeat from thy ſtrongeſt Holde in *Danske* I would thy Conqueſt free.
Lo heer my Gage(he terr'd his Gloue)thow know'ſt the Victors meed:
(So did he pauſe, his Pledge vntoucht, and then did thus proceede)
Then fret thy fill, and worke thy worſt, deliuer, Lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this ſame with brags, not battell, killes.
He threatneth onely, I intreate, he claimeth her of dew,
I wiſh, and hope for to deſerue. The Counſel then withdrewe
Themſelues apart: and ſoone for *Brenn* a verdict did enſewe.

The *Dane* inraged ſayled thence, and rigged out a Fleete,
And did with *Brenn*, reſayling home, at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple, and their ſwords did ſunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their ſhippes did ſeeme in Seas of bloud to ſwim.
But multitude oppreſſed *Brenn*, he hardlye did eſcape,
His Ladie, will he nill hee, left the King of *Denmarkes* Rape.
Not meanely inſolent the *Danes* hoyſt vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after manye crabbed Flawes, and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and *Norgane* Ladies Shippe was toſſed to the Coſte
Of *Brutaine*: wheare, impriſoned, King *Belyn* was their Hoſte:

Vntill,

Vntill, sufficient Pledges had that *Denmarke* it should pay
Continuall Tribute to the *Brutes* he them dismist away.
Meane while King *Bren* (receiued now amongst the *Gawles* did threate
For *Englands* Crowne-halfe him with-held his Brothers selfe & Seate:
(For Time, alaying Loue, did adde vnto domesticke hate)
And with the *Genouesean Gawles*, whose Prince his heire of late
He had espoused, did inuade the Empire of his Brother:
And almost did their Battels ioyne, when thus intreates their Mother.

I dare to name ye Sonnes, because I am your Mother, yet
I doubt to tearme you Brothers that doe Brotherhood forget.
These Prodigies, their wrothfull Shields, forbodden Foe to Foe,
Doe ill beseeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed soe.
O, how seeme *Oedipus* his Sonnes in you againe to striue?
How seeme these swords in me (aye me) *Iocasta* to reuiue?
I would *Dunwallo* liued, or ere death had lost againe
His Monarchie, sufficing Fower, but now too small for Twaine.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elswheare:
Or for the smalnes of your Power agree, at least for feare.
But pride of ritch & romesome Thrones, that wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke sorrow to your harts.
My Sonnes, sweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mothers wordes attend,
And for I am your mother doe conclude I am your frend:
I cannot counsell, but intreate, nor yet I can intreate
But as a Woman, and the same whose blood was once your meate:
Hence had ye Milke (She baerd her Paps) these Armes did hug ye oft:
These syled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye soft:
These lips did kisse, or Eyes did weep, if that ye were vnqueat,
Thē ply I did, with Song, or Sighes, with Dance, with Tung, or Teate:
For these kind Causes, deere my Sonnes, disarme your selues: if not,
Then for these bitter teares that now your Mothers Cheekes do spot:
Oft vrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence these Souldiers: yee, my Sons, & none but ye would fight:

When

When none ſhould rather be at one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, *Beline*, ſhall I ſpeede? ſweete *Brenn*, ſhall I preuaile?
Say yea (ſweete Youthes) ah yea, ſay yea: or if I needes muſt faile,
Say noe: and then will I begin your Battell with my baile.
Then then ſome ſtranger, not my Sonnes, ſhall cloſe me in the Earth,
When we by Armor ouer-ſoone ſhall meet, I feare, in death.
This ſayd, with guſhing teares eftſoones ſhe plyes the one and other,
Till both did ſhew themſelues at length Sonnes worthy ſuch a Mother:
And with thoſe hands, thoſe altred hands, that lately threatned bloes,
They did embrace: becomming thus continuall frends of foes.
Glad was the Queene, and *Beline* hild ſole Empire: more, he had
From *Denmarke* Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,
His daughter *Cimbra*, wedded to the *Almayne* Prince, gaue name
Vnto the *Cimbrians*, holding *Rome* ſo long and warlike game:
Some (if no Error) giue to him for forraine Conqueſts fame.
His Valour, Warre, & Peace ore-paſt: now ſpeake we of the Knight,
That this ſide and beyond the *Alpes* ſubdewed all by fight.
The ſtatelieſt Townes in *Italie* had *Brenn* their Builder, and
Euen *Rome*, the terror of the World, did at his mercie ſtand:
The Senate, giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
Could not themſelues, their Citie, ſcarce their Cappitoll releaſe.

THeir Gander-feaſt, what *Manlius* and *Camillus* did therein,
How This the Cappitol and That from *Brenn* his Spoiles did win
I permit. The three-topt Mount *Parnaſſus* had beloe
Apollos Temple, whither men for Oracles did goe:
This, with the God and Goods the *Gawles* did put to ſacke and ſpoyle:
And whil'ſt, incamped here, they kept ſuch ſacreligious coyle,
The God (or rather Diuell, whom th'Almightie did permit,
His Deitie prophaned, to deceiue the world in it) (lers quit,
With Tempeſts, Earth-quakes, Stench, & Sights, ſo cryde the Spoy-
That moſt did periſh, fewe diſperſe, and all were out of harte,

Yea

Yea *Brenn* himselfe, discouraged, did change in euery parte.
He looking after and vpon the scattered and the slayne,
Did seeme a second *Cadmus*, saue lesse patient of his paygne:
And, shaming to be seene to weepe, deuoured sightles teares,
And, in these words, his heartie greefes did number to their Eares.
Sweet Soldiours leaue me to my selfe, it likes me that ye leaue me,
More takes your tarriãce frõ my health than can these plagues bereaue me:
Each of these Masse of Corpses dead hath bin a death to me,
Deliuer then mine Eyes of you, too many deathes I see:
Suruiue, and tell the Westerne World what we exployted haue:
How that to *Rome*, amidst her Roofe, the mayden Sacke we gaue:
Tell of our Battels, Booties, and our Buildings: lastly tell
(An honor to our Ouerthrowe) that we at *Delphos* fell
By wounds deuine, no humane Armes. But God, who so thou be,
Lesse is thy courage than Commaund, els would'st thou cope with me,
As *Pluto* with *Alcides* did, and *Mars* sometimes with men:
Do me like honor, and these Graues shall lightly greeue me then.
But thou full little darest so. Nay, I doe dare too much,
That with my so vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
Ah, see these Slaughters, and reserue aliue this small Remayne,
Let lastly me and onely me eike number to the slayne.
But booteles on a ruthles God I see my prayers spent,
As haughtely doest thou reuenge as humbly I repent.
Well (God of *Delphos*) since our teares, this Incense, nor these Graues
Appease thine yre, persist to plague this flesh, that henceforth craues
No pitie: to the *Hebrew* God, of power exceeding thine,
(Men say) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and mine:
Accept my simple Legacie, O Godhood most deuine,
Said *Brenn*: And with a selfe-wrought wound did perish: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name to *Gallo-Grecia* then.
The righteous *Gorboman* might adde fresh Subiect to our Muse,
But skipping to his Fathers Sonnes, of them it thus ensewes.

Fiue

Fiue yeeres had *Archigallo* raign'd, when (hated doing wrong)
He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
And fearing all, that frended none, kept close the Woods among.
Theare *Elidurus*, hunting, found his wretched Brother, and
They gazing each in others face, with sighes and weepings stand.
A King, as *Elidurus* is, once was I, thinkes his Brother,
A wretch, as *Archigallo* is, I may be, thinkes the other.
The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
Then *Archigallo* secretly in *Ebranks* Towne was plac'd:
In which, the King commanding so, the Nobles did conuent,
To whom did *Elidurus* thus informe of his intent.

If Fortune had bin crosse (my Lords) to me, or any feare
Of Armor were approching vs, I should perchance appeare
Faint and false-hearted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihood, for quietler ruleth none. (staine,
Yeat Kings may thinke their heads too weake their Dyademes to su-
For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter sweete is Raine:
Howbeit, Subiects falsely iudge their Princes blessed are,
When both of peace and perils they containe the common care:
And yet for this they grudgingly, from Pounds a Penny spare.
Not these, my Lords, make me disclaime in it which all pursue,
But Iustice bidds my Brothers right I should commend to you.
This one Request includes, I know, exceeding dangers twaine,
To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye shall restore againe.
But for I haue done right no wrong (though Iustice wants not foes,
And though vnto a Magistrate disgrading bringeth woes)
Against the bad a conscience good may safe it selfe oppoes.
Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more than right:
Euen *Archigallo* will confesse his sinne, and cleere your spight:
Whose restiturion (were he wrongd) at least shall you acquite.
You hasard lesse, re-kinging him, then I vn-king'd to bee,
And Danger ouer-dares, if it from Iustice disagree.

Then,

Then, good my Lords, doe right his wrong, at leastwise doe him right,
Whose smart, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconciled spright.
Iust *Gorboman* his brotherhood succeeding in their Line,
Then *Archigallo* should be King, to him let me resigne.
So much the King did vrge this Text, that *Archigallo* ray'nd,
And *Elidurus*, willingly, in priuate life remaind:
The one, restored, for his late depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now) dis-crowned yet belou'd,
Tenne yeeres did *Archigallo* raigne, beloued well, and died:
And *Elidurus* once againe the Kingly Throne supplied,
Vntill his Brothers secondly depose him of his raigne,
But, they deceasing, thirdly he was crowned King againe,
And so, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remaine.
A many Kings, whose good or bad no Wrighter hath displaid,
Did follow: *Lud*, and *Hely*, for their stately buildings made
Rest chiefly famous: Nor forget King *Bledgrabed* I shall,
Whom *Brutons* did their Glee-god for his skill in Musicke call.
The next, whose daies gaue famous deedes, *Cassuelan* is saide,
Whom *Caius Iulius Cæsar* did with Armour thus inuade.

CHAP. XVII.

His Conquerour of *Gallia* found his Victorie prolong'd
By *Brittish* Succours, and for it, pretending to be wrong'd,
Did send for Tribute: threatning els to bring the *Brutons* Warre.
The latter going forward first, the *Albinests* to (barre
A common foe, concurre as friends: and now was come the spring,

When

When *Cæsar* out of War-wonne *France* victorious troupes did bring.
But eaſlier wonne the *Grecians* land at *Pargama* by much,
Than got the *Latines* footing heere, their Contraries were ſuch.
Yee might haue ſeene of *Hectors* race, ten thouſand *Hectors* heere,
With pollicie on either part, the *Romanes* buying deere
The bloodie ſhoore: the water yeat leſſe deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantly to proofe the Ilanders withſtand.
Ofte battell they, the *Brutons* ſtill victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onely heere was *Cæsars* force in waine.
And as our men vnto his men were as tempeſteous Thunder,
So did his ankred ſhips on ſeas by Tempeſt daſh in ſunder.
But twice (quoth *Cæsar*) Fortune, thou wert oppoſite to mine,
But thirdly heere to *Cæsars* ſelfe thou (wontleſſe) doſt decline.
Conuaying then his wearie men into his waſted ſhips,
To *Gallia*, there to Winter them, he miſcontented ſlippes.
Of this ſame Victorie did ſpring ſecuritie and ſtrife:
The *Scottes* and *Pichtes* did ſunder hence, the *Brutons* (ouer-rife
In Largeſſe) making frollike Cheere, a quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the King and *Luds* falſe Sonne, and they diſioyne as foes:
That *Cæsar* ſlippes Aduantage ſuch were error to ſuppoes.
Euen of the *Brutons* ſome there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter paſt, with doubled power he backe againe did roe.
The *Romanes* more, the *Brutons* they farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winne, and warde the ſhore.
But *Cæsar* landed, and enſew'd continuall cruell fight,
Thrice put the fierce *Caßuelanes* the *Cæsarines* to flight:
And ſtill the King incouraging in euery wing appeares,
So giuing needleſſe ſpurs to fight, his ſouldiours brooke not feares:
Nor little did the *Corniſh* Belles offend the *Romane* eares.
When *Cæsars* oft ſucceſles fight had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed Campe, the *Romane* ſpeaketh this:
Are theſe ſame Bands, thoſe ſelfe-ſame Bands that neuer fought in vaine?
And ye the men that following ſtil my Standard ſtill did gaine?

Euen

Euen these, and ye, are verie those: nor can I discommend
Your manhoodes, that with lesser worke brought greater Wars to end.
But not, as was my wont to wright, the Senate now shall reede,
I came, I sawe, I ouer-came: such Foes forbid such speede.
Nor let the Senate muse, for *Troy* with *Troy* doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is so) from whence sprong we discend.
Yea, if *AEneas* had not left the *Phrygian* Gods to vs,
And *Greekes Palladium* Shipt to *Greece*, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought those very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, these onely haue vndanted harts from *Troy*.
But what? shall *Cæsar* doubt to fight against so braue a Foe,
No, *Cæsars* Tryumphes with their Spoyles shall giue the brauer shoe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitoll, Mount *Palatin* thou Throne
Of stately *Rome*, ye followers too of her affaires each one,
Delay not, but depriue me quite my Triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if so I leaue vnconquered this Land:
This Land, the last of Westerne Isles, an Isle vnknowen ere this,
Which famous now through *Cæsars* fight and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow friends in Armes, enough we *Romaines* haue
To seeke reuenge: your Conqueste, loe, a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perswadeth victorie) in *Treynouant* there be.
That hold that Citie to our vse: the *Brutons* disagree,
No *Scot* or *Pichte* assisting them in these our Warres I see.
Their ciuill strife will proue their scourge, how stout soere they seeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile in euery thing extreme.
Not Fortune still is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that so long we shall on trifles stay,
Said *Cæsar*: And with such his words did so inflame his men,
That with lesse patience did they liue, than linger battell then.
The *Romaines* did the bace, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted that the *Brutes* the better did not win.
But *Cæsar* so foresawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,

Perswa-

Perſwading this, diſſwading that, controuling flight and feare,
That, after many *Romaines* ſlaine, the *Brutons* tooke their flight,
To Southerne Shores: whereas to proofe *Caſſuelan* did fight,
With oft Eruptions out of Woods, vntil the traitrous Knight,
The Earle of *London*, yeelds his Charge and Citie to the Foe,
Through which diſloyall preſident did other Cities ſoe:
And then with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BVt he, that wonne in euery Warre, at *Rome* in ciuill Robe
Was ſtab'd to death: no certaintie is vnderneath this Globe.
The good are enuied of the bad, and glorie finds diſdaine,
And people are in conſtancie as Aprill is in raine:
Whereof, amidſt our ſerious penne, this Fable intertaine.

An Aſſe, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Citie paſſe,
And whil'ſt the wanton Boye did ride the Old-man led the Aſſe:
See yonder doting foole, ſaid Folke, that crauleth ſcarce for age,
Doth ſet the Boye vpon his Aſſe and makes himſelfe his Page.
Anon the blamed Boy alights, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the Old-man did before, the Boye the Aſſe did gide:
But, paſſing ſo, the people then did much the Old-man blame,
And told him, Churle, thy limbs be tough, let ride the Boy, for ſhame.
The fault thus found, both Man and Boye did backe the Aſſe and ride,
Then that the Aſſe was ouer-charg'd each man that met them cride.
Now both a light, and goe one foote, and lead the empty Beaſt,
But then the people laugh, and ſay, that one might ride at leaſt.
With it they both did vnderſhore the Aſſe on either ſide,
But then the wondring people did that witles pranke deride.
The Old-man ſeeing by no waies he could the people pleaſe,
Not blameles then did driue the Aſſe and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil'ſt we be, it will not be, that any pleaſeth all:
Elſ had bin wanting, worthely, the noble *Cæſars* fall.

CHAP. XVIII.

AVgustus, quayling Anthonie, was Emperour alone:
In whose vn-foed Monarchie our cõmon health was knowne.
The brooser of the Serpents head, the Womans promisd Seede,
The second in the Trinitie, the Foode our soules to feede,
The Vine, the Light, the Doore, the Way, the Shepheard of vs all:
Whose Manhood ioynd to Deitie did Raunsome vs from thrall,
That was, and is, and euermore will be the same to his,
That sleepes to none that wake to him, that turns our curse to blisse,
Whom yet vnseene, the Patriarkes sawe, the Prophets haue foretold,
Th'apostles preacht, the Saints adore, and Martyrs doe behold,
The same (*Augustus* Emperour) in *Palestine* was borne,
Amongst his owne, and yeat his owne did crosse their blisse in scorne:
Bi-formed *Ianus* then in Mewe: so would this Prince of Peace,
That *Cæsars* Edict euery wheare should *Mars* his enuie ceace.

THen raigned heere King *Cymbelin*, King *Theomantius* sonne:
Next him *Guiderius*, that with-held the Tribute *Cæsar* wonne.
The *Romanes* (that, in our respect, neglected *Misia*, *Spaine*, *Armenia*, *France*, and *Siria*, then Recusants of their Raine,)
Not by their Captaines, but himselfe the Emperour of *Rome*,
Into relapsed *Brutaine* with imperiall Ensignes come.

Then hotter than the *Punike* Warres to *Romaines* did begin:
And *Claudius* looseth valiantly all that the *Brutons* win,
But *Romish Hamo* (from whose death *Southhampton* had that name)
In *Brittish* armes salutes the King, and slewe by guile the same.
Duke *Aruiragus* vsing then the Armor of the King,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field ere *Brutons* knew the thing.
This hardie Knight, his Brother slaine, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, also wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who sending for his Daughter, faire *Genissa* so did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did *Claudius Cæsar* wende.
But *Aruiragus* after this reuolted, and to stay
The hauocke made of *Romanes* here came succors euery day.
His Queene *Genissa* childing died, when his reuolt she knew:
And *Voada*, deuorsed late, became his Queene of new.
Then he that at *Ieruſalem* the fatall siege begonne,
Was sent from *Rome*, and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne:
And through his gentle Victorie, bound *Aruiragus* still
A friend to *Cæsar*, whom the King adopted heire by will.
I here omit the dismall Warre in Isle of *Mona* made
Against the *Romanes*, whom the Priests the *Druides* inuade
With banning words, and Women, with their haire vntrussed, stand
With brands of fire in furious wise about their desperare Band.
The King deceased, *Voada* and her two daughters they,
Abused by the *Romane* Lords, doe hotter warres assay.

THe noble *Scot* King *Corbred*, he confederates with the King
Of *Picts*: and they & *Brittish* Peeres to field their Armies bring,
To aide the Queene of *Brutes*, that like the *Amazonian* Dame
That beating downe the bloodie *Greekes* in *Priams* succour came,
Had pight her Iauelin at her feete, when entred in among
The fearce Confederates, thus she spake amidst the silent throng.
My state and sex, not hand or hart, most valiant friends, with-hild

Me

Me(wretched Cauſe of your repaire, by wicked *Romans* il'd)
From that reuenge which I do wiſh, and ye haue cauſe to worke:
In which ſuppoſe not *Voada* in female feares to lurke.
For, Loe, my ſelfe, vnlike my ſelfe, and theſe ſame Ladies faire
In Armor, not to ſhrinke an ynch wheare hotteſt doings are.
Euen we do dare to bid the Baſe, and you your ſelues ſhall ſee
Your ſelues to come behind in Armes: the *Romaines* too, that bee
Such Conquerors, and valiantlie can womankind oppreſſe,
Shall know that *Brittiſh* women can the *Romiſh* wrongs redreſſe.
Then Arme ye with like courages as Ladies ſhall preſent,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praiſe of Onſet ſhall preuent.
Nor enuie that our martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, ſo much more we deſire
Reuenge, on thoſe in whoſe default we are vnhallowed thus,
Whilſt they forget themſelues for men, or to be borne of vs
Ye yeeld them Tribute, and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were too much, but more then thus, the haughtie Tirants ſway:
That I am Queene from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes againſt my daughters both I alſo might obiect:
They maydes deflower, they wiues enforce, and vſe their wils in all,
And yeat we liue, deferring fight, inferring ſo our fall.
But, valiant *Brutons*, ventrous *Scots*, and warlike *Pichts* I erre,
Exhorting, whom I ſhould dehort your fiearcenes to deferre:
Leſſe courage more conſiderate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath ioy'd to ſee your hands the *Romaine* Standards take,
But when as force and Fortune faild, that you with teeth ſhould fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women, in deſpight,
Should fling their ſucking Babes, I hild ſuch valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight is no diſgrace, ſuch Flyers fight againe.
Here are ye, *Scots*, that with the King my valiant brother dead
The *Latines*, wondring at your prowes, through *Rome* in triumph lead:
Ye *Mars*-ſtard *Pichtes* of *Scythian* breed are here Colleagues, & more,

Ye *Dardane Brutes*, laſt named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, moſt knightly friends, I ſuperſeade the reſt:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our beſt.
Scarce did this braue *Bellona* end, when as the Battailes ioyne,
And life and death was bought and ſould with courage, not with coine.
Aboue the reſt the Queene of *Brutes* through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thouſand Ladies, Lyons-like, exploying like Afray:
Till *Cattus* with his *Romaine* Armes, ſubdewed, fled away.
Of *Romains* ſeuentie thouſand died, of *Brutons* then were ſlaine
Twiſe fifteene thouſand, and the reſt their ceaſed freedome gaine.
When valiant *Plancius*, Preſident in *Gallia*, heard ſuch newes,
He waffes an Armie out of *France*, and *Voada* purſues.
The *Albineſts* to aid the Queene aſſemble at her call,
And then began a ſecond Warre, nor was the ſlaughter ſmall.
The *Brutons*, bearing flight had clos'd themſelues with waines about,
In which the awles women ſtood ſuruaying who was ſtout,
Controuling Cowards, and among did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the *Brutones* were, the day the *Romaines* winne.
In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themſelues with Sonnes and Husbands did by aduerſe weapons fall.
Queene *Voada*, paſt helpe and hope, betooke her ſelfe to flight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her ſight
The ſenſeles Tronkes of ſlaughtred friends, ſhee leaning on her Lance
Did power forth teares, and grew at length impatient of the chance,
And ſaid: my ſelfe, my truſtie friends, will with my deareſt blood
Keepe Obite to your happie Ghoſtes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no *Romaine* ſword ſhall boaſt
Of my diſpatch. So on her Lance ſhe yeelded vp her Ghoſte.
Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Aſſiſted by the vanquiſhed, againſt the Victors roes,
And ſlaughtring through the *Romaine* Tentes the braue *Virago* goes,
Till *Plancius*, euer prouident of perils, brought ſupplies,
What time *Vodicia*, vrging wounds, with conſtant courage dies.

Such

SVch busines hanging, *Lucius*, here the first baptized King,
Died issuelesse: and for the Crowne did long contention spring.
At length *Constantius Cæsar* (for the *Brutons* yeelded so)
Did *Helin*, *Colis* daughter wed. Of her do praises go
For finding of the holy Crosse, and for deuotion rare.
From these proceeded *Constantine*, the most vndoubted heire
Both to the *Romane* Monarchie and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empires ebbing pompe into her flowing streame,
And was a Prince Religious: yeat (with reuerence be it said)
If lesse religious, then not he the Empire had decaid.
By largesse to a pompeous Priest, Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God, insulting ouer men.
Nor sparest thou his natiue Realme that seazed thee of *Rome*:
Admit his frankenesse were a fault (as is their common doome,
That say he made a *Paule* a *Saule* that made a Priest a Prince,
And in that grace the Empires grace disgraced euer since)
Find thou no fault with such a fault whereby he fitted thee:
But, if thou wilt vngrateful proone, vngracious cease to be,
A Traytors Tutor is a K. nor force we such a. T.
Let such a Prelate blesse or banne, with Candle, Booke, and Bell,
He cannot raise himselfe to heauen, nor rid a Knaue from hell.
Vaine are his Buls engendring Calues, sent hither from his Stals,
To feed (mad Sots) the Foule that by his name the Sender cals.
Nor thinke he dreamed this in vaine that dreamed thus of late:
One seemed to haue passed *Stix*, and entring *Plutoes* gate,
Saw *Hecat* new canonized the Sourantisse of hell,
And *Pluto* bad it holliday for all which there did dwell,
Sterne *Minos* and grim *Radimant*, descend their duskie roomes:
The Docke was also cleare of Ghosts, adiorn'd to after doomes:
The Furies and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuectiue scroles
Depart the Barre: the Feends rake vp their euer-burning Coles:
The Elues, and Fairies, taking fists, did hop a merrie Round:

And *Cerberus* had lap enough: and *Charon* leasure found:
The airy Sprights, the walking Flames, and Goblins great and small,
Had theare good cheere, and company, and sport the diuell and all.
To *Tantalus* the shrinking flood, nor starting fruit were such:
Nor *Titius* his bowels did the hungrie Vultur touch:
Vpon his stone sat *Cisaphus*: *Ixeon* on his Wheele:
The *Belides* vpon their Tubs: no wonted toile they feele.
Till, in this anticke Festiuall, these last recited fiue
Of dignities for dueties theare gann earnestly did striue:
And then the quarrell grew so hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Ghosts did seuerally their Fauctors part maintaine.
With *Cisaphus* tooke part the Ghosts of minds that did aspire,
And by ambitious climing fell, desarts vnlike desire.
With *Tantalus* hild starued Ghosts, whose pleasure was their paine.
Whose euer Hords had neuer vse, and gettings had no gaine.
To *Belides* assisted soules of Vnthrifts, whose supplies (suffise.
Did passe from them as sea through Cieues, whose wastes no wealthes
Vnto *Ixeon* stood their Sprights that had their lusts for law,
Rebellants to a common good, and sinning without awe.
To *Titius* lastly ioyned Ghosts, whose hearts did emptie hate
As Todes their poyson, growing when it seemeth to abate.
About flie Apples, Stones, and Tubs, the wheele was tumbled downe,
The Vultur girds, no Ghost but had at least a broken crowne.
This skusling and confedracie in hell made such a reare,
That (wontles of such braules and blowes) *Proserpine* did feare.
But *Pluto*, laughing, told his Bride to Ela it was Fa,
To morrowes dinne should prooue that same to be a ciuill day:
In peace these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Saue that their soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fiue, though daily count I aske,
Doe newly number Million soules, whose torments is their taske.
The Queene of such, not free of feare, replied thus againe,

And

And yeat, me thinkes, that *Pluto* ſhould haue pitie on their paine.
He lowers, and Feaſt with Fray had end, and drinke did euery ſoule
Of *Lethe*, who (their ioyes forgot) euen yet in torments houle.
Nay *Pluto* muſt be *Pluto* ſtill, and ſo I will (quoth he,)
For this ſame onely day the Ghoſts indebted are to thee:
For as the like ſhall neuer come, ſo neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, ſhall euer finde it hell.
So dreamed one: but ouer-long on fantazies I dwell.

CHAP. XIX.

THe Coſen of great *Conſtantine*, in *Rome* and here ſucceeds:
Betwixt the *Brutes*, the *Scots*, and *Pichtes* continuall trouble breeds:
And long the regiment of this Land the *Romanes* did inioy,
Tranſmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did here anoy.
But *Rome* it ſelfe declined now, and *Brutaine* was oppreſt,
No longer were the *Scottiſh* Spoyles by *Romaine* Swords redreſt.
Then ends the Tribute, then began new troubles, worſer farre
Then Tribute: for the *Scots* and *Pichtes* inferre conſuming warre.
The *Brutons*, vnder *Rome* ſecure, as men that did relie
On others, were diſabled now by Martiall meanes to trie
The fame of fight: but Captaineleſſe, confuſedly they deale,
And giue a wretched inſtant of an headles Common-weale.
And whom ſo many *Romaine* Peers, grand-Captaines of ſuch might,

Of whom nine Emperors themſelues in perſons here did fight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now, euen of a barbarous Foe,
And at the point (a wondrous change) their Countrey to forgoe.
Such fruit hath eaſe, ſuch policie did ſerue the *Romaines* turne,
Who, waining Martiall minds, themſelues the quietlier here ſoiorne.
The *Brutons* thus diſpoyl'd of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Captaines, and aduiſe, their buſines to direct:
Diſpatch the Legate to the Land Diminutiue in name
To *Brutaine*: where the Legate thus his Ambaſſie did frame:
The back-ſlide of our helpleſſe friends, the down-fall of our ſtate,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth, not now as late,
The ſauage dealing of our Foes, conſuming ours and vs,
Is cauſe (right mightie King) that we approch thy preſence thus.
Not for we are in blood allied, or that whil'ſt Fortune ſmil'd,
Your Anceſtors had rule from vs, not for the Dames defil'd
At *Cullin*, who withſtanding luſt for it did looſe their liues,
That els to *Conon* and his Knights had liued noble wiues,
We are emboldned in our ſuit, though all of theſe might mooue:
But for our former wants, O King, and for thine owne behooue,
Great *Brutaine* doth ſubmit it ſelfe thy Subiect (if thou pleaſe:)
Or els diſpoſe it at thy will. Prouided we haue eaſe
Againſt ſuch Foes, as would not ſaue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withſtand.
The King *Aldroen* pittying much the cauſe of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother *Conſtantine*, a Captaine ſtout and wiſe.
He chaſing hence the *Scots* and *Pichtes*, with glory wore the Crowne,
And through his vertue ſtayed vp a kingdome ſinking downe.

WIthin a while did *Vortiger* the Duke of *Cornewale* raigne,
When *Conſtans* Sonne of *Conſtantine* he traitrouſly had ſlaine.
The *Scots* did ruffle then anew, nor did the King affye
In *Brutones*, for they hated him, and reaſon had they why:

And

And *Saxon* Fleetes from *Germanie* in Armor here arriue,
Through whose support the King in wars against the *Scots* did thriue.
The Foe by *Hengest* foyled thus, he and his brother git
The chiefest credit with the King, but few gaine-saying it,
Necessitie of Souldiers here so well for them did fit.
And *Hengests* Daughter intertain'd King *Vortiger* so well,
That to misliking of his wife and liking her he fell:
And sotted thus in forren Loue, did wed the *Saxon* Wench:
Which wrought vnto the *Saxons* weale, but to the *Brutes* offence:
For whatsoere the Queene did aske, the King would not deny,
Vntill his Subiects ran to Armes, and made the *Saxons* flie.
They putting downe the Father, then did set vp *Vortimer*,
He poisoned by his Stepdame, they restored *Vortiger*:
With this condition, that he should no *Saxons* intertaine.
But *Hengest* (hearing from the Queene that *Votimer* was slaine,
And *Vortiger* his Sonne-in-lawe re-kinged) did resaile
With *Saxon* forces: though with fraud, not force he did preuaile.
For thus by pollicy he did the *Brutons* circumuent:
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent,
The place appoynted, Parlantes him in simple meaning meet
Farre from their Armie all vnarm'd, whom *Saxon* Traitors greet
With deadly wounds by hidden kniues, & held the King with them,
Confounding so the *Brittish* Oste. Nor cease they to contemne
Both Christian rights, and ciuill Rule, subuerting either twaine:
And what they would of *Vortiger* through fearefull threats they gaine:
And plant themselues in *Southfolke*, *Kent*, and elsewhere at their will:
And rusling runne throughout the Land oppressing *Brutons* still.

The King and *Brutons* fled to Wales, and Feend-got *Marlin* theare
Bewraied more then I beleeue, or credit seemes to beare:
As shewing how the Castell worke, rear'd daily, fell by night,
By shaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if not trothlesse to resight.

Aurelius Ambrose, brother to King *Constans* murdred late,
From either *Bruton* hauing aid, wonne so the kingly state:
And, ere that *Hengest* or his Sonne stout *Octa* he subdew'd,
First to reuenge his Brothers death he *Vortiger* pursew'd.
In vaine the Welsh wild Mountaines fence the Flier from his Foe,
Or *Gerneth* Castell, when as flames throughout the buildings goe:
In midst whereof the wretched King did end his daies in woe.

THe *Brutons* thus had peace a while, till *Vortigerus* Sonne,
And *Guillamour* the *Irish* King, in new Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'st that *Vter* valiantly in *Wales* to wracke did bring,
His Brother *Ambrose* did decease, and *Vter* then was King.
What *Vter* did by *Marlins* Art, in compassing his will
Vpon the Wife of *Garolus*, transfigured by skill
Into the likenesse of her Lord, on whom he got a Sonne,
Renowmed *Arthur*, or to name the Acts by *Vter* donne,
Were much and needlesse: onely note he was a valiant Prince.
But such as was his noble Sonne, was not before or since.
Yeat blazing *Arthur*, as haue some, I might be ouer-seene:
He was victorious, making one amongst the Worthies neene:
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardon were vndonne.
His *Scottish*, *Irish*, *Almaine*, *French*, and *Saxone* Battels got,
Yeeld fame sufficient: these seeme true, the rest I credit not.
But *Bruton* is my taske, and to my taske I will retire:
Twelue times the *Saxon* Princes here against him did conspire,
And *Arthur* in twelue Battels great went vanquishor away:
Howbeit *Saxon* forces still amongst the *Brutons* stay.
This King to entertaine discourse, and so to vnderstand
What Accidents in after-times should happen in this Land,
He with the *Brutish* Prophet then of Sequelles fell in hand.
Of sixe long after-Kings the man, not borne of humane seede,

Did

Did Propheſie, and many things that came to paſſe indeed.
Now *Arthur*, chiefe of Chiualrie, had ſet his Crowne at ſtay,
And to his Nephew *Mordred* did commit thereof the ſway,
When with his Knights (the wonders of the world for Martiall deeds)
Beyond the ſeas in forren fights he luckely proceedes:
Till faithleſſe *Mordred* cal'd him backe that forward went with fame,
For at his Vncles Diadem he traiterouſly did aime.
Twiſe *Arthur* wonne of him the field, and thirdly ſlewe his Foe,
When, deadly wounded, he himſelfe, victorious, died ſo.

INterred then with publique plaints, and iſſules, enſewes
A drouping of the *Britiſh* ſtate: the *Saxon* ſtill ſubdewes,
Howbeit worthy Kings ſucceed: but deſtiny withſtood
The auncient Scepter to iniure in *Brutes* ſucceeding blood.
Vnlou'd *Careticus* was he that loſt the Goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vaine, to win their loſſe the *Brutons* vſe their ſtrẽgth.
Yea God, that as it pleaſeth him doth place or diſpoſſeſſe,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force, their courage might ſuppreſſe,
Seem'd partiall in the *Saxon* Cauſe, and with a Plague did croſſe
The *Brutons*, that had els at leaſt rebated from their loſſe:
For *Cadwane*, and *Cadwallyn*, and *Cawallader*, the laſt,
But not the leaſt for valorous of *Britiſh* Princes paſt,
Brought out of *Wales* ſuch Knightly wars as made their foes agaſt.
The Plague (worſe ſpoyler then the Wars) left *Cambre* almoſt waſte,
Which to auoid, the remnant *Brutes* vnto their ſhips did haſte.
Cadwallader, in leauing thus his natiue ſhoore, he fixt
His eies from whence his body ſhould, and with his ſighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place, he ſpeaketh thus betwixt.
Sweete *Brutaine* (for I yet muſt vſe that ſweet, and ceaſing name)
Adew, thy King bids thee adew, whoſe flight no weapons frame:
But God commands, his wrath commands, all counter-maund is vaine.
Els, for thy loue, to die in thee were life to thy Remaine.

Thus

Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune ſtill is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, ſhall ceaſe: ſome come, and other goe:
So, *Brutaine*, thou of Nation and of name endureſt change,
Now balking vs whom thou haſt bread, and brooking people ſtrange.
Yeat (if I ſhoot not paſt mine aime) a world of time from me,
Part of our blood, in higheſt pompe ſhall *Englands* glory be,
And chiefly when vnto a firſt ſucceeds a ſecond She.
But, leauing ſpeeches ominous, *Cadwallader* is woe,
That, ſeeing death determines griefe, he dies not on his foe.
Ah, Fortune faileth mighty ones, and meaner doth aduance:
The mightieſt Empire *Rome* hath change, then *Brutaine* brooke thy chance:
Let it ſuffice thou wert before and after *Rome* in fame,
And to indure what God intends were ſinne to count a ſhame.
Nor vaunt, ye *Saxons*, of our flight: but if yee needs will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God diſplac'd whom you could neuer daunt.
This ſaid, the teares cõtrould his tong, & ſailes wrought land frõ ſight
When (ſaue a Remnant ſmall) the Iſle was rid of *Brutons* quight.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XX.

THe *Brutons* thus departed hence, Seauen Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerſly in diuers broyles the *Saxons* loſt and wonne.
King *Edel* and King *Adelbright* in *Diria* iointly raigne:
In loyal concorde during life theſe Kingly friends remaine.

When *Adelbright* ſhould leaue his life, to *Edel* thus he ſayes:
By thoſe ſame bondes of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies.
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is mine,
By God, to whom my ſoule muſt paſſe, and ſo in time may thine.
I pray thee, nay I coniure thee, to nouriſh as thine owne
Thy Neece my Daughter *Argentile*, till ſhe to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiueſt it, reſigne to her my Throne.
A promiſe had for this Bequeſt, the Teſtator he dies:
But all that *Edel* vndertooke, he afterwards denies.
Yeat well he educats a time the Damſiell, that was growne
The faireſt Lady vnder Heauen: whoſe beautie being knowne,

A many Princes seeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell *Edel* to himselfe her Kingdome sought to gaine,
And for that cause from sight of such he did his Ward restraine.
By chance one *Curan*, Sonne vnto a Prince in *Danske*, did see
The Maid, with whom he fell in loue as much as man might bee.
Vnhappie youth, what should he doe? his Saint was kept in Mewe,
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe,
One while in melancholy fits he pines himselfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to win her, if he may,
And still against the Kings restraint did secretly inuay:
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbased him from Lordlines, into a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death she might become his Iudge.
Accesse so had to see, and speake, he did his loue bewray,
And tels his bearth: her answer was she husbandles would stay.
Meane while the King did beat his braines his booty to atchieue,
Nor caring what became of her, so he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was some Pessant should her wiue:
And (which was working to his wish) he did obserue with ioye,
How *Curan*, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many an amorous toy.
The King, perceiuing such his vaine, promotes his Vassall still,
Least that the baseness of the man should let, perhaps, his will:
Assured therefore of his loue, but not suspecting who
The Louer was, the King himselfe in his behalfe did wowe.
The Lady, resolute from Loue, vnkindly takes that he
Should barre the Noble, and vnto so base a Match agree:
And therefore shifting out of doores, departed thence by stealth,
Preferring pouertie before a dangerous life in wealth.
When *Curan* hard of her escape, the anguish in his hart
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did depart:
Forgetfull of himselfe, his bearth, his Country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he mist) the Foundresse of his thrall.

Nor

Nor meanes he after to frequent or Court or ſtately Townes,
But ſolitarily to liue amongſt the Country grownes.
A brace of yeeres he liued thus, well pleaſed ſo to liue,
And Shepherd-like to feed a flocke himſelfe did wholly giue.
So waſting loue, by worke, and want, grew almoſt to the Waine:
But then began a ſecond Loue, the worſer of the twaine.
A Country wench, a Neatheards maid, where *Curan* kept his Sheep,
Did feed her Droue: and now on her was all the Shepheards keepe:
He borrowed on the working daies his holy ruſſets oft,
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startopes blacke and ſoft,
And leaſt his Tarbox ſhould offend he left it at the Fold,
Sweete Growte, or Whig, his Bottle had as much as it might hold,
A Sheeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheeſe as white as ſnow,
And Wildings, or the Seaſons-fruit he did in Scrip beſtow,
And Whil'ſt his py-bald Curre did ſleepe, & Sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow Quilles of Oten ſtraw he piped melody:
But when he ſpied her his Saint, he wipt his greaſie ſhooes,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard and thus the Shepheards wooes.
I haue, ſweet Wench, a peece of Cheeſe, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and Wildings ſouling-well (and therewithall did draw
His Lardrie) and, in eating, ſee, you crumpled Ewe (quoth he)
Did twinne this fall, and twin ſhouldſt thou, if I might tup with thee.
Thou art too eluiſh, faith thou art too eluiſh, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly that ſuch a Flocke enioy?
I wis I am not: yeat that thou doeſt hold me in diſdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at leaſt that thinke themſelues as quaint) that craue
The Match, that thou (I wot not why) maiſt, but miſlik'ſt to haue.
How wouldſt thou match? (for, well I wot, thou art a Female) I
Her know I not her that willingly with Maiden-head would die.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will proue:
The Craftſman hath more worke in hand then fitteth vnto loue:

The Marchant, traffiquing abroad, ſuſpects his wife at home:
A youth will play the Wanton, and an old man prooue a Mome.
Then chuſe a Shepheard: with the Sun he doth his Flocke vnfold,
And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can hold,
And with the Sun doth folde againe: then iogging home betime,
He turnes a Crab, or tunes a round, or ſings ſome merrie ryme:
Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whil'ſt round the nut-brown Bole doth trot,
And ſitteth ſinging care-away, till he to bed be got:
Theare ſleepes he ſoundly all the night, forgetting Morrow-cares,
Nor feares he blaſting of his Corne nor vttering of his wares,
Or ſtormes by ſeas, or ſtirres on land, or cracke of credite loſt,
Not ſpending franklier then his Flocke ſhall ſtill defray the coſt:
Well wot I, ſooth they ſay that ſay more quiet nights and daies
The Shepheard ſleeps & wakes than he whoſe Cattel he doth graize.
Beleeue me, Laſſe, a King is but a man, and ſo am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and miſchiefes hit the hie:
As late it did a King and his, not dwelling farre from hence,
Who left a Daughter, (ſaue thy ſelfe) for faire a matchleſſe wench:
(Here did he pauſe, as if his tongue had done his heart offence.)
The Neatreſſe, longing for the reſt, did egge him on to tell
How faire ſhe was, and who ſhe was. She bore (quoth he) the bell
For Beautie: though I clowniſh am, I know what Beautie is,
Or did I not, yeat, ſeeing thee, I ſenceles were to mis.
Suppoſe her Beautie *Hellens*-like, or *Hellens* ſomewhat leſſe,
And euery Starre conforting to a puer Complexion geſſe:
Her ſtature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To maruell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit:
A Globe-like head, a Gold-like haire, a Forhead ſmooth and hie,
An euen Noſe, on either ſide did ſhine a grayiſh Eie:
Two roſie Cheekes, round ruddy Lips, white iuſt-ſet Teeth within:
A mouth in meane, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin:
Her ſnowiſh necke with blewiſh Vaines ſtood bolt vpright vpon

Her portly ſhoulders: beating Balles, her vained Breaſts, anon
Adde more to Beautie: wand-like was her middle, falling ſtill,
And riſing whereas women riſe: but ouer-skip I will,
What Males in Females ouer-skip: imagine nothing ill:
And more, her long and limber armes had white and azure Wriſts.
And ſlender Fingers aunſwere to her ſmooth and lillie Fiſts:
A Legge in Print, a pretie Foot: coniecture of the reſt,
For amorous Eies, obſeruing forme, thinke parts obſcured beſt.
With theſe (O Raretie) with theſe, her tong of ſpeech was ſpaer,
But ſpeaking, *Venus* ſeem'd to ſpeake the Balle from *Ide* to baer:
With *Phœbe Iuno*, and with both her ſelfe contends in face:
Wheare equall mixture did not want of milde and ſtately grace:
Her ſmiles were ſober, and her lookes were chearefull vnto all,
Euen ſuch as neither wanton ſeeme, nor waiward, mell, nor gall:
A quiet minde, a patient mood, and not diſdaining any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and ſweete faculties had many: (ſee,
A Nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie, might praiſe, might wiſh, might
For life, for loue, for forme, more good, more worth, more fair thē ſhe:
Yea ſuch an one, as ſuch was none, ſaue onely ſhe was ſuch:
Of *Argentile* to ſay the moſt were to be ſilent much.
I knew the Lady very well, but worthles of ſuch praies,
The Neatreſſe ſaid: and muſe I do, a Shepheard thus ſhould blaze
The Coote of Beautie: Credit me, thy latter ſpeech bewraies
Thy clowniſh ſhape a coined ſhew. But wherefore doeſt thou weepe?
(The Shepheard wept, and ſhe was woe, and both doth ſilence keepe,)
Introth, quoth he, I am not ſuch as ſeeming I profeſſe,
But then for her, and now for thee I from my ſelfe digreſſe:
Her loued I, (wretch that I am a Recreant to be)
I loued her that hated loue, but now I die for thee.
At *Kirkland* is my Fathers Court, and *Curan* is my name,
In *Edels* Court ſometimes in pompe, till Loue contrould the ſame:
But now. What now? deare heart, how now? what aileſt thou to weepe?
(The Damſell wept, and he was woe, and both did ſilence keepe.)

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much, that you did loue so much:
But whom your former could not moue, your second loue doth touch:
Thy twise beloued *Argentile* submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double loue presents herselfe a single fee,
In passion, not in person chaung'd, and I, my Lord, am she:
They sweetely surfeiting in ioy, and silent for a space,
When as the Extasie had end did tenderly imbrace,
And for their wedding and their wish got fitting time and place.
Not *England* (for of *Hengest* then was named so this Land)
Then *Curan* had an hardier Knight, his force could none withstand,
Whose Sheep-hooke laid apart, he then had higher things in hand.
First, making knowne his lawfull claime in *Argentile* her right,
He war'd in *Diria*, and he wonne *Brenitia* too in fight:
And so from trecherous *Edel* tooke at once his life and Crowne,
And of *Northumberland* was King, long raigning in renowne.

CHAP. XXI.

THe *Saxons* (that, in these discents, deriue from
Gods and men,
Ioue, Minos, Geta, Flokwald, Flyn, Fredwolfe, Fræloffe, Woden,
(Each, as heere placed, others sonne) not onely
Conquer heere,
But with their wandring Armies spoyle the
World through-out welneere.
The *English-Saxon* Kings oppresse the mightier ones the weake:
Each trifling cause sufficing here their loue and leagues to breake.
One seazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is dissеaz'd ere-long:
For Empire some, for Enuie some, and some to right their wrong

Contend

Contend vnto their common losse, and some like Monsters raine:
As *Sigbert*, who for tyrannie did banishment sustaine.
He wandred vnbewailed long, a man whom men exempt
From house and helpe, pursuing him with capitall contempt:
Forlorne therefore, with drouping lims and dropping eies in vaine,
He frendles walks the fruitles Woods and foodles did complaine?
A Swineheard meeting him by chance, and pitying his estate,
Imploy'd that Westerne King, vnknowne, on his affaires to wait.
Nor did the needie King disdaine such roome, for such reliefe:
An vnder-Swineheardship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
But when by speech and circumstance, his Maister vnderstood,
His seruant was the somtimes King, blood cries (quoth he) for blood:
My giltles Master in thy pompe, thou Tyrant, diddest slay,
Nor vnreuenged of his death thou shalt escape away:
With that he tooke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines,
And, dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOt all so ill, yeat cause of worse vnto the *English* state,
Was *Osbert* of *Northumberland*: his loue did winne him hate.
Enamored on Lord *Buerns* wife, as tired in the Chace,
He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at *Buerns* Place.
Her Husband absent, heartely his Lady entertaines
The King, and feasts him royally, not sparing cost or paines.
But he that fed on fansies foode, and hungred whil'st he eates,
Thought *Venus* sparer in her loues then *Ceres* in her meates:
The Trayne and table voyded, than he taking her apart,
Directs her by his tongue and teares vnto his louing heart.
Delay, he sayth, breedeth doubts, deniall bringeth death,
Or do not long surcharge my bliss, or soone discharge my breath:
For if my praiers adde no edge vnto thy begged doome,
The vintage of my thriftless loue is blasted in the bloome:
Be fauourable to my fire: for thy sweete sake, be bolde,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if hell so sweete a thing might holde,)

Doe thinke her coie,or thinke her chaſte,my Cenſure I ſuſpend:
No Woman yeeldeth at the firſt, yeat yeeldeth in the ende.
She gaue repulſes to his luſt,and he replies of Loue:
Not all the Writs *Diana* had might *Cupids* Plaint remoue.
She countermaunding his demaund,he ceaſed Courting now,
And did with her by violence what vertues diſalow:
And then departed,leauing her in ſelfe-conceit diſgraſte:
More treſpaſſed then ſome would thinke, and yeat perhas as chaſte.
Home came her Lord,whoſe browes had buds,and found his wife in (tears,
And(fooliſh thing)ſhe told a troth,for which renēge he ſwears.
But ſo the man did proue a beaſt: he better might haue hid it,
Some ſuch are miſtically domme,yeat domly doe forbid it.
The Wiues eſcapes done ſecretly, if by the man detected,
Shews hilled būps(ſuppoſed būps)meere hornes,not hornes ſuſpected.
At *Denmarke* in his Coſins Court, he telleth of his wrong:
And gaines againſt his ſoueraigne Lord of *Danes* an Armie ſtrong:
Hungar and *Hubba*,and himſelfe,Conductors of this Hoaſt,
Did with their forren forces land,and ſpoile the Northerne Coaſte.
The vicious valiant *Osbret*(that had vanquiſhed ere then
The King and Kingdome of the *Scots*)though wanting armes & men,
Thought skorne his foes ſhould beard him ſo & bar him vp in walles,
And therefore,iſſuing out of *Yorke*,vpon the *Danes* he falles.
A bloodie Bargaine then begonne, no fight might fearcer be,
And of the *Daniſh* part were ſlaine for euery *Engliſh* three.
But manhood loſt,and number wonne,the *Danes* they got the filde:
And *Osbret* dyed valiantly,that not to liue would yeeld.

MEane while the *Danes* with freſh ſupplies ariue at euery Shoore,
And warre almoſt in euery ſheire infeſting *England* ſoore:
With whome courragious *Etheldred* contended long in vaine:
By them was he,King *Ella*,and the holy *Edmund* ſlaine.
Nothing was done,but all vndone,till King *Alured* he
In daunger of his Royall ſelfe did ſet his ſubiects free:

For

For euery day, in euery place, the *Danes* did so increase,
That he nor any *English* King enioy one day of peace.
Nor mightier men at Armes than they, might any wheare be found,
Who in their diuers Warr els-where did diuers Realmes confound:
For as the *Gothes*, the *Vandales*, *Hunnes*, and *Saxons* earst did range,
So now the *Danes* did plague the world, as sent by interchange.
This Westerne and victorious King, and greatest Monarke heere,
Perceiuing of this spoyled Isle a toward Ruine neere,
Disguised like a Minstrill poore, did haunt the *Danish* Tents,
And with his feats and melodie the Enemie presents,
And of their sloth, their gluttonie, and Counsels priuie so,
He tooke aduantage, giuing them a sodayne ouerthrow:
And slayeth *Hubba*, *Hungar*, and the Cause of their repaer,
And putteth all to sword and Seas that vnbaptized waer.
Yeat to *Northumberland* return'd fearce *Gurmond* with the *Danes*,
Meane time did King *Alured* die, the Hatchet of their Tranes.
But *Adelstane* (one King betwixt) not onely clear'd the Land
Of *Danes*, but of all *England* had sole Empire in his hand,
Thus of this long dismembred Realme was he the onely King:
In which, till *Egelred* his raigne, did prosper euery thing,
He raigning, much of *England* then the lordly *Danes* did hold,
Exacting Tributes euery yeere, and selling Peace for Gold:
And (which no doubt did hatch those Plagues) the King a wicked one,
Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

KIng *Edgar*, that subdu'd the *Scots*, and slaughtered the *Danes*,
And of the *Welch* had tribute Wolffs, of whom it more remaines
That, as it were in Triumph-wise, Eight Vnder-kings did roe
Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuer *Dee*, with diuers honors moe,
This *Edgar* by a former wife had *Edward*, by an other
This *Egelred*, a Sonne vnto a kinde and cruell Mother:
For as she labors to preferre her owne by well and ill,
So to destroy her Son-in-law she wanted meanes, not will.

And meanes did hit. King *Edward* hunts, and hunting loſt his Traine,
Whom, man-les, at her Caſtle *Corfe* the Queene did entertaine.
He hauing ſeene to whome he came in curteſie to ſee,
Made haſte away, in Queſt of them that ſtill a hunting be:
And when he, mounted, ſhould depart, to him his Stepdame drinkes:
Whom, pledging, him an Hierling ſtab'd, and life-les downe he ſinkes.
Thus *Egelred* obtain'd the Crowne, but for his crowning ſo
His Subiects grudge, and he became a Preface to their woe.
For when this proud and vitious king was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued ſafely for the *Danes*, his ſecret Edict is,
That ſodainely, in one ſelfe hower, throughout the Land ſhould paſſe
A common Maſſaker of *Danes*, which ſo performed was: (charge)
Hartforaiã Welwyn (*Wealth-wyn* then, for promptneſſe in that
Beginning, other Townes as it themſelues from *Danes* inlarge.

CHAP. XXI.

HIs common murther of the *Danes* was common mirth to all
The *Engliſh* whom they did oppreſſe with ſlaueries not ſmall,
Compelling men by grieuous Draught as beaſts to plough their Land,
Of whom the thraled *Engliſh* as of Fiends, in terror ſtand.
The Husband durſt not vſe his Wife if liked of a *Dane*,
Nor Houſe nor Goods, nor ought he had, for who reſiſts was ſlaine:
That frankes and feedeth daintily, This pines and fareth ill,
And of his ſweat that hath the ſweete, and is imperious ſtill.
Each houſe maintained ſuch a *Dane*, that ſo they might preuent
Conſpiracies,

Conſpiracies, if any were, and grope how mindes were bent:
Lord *Dane* the ſame was called then, to them a pleaſing name,
Now odiouſly *Lur-dane* ſay we, when idle Mates we blame.
When *Swaine* the *Daciã* King did hear his *Danes* were murthered ſo,
With bitter vowes he ſhipt his men for *Englands* ouerthroe:
And landing, ſpar'd nor ſhrine, nor Saint, nor Sex, nor any State,
Not wanting Aiders *Engliſh*-men, that held their King in hate.
Eſpecially falſe *Edricus* the Admirall deceiues
His King and Countrey oftentimes, and Bribes of *Swaine* receiues:
And *Egelred* his cowardiſſe incouraged the Foe,
Till *Swaine* at length, for Maſſes great, was bribed hence to goe.
But making ſhort returne, the Peeres of *England* that diſdaine
Th'indignities of ſuch a King, that did ſo feebly raigne,
Submit them Subiects vnto *Swaine*: and *Egelred* did flie
Vnto the Father of his Queene, the Duke of *Normandie*:
And *Swaine*, poſſeſſed of the land, did ſhortly after die.
His ſonne *Canutus*, preſent here, had Seazen of the Crowne,
Till *Egelred*, returning back, by Armor puts him downe:
Who ſcarcely giueth breathing time, but that he back reſailes
From *Denmarke*, and by force, by friends, and fortune here preuailes:
For in this Warre King *Egelred* did ſicken and deceaſe:
And then the broiles (*Canutus* king) did for a time decreaſe,
Till *Edmund*, ſonne of *Egelred*, did interrupt that peace.

COnferring Armes to *Edmonds* age, when *Egelred* did lie
On death-bed, to his ſonne he ſaid: not quite forlorne am I,
Whoſe life hath had ſo much of griefe thus gratiouſly to dye.
Ad more, thy vertues glad my death, yeat two things greeue among,
To leaue my Kingdom ſo in Warres, and thee for Warres to young,
So may theſe troubles weare to none as thou doeſt waxe I pray,
And ſo poſſeſſe thy Fathers Seate that all approoue thy ſway.
Not to be made a King (my Sonne) is ſo to make thee proude,
For Mildenes fitteth maieſtie, high mindes are diſaloude.

See me thy Father, now a King, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euerie King hath hap to die a happie death.
Let nature for perfection molde a Paragon each way,
Yeat death at last on fineſt lumps of liuing fleſh will pray:
For nature neuer framed it, that neuer ſhall decay.
The braueſt are as bloſſomes, and the longeſt Liuer dies,
And dead, the loueleſt Creature as the lothſom'ſt Carrion lies.
Then thinke not but that kings are men, and as the reſt miſcarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie continually doth tarry.
Deeme paſt Examples Sentences, and (which did fayle in me)
Make vſe of thoſe not now in vſe, for now will ceaſe to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne fortune to thy will:
Leaſt *Phœbus* Chaire do elſe ſurcharge raſh *Phaeton* his skill.
If Fortune helpe whom thou would'ſt hurt, fret not at it the more:
When *Aiax* ſtormed, then from him the Prize *Vlyſſes* bore.
Try friends by touch, a feeble friend may proue thy ſtrõgeſt Foe:
Great *Pompeis* head to *Cæſars* hand it was betrayed ſo.
Admit thou hadſt *Pactolion* waues, to land thee Golde at will,
Know *Cræſus* did to *Cyrus* kneele, and thou maiſt ſpeed as ill.
Abandon luſt, if not for ſinne, yeat to auoid the ſhame:
So Hogges of *Ithacus* his men the *Latian* Witch did frame.
Be not to moody in thy wrath, but pauſe though fiſt be bent:
Oft *Philips* Sonne did raſhly ſtrike, and leiſurely repent.
Content thee with vnthreatned Meane, and play not *AEſops* Dogge:
The Golde that gentle *Bacchus* gaue did greedy *Mydas* clogge.
Be valiant, not too ventrous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen *Hercules* did hold it ods for one to ſtriue with twaine.
Be not ambitiouſly a King, nor grudgingly decline:
One God did roote out *Cis* his ſtock, and raiſe vp *Ieſſes* line.
Ieſt not with edge tooles, ſuffer Saints, let mightie Fooles be mad
Note, *Seneca* by *Neroes* doome for Precepts pennance had
Haue care to whom, of whom, & what to ſpeak, though ſpeech be trew,
That Miſſe made *Phœbus* contrary his Rauens Swan-like hew.

He

He frameth torments to himselfe that feeds a Tyrants vaine:
Perillus was by *Phalaris* adiudg'd to self-taught paine.
Prayse not the beautie of thy Wife, though she of forme be sped:
For *Gyges*, moued so, did graft on *Candaules* his head,
Shunne Ielousie that heart-breake loue, if Cat will will goe to kind,
Be sure that *Io* hath a meanes that *Argus* shall be blind.
Commit not Treasure with thy Child to greedy minded men:
Thou leaueſt *Polydor* a spoyle to *Polymnestor* then.
Occurrants giue occasions still of like, in which be sure
To serue thy God, to saue thy selfe, and well to all procure.
Be vertuous, and assure thy selfe thou canst not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is said, that men themselues suruiue.
As for the vicious such they are as is the heedlesse Flye,
That killes it selfe, and hurts his sight that hath her in his eye.
Farewell my Sonne, *England* farewell, thy neuer happy Prince
Doth take his leaue, an happy leaue, if taken so long since.
And, *Edmond* (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my speech)
I blesse thee in his blessed Name whom I of blesse beseech,
Said *Egelred*: and shortly gaue a quiet gaspe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble Sonne succeeded him in Raigne.

THis like himselfe, euen Knight like and an *English-man* indeed,
Did quicke *Englands* quailing Prowes, & *Mars*-like did proceed.
A brauer Captaine than was he not any band might haue:
And yeat a *Mars* did match this *Mars*, *Canutus* was as braue.
These wonders of that age for Armes, and *Diris* of those daies,
Did often battell, equally to eithers losse and praies.
Now, after many bloody Fields, when none might estimate
The better or the worser part, a Knight that saw the state.
Then present, and by likelyhoods presaged what might fall,
Said (hearing it, the differing Kings and Souldiers almost all:)
We euer warre, and neuer winne, *Edmund* hath Fortitude,
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is subdude.

Death

Death feares not vs,nor for their liues our Contraries doe care:
It followes then,that all muſt die wheare all ſo deſprat are.
If all be ſlaine,then who ſhall ſerue our Princes that ſuruiue,
Or fence out Forrens? better one,then none of both ſhould thriue.
To thriue therefore,were not a-miſſe,that ſeeing one of twaine
Will Owner all,that onely they the quarrell doe maintaine
Or if Combattenſie not pleaſe,the Land is rich and large,
And they Copernicers may liue,and vs of death diſcharge.
If Combat nor Partition be,then will his Warre reuiue,
Till one,ſuruiuing all of vs,wants one with whom to ſtriue.
This ſaid,the Kings did marke and make a profit of the ſame,
And did conclude by Combacye to winne or looſe the Game.
Within a little Iſland neare (round which the Armies ſtand)
The Kingly Champions trie their Force,by fighting hand to hand:
They ſpur their Horſes,breake their Speares,and beat at Barriers long
And then,diſmounting,did renew a Battell braue and ſtrong.
Whil'ſt eyther King thus Martially defends,and did offend,
They breathing,King *Canutus* ſaid: we both I ſee ſhall end,
Ere Empire ſhall begin to one,then be it at thy choyce
To fight,or part. With it their Knights,crie out with common voyce,
Deuide,moſt valiant Kings,deuide,enough ye haue of Fight:
And ſo the Champions did embrace,forgetting malice quite.
Partition equally was made betwixt theſe Princes twaine,
And Brother-like they liue and loue: till by a deu'liſh traine,
Earle *Edricus*, a Traytor to the Father and the Sonne,
Did murther *Edmund*: and his head (ſuppoſing to haue wonne
The fauour of *Canutus* ſo) preſenting ſaid (O King)
For loue of thee I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus ſaid,and for that thou haſt headed him for me,
Thy head aboue all *Engliſh* heads exalted it ſhall be:
The Earle was headed,& his head poold vp for all to ſee.
Of *England*, *Danske*,and *Norway* then *Canut* was perfect Lord,
And in this triple Regiment all with vertue did accord.

Harold,

Harold, & *Hardi-knought* his Sonnes each th'other did succeed:
Of either which small certaine Fame of well or ill we reed,
Saue by their Raignes to *English-men* did grieuous thraldom breed.
But after *Hardi-knought* his death the *Danes* were chased hence,
Not intermedling with the state of *England* euer since.

CHAP. XXII.

OF foresaid *Egelred* his Sonnes, *Alured* and his brother,
Was *Edward* King, (for *Goodwins* guile had made away that other.)
Religious, chaste, wise, fortunate, stout, francke, and milde was he,
And from all Taxes, wrongs, and Foes, did set his kingdome free.
By ouer-ruling of his Lords, intreating long the same,
Least, dying Issuelesse, he leaue succession out of frame,
He tooke to Queene a Damsell faire: howbeit, by consent,
In vowes of secret chastitie their louing liues they spent.
The Father of this maiden-wife, he sitting by the King,
And seeing one that stumbled, but not falling, vp to spring,
Did laughing say, the brother theare the brother well hath eas'd,
(His meaning was the Stumblers feete:) And haddest thou so pleas'd,
So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin easing vnto me.
The traitrous Earle tooke bread and said, so this digested be
As I am guiltlesse of his death: these words he scarcely spoke,
But that in presence of the King the bread did *Goodwyn* choke.
His sonne *Harold*, by *Hardi-knoughts* late daughter, him suruiues,
He, crossed by contrary winds, in *Normandie* ariues,

Where

Where *Goodwins* Sonne did take an oth, Duke *William* vrging so,
To keepe vnto the Duke his vse, when *Edward* hence should go,
The Crowne of *England* (claimed by Adeption, and by blood.)
But *Harold* after *Edwards* death, not to his promise stood:
And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armor strong,
And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
But arming him against the Duke, so vrged vnto wroth,
Did seaze the Crowne vnto himselfe, contrary to his oth.
Whil'st *William* therefore works for war, King *Harold* had not rest,
For *Harold Hare foote*, King of *Danes* and *Norwaies*, much oppresst
The *English* with his puissant Bands. But *Harold* him assailes,
And after fearce and doubtfull fight most valiantly preuailes,
And with the *Norgaine* Prince he slew his people almost all:
When, for deuision of the spoyle, did much contention fall
Betwixt the King and *Englishmen*, and many a noble knight
Not onely murmur and maligne, but did forsake him quight.
Such malice growing, *William* with his *Normanes* taking land,
Found hot-spur *Harold* prest in Armes, his puissance to withstand:
And either battell Marshalled, as either Captaine wild,
The King of *England* eagerly the *Normane* Oste behild,
And with his cheerefull speeches thus his men with courage fild.

See valiant (War-friends) yonder be the first, the last, and all
The Agents of our Enemies, they hencefoorth cannot call
Supplies: for weedes at *Normandie* by this in Porches groe:
Then Conquer these would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
They are no stouter than the *Brutes*, whom we did hence exile:
Nor stronger than the sturdy *Danes*, or victory er while:
Not *Saxonie* could once containe, or scarce the world beside
Our fathers, who did sway by sword where lifted them to bide:
Then doe not yee degenerate, take courage by discent,
And by their burialles, not abode, their force and flight preuent.
Yee haue in hand your Countries cause, a Conquest they pretend,
Which (were yee not the same yee be) euen Cowards would defend.

I graunt that part of vs are fled and linked to the Foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of Traytours cleered so:
Yea pardon hath he to depart that stayeth mal-content:
I prize the mind aboue the man, like zeale hath like euent.
Yea troth it is, no well or ill this Iland euer had,
But through the well or ill Support of Subiects good or bad:
Not *Cæsar*, *Hengest*, *Swayn*, or now (which neretheles shall fayle)
The *Normane* Bastard (*Albion* true) did, could, or can preuayle.
But to be selfe-false in this Isle a selfe-Foe euer is,
Yea wot I, neuer Traytour did his Treasons Stipend mis.
Shrinke who will shrinke, let Armors wayte presse downe the burdned earth,
My Foes, with wondring eies, shall see I ouer-prize my death.
But since ye all (for all, I hope, a like affected bee,
Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land from seruitude to free)
Are Armed both in shew and zeale, then gloriously contend,
To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughter Sonne possesse what he pretends,
He liues to die a noble death that life for freedome spends.

As *Harold* hartned thus his men, so did the *Normane* his:
And looking wishly on the earth, Duke *William* speaketh this.
To liue vpon or lie within this is my Ground or Graue
(My louing Souldiers) one of twaine your Duke resolues to haue.
Nor be ye *Normanes* now to seeke in what you should be stout,
Ye come amidst the *English* Pikes to hewe your honors out,
Ye come to winne the fame by Launce, that is your owne by law,
Ye come, I say, in righteous warre reuenging swords to draw.
Howbeit of more hardie Foes no passed Fight hath spead yee,
Since *Rollo* to your now-Abode with Bands victorious lead yee,
Or *Turchus*, Sonne of *Troylus*, in *Scythian Fazo* bread yee.
Then worthy your Progenitors yee Seede of *Pryams* sonne
Exployt this businesse, *Rollons* do that which yee wish be done.
Three People haue as many times got and forgone this shore,
It resteth now yee Conquer it not to be Conqured more:

For

For *Normane* and the *Saxon* Blood conioyning, as it may,
From that consorted Seede the Crowne shall neuer passe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behind vs are the Seas,
On either side the Foe hath Holdes of succour and for ease:
But that Aduantage shall returne their Disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no shore is left the which may shelter vs,
And so hold out amidst the Rough whil'st they hale in for Lee,
Whereas, whil'st men securely sayle, not seldome shipwracks bee.
What should I cite your passed Acts, or tediously incence
To present Armes? your faces shew your hearts conceiue offence,
Yea euen your courages deuine a Conquest not to faile,
Hope then your Duke doth prophecie, and in that hope preuaile.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects wroth your warres.
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periur'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to liue a famous life, that doth for Conquest fight.
By this the furious Battels ioyne, a bloody day to eyther,
And long they fight, the victory inclining vnto neyther:
At length the *English* had the ods, who keeping close aray,
Vnto the Duchie Forces gaue no entraunce any way:
Who fayning feare, and martially retyring, as oppress,
The *English* so became secure, and follow on disperst:
To which aduantage, furiously the *Normans* did returne,
And got a bloody victorie. In vaine the *English* spurne
Amidst the Pikes against the pricke: King *Harold* then was slayne:
From whom began the *Normans* sole, but soone conioyned rayne:
For second *Henry*, *Mawd* her Sonne, freed *Englands* blood agayne.
Since when (and euer may they so) that Of-spring ruled vs,
Of whose Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus:
King *Edmund Irn-side* Issue had *Edward* the Out law, he
Had *Margaret*, *Mawd*, by *Malcolme* (then the King of *Scots*) had she,
Mawd to the Conqueror his Sonne, first *Henry*, *Mawd* did beire,
This second *Mawd*, the *Angeos* wife, had second *Henry* heire.

Edward

Edward, King *Harolds* Preregnant, of this same Change foretold,
Who present and succeeding times thus, dying, did vnfold:
It is a world to note (quoth he) the waies that men adore,
And how Hypocrisie hath bred of Godlike Deuils store,
That speake to seeme, that seeme to shift, that shift to spoyle by guile,
That smooth, & sooth, & yeat deceiue with *Scriptum est* meane while.
But let them heaue their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell
That seeme deuout to cloake deceit, and say but do not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for law:
The Poore repine, and Goods, not theirs, by idle shiftings claw:
The Lords and landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the same
The Parasite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game:
One riseth by anothers fall, and some doe clime so fast,
That in the Clowdes they doe forget what Climates they haue past:
But Eagle-winged mindes that fly to nestle in the Sunne,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begun.
It is a common point on which the aged grossely ronne,
Once to haue dared, said, and seene, more then was euer done.
The Youth are foolish-hardie, or lesse hardy then they ought,
Effeminate, phantastick, and in few not few are nought.
At *Cyprus* not the wanton Saint nor yeat her wylie Sonne
Did want her Orgies, nor at *Rome* did *Vesta* lacke her Nonne,
The *Lampsacens* gaue *Pryapus* his filthy Rites, and *Create*
To *Ioue* his Bulles, and *Sicilie* to *Ceres* tithed Wheat,
The *Thracians* with their *Bacchanales* did *Lybers* Temple fill,
And *Italie* did blood of Babes on *Saturnes* Altars spill,
And fatall wreathes of Myrtill boughes were sacred vnto *Dys*,
In fewe, there was no Pagane God his Sacrifice did mis:
But *English-men*, nay christian men, not onely seeme prophane,
But Man to Man, as Beast to Beast, holds ciuill dueties vaine:
Yea Pulpits some, like Pedlers packs, yeeld foorth as men affect,
And what a Synode shall conclude a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus boasting Litrature, one Schisme begets another,

And groſſely though a Schiſme, yet hath each Schiſmatik his Soother.
Meane while the learned want their Meed, & none with profit heares
The tedious Doult, whoſe artles tong doth preach to weary eares.
Here could I enter in a Field of matter more then much,
But geſſe that all is out of frame, and long time hath bin ſuch,
And what ſhall be let time diſcloſe, This onely will I touch:
A Greene tree, cut from withered Stock, deuided Furlongs three
From proper roote, it ſhall reioyne and after fruitfull bee,
Said then the King, And thus doe ſome expound that Propheſee:
The Tree this Land, the Stock and Roote the thralled *Engliſh* line:
King *Harold* and the *Williams* twaine the Furlongs, ſome define,
Henry the *Normane* that begot on *Mawde* his *Engliſh* Queene
Mawde, ſecond *Henries* Mother, was the Trees returne to greene.
King *Stephen* firſt, though not ſo firme, did in this Turne proceed:
But ſecond *Henrie* perfectly reſtalled *Wodens* Seed.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIII.

ASsisted by the former Boone persist, my Muse, and tell,
How, by the *Normane* Conquest, here an other world befell:
New lawes (not Labyrinths as now through wrested Quirkes) came in,
New Lords also, at whom, for most, our auncient Crests begin.
The *English* sinke, the *Normans* swimme, all topsie-turuie was,
Vntill the Conqueror had brought his whole command to pas.
Then was one *Edgar*, sonne vnto the out-law *Edward*, he
To holy *Edward* had beene heire, had not King *Harold* be:
And *William*, pleading too by sword, admits no milder law:
So *Edgar* in his sooneste flight his safest issue saw:
Who, with his mother (daughter to the King of *Hungarie*)
And Sisters did attempt into his Grandsiers Realme to flie.
Thus *Englands* hope with *Englands* Heire in one same Barke did sayle,
When desprate from their villanage was English blood of baile.
But God (that to the hopeles is not helples, if he please)
Did driue the storm-beate Englishipp into the Scottish Seas,
Wheare, cast a shore King *Malcolme* soone had notice of the wracke,

And did become a gracious Lord vnto their preſent lacke:
And (*Agatha* a Votariſſe) tooke *Margaret* to Queene,
Protects her brother, euen by Armes, againſt king *Williams* teene:
Vntill by warre and wiſe conuay he ſo to paſſe did bring
That *Edgar* reconciled was vnto the Engliſh King:
In credit, though withheld his Crowne, and thus, at leaſt, did good:
His flight ſcotch-Queen'd his Siſter, ſhe rengraded *Englands* blood.
For let we *Edgar* (gainſt the haer preſerued, as expreſt)
And either *William*, luckie Knights at armes, interred, reſt,
And ſet firſt *Williams* yoongeſt ſonne, firſt *Henry*, on the Throne,
Through him, the royall-*Engliſh* and the *Normane* bloods grew one.
On *Mawd* ſcotch-*Malcomes* daughter, by the foreſaid *Margret* he
Had *Mawd*, that ſolie did ſuruiue her drowned brothers three,
Her (Empreſſe to the Emperour, then newly being ded)
Did *Geffrey Plantaganet* the Earle of *Anioy* wed,
And ſhe vnto *Plantaganet* did ſecond *Henry* heire,
Of *England*, *Angeo*, *Gaſcoyne*, and of *Normandie* the heire. (marry,
Yeat *Stephen*, firſt-*Williams* daughters-ſon, whom th'Earle of *Bloys* did
Did with the Empreſſe and her ſon now King now Captiue varry:
But laſtly, tyred, and inter'd, *England* by *Stephens* death
Was quietly ſecond *Henries*, who was lawfulſt heire by birth.
With *Hengeſts* blood our droupen Muſe it alſo now reuiues
For harſhly ſounds our Poeame ſaue in matter where it thriues.
Let be your bitten Vine, we here a blisfull Vintage gaine,
That did, and doth, and euermore vnblaſted may remaine:
For this coriuall ſeed begot *England* Engliſh againe.
From whence we note what Scepters, what diſcents, and turnes befell:
Leſſe pleaſing vnto ſome, perhaps, than toyes which many tell,
That but of phanſies, women, loues, and wantonnes can ſing:
Frō which their tunes but pipp their tongs & then they hang the wing.

THis ſecond *Henry*, mightie both in Empire and in Armes,
Was onely by his Cleargie croſt with vnbeſeeming harmes.

Perplexed

Perplexed therefore at th'Apeales that waiward *Becket* made,
To some, demaunding his disease, at *Normandie* he sayd:
Our Popes that seeme (they do but seeme) Saint *Peter* to succeede
(Who did denie, although deserue, high Styles to him decree'd)
Are quite vnlike to *Peter* and Popes thirty three fore-past
Who liu'd in miserie and died by Martyrdome at last.
Now neede not Tyrants, Popes to Popes be Tyrants, and they all
Doe wrest euen Principalities submissiue to their Pall.
Peter did sinne, and, sinning, to repentante teares did flye:
Popes sinne not, but to others sinnes giue pardon (els they lye.)
Christ washed feet, Kings kisse their feet, Christ gaue to *Cæsar* his,
They take, and say that either Sword in their subiection is.
The Pope did so our mothers Pheare, the Emperour, intreate
As that his proud attempts I shame and sorrow to repeate.
What cite I forraine matters, when our natiue Stories yeeld
Of myters medling with our Sword an ouerplenteous feeld?
We offer Tapers, pay our Tythes and Vowes, we Pilgrims goe
To euery Sainct, at euery shrine we Offrings doe bestoe,
We kisse the Pix, we creepe the Crosse, our Beades we ouer-runne,
The Couent hath a Legacie, who so is left vndone:
We fast the Eaue, we feast the day of euery Saint they make,
Their houslings, Shrifts, and Sacraments most reuerently we take,
By tale we say Orysons, and to words vnknowne Amen,
The Quier doth chaunt, we knock our brests, we bow and crosse vs thē,
Their skaer-Spright water, boxed Boans, their hoasts, and what not
The Priest, the Fier, or Pardoner we count not holy things? (brings
We seat them in our fattest Soyles for Pasture, wood, and spring,
We lodge them safe in stately walles, we sorrowing when they sing.
Their Belles call them from easie beds to sing in gownes as warme,
But Larums vs from restles Campes, by wounds, to heale their harme.
And meete is so, but meete also that they, protected thus,

Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet pray for and further vs.
When our great Grād-sier thought this Isle by Cōquest cleerly wōne,
And entred *Kent*, what earst he did did seeme in *Kent* vndone:
A moouing wood stole marching on, and hem'd his Armie round,
When al at once, their boughes cast downe, was heard a warlike soūd,
That to the *Normanes* did disclose an Armie ordered well,
Resolu'd to die, rather then leaue the lawes where they did dwell,
(For so, in way of Parlie, did their mytred *Stygand* tell.)
Their Bishop, their Contriuer, and their chiefe Conduct was he,
By whose deuise the Conqueror, intrapped, did agree
To ratifie the lawes of *Kent* such as they were, and be.
But, bearing in a common good with Crosiers crossing Crownes,
Proud *Anselme* in our Vncles raigne did farre exceede the bownes
Of Prelacie or pietie (for Church-men should be meeke:
Yeat some in practise leaue what they of vs in preaching seeke:
For they that bid me doe, and doe themselues the good they bid,
Doe leade me to the substantiue, and leaue me not in *quid*)
Yea, either of our Vncles thriu'd in Forraine Conquests more,
Than gainst their Church-men, setting al their Kingdome in vprore.
One Prelate wrought the Pope to curse & crosse his Prince with foes,
Twixt others long ambitious Pleas for Primacie aroes,
And now, through *Becket*, to our selfe no lesser damage groes.
I haue had hardy Knights for warres, and helpfull friends in peace,
Yeat helples friends, and hartles Knights this cleargie-pride to cease.
These words heard diuers present Knights, who vexed at the wrong,
Did, cleane vnwitting to the King, ariue in *Kent* ere long,
And at S. *Bennits* Altar, in the Minster of his Sea,
At sacring for a sacrifice the sawcie Clerke did slea?
Which heard, the Pope canonized the stir-strif Priest a Saint,
Insencing Kings against our King, till warres made *Henry* faynt.
Then humbled vnto haughty Priests as Legats sent from *Rome*
He basely bowes, and they to him for begged Pennance dome
Purs-payne and heathen battels, and (which worser was decreed)

Barefoote

Barefoote he went, whom Monkes did whip till feete and body bleed:
Barefoote to *Iurie* fare the Knights, so dying for their deed:
Nor might they mend it, for as bad euen Emperors did speed.

CHAP. XXV.

THe Kings fayre Leiman *Rosamund*, and how his
Sonnes rebell
I ouer-passe. To *Richard* next the Dyadem befel.
He did in *Cypris*, *Sycil*, and in *Syria* warre & win:
Whose glory his confederate Peeres to enuie
did beginne:
And, warring with the Soldan, left the English
King behinde:
Who left not fighting till he forst Conditions to his minde,
And of *Ieruſalem* was King. But as he did returne,
The *Austrich* Duke, (whose reared flagge our wronged king did spurne
From *Acon* wals, his Victorie,) did *Richard* intercept,
And him in easelesse prison for reuenge and raunsome kept.
The Duke his daughter, as the King did theare a Captiue lie,
Did labour strongly in the loue she would but could not flie:
And sighing wept, and weeping spake, and speaking thus she said:
Richard through hate, through loue am I to diffring bands betrayd.
My harueſt hangeth in the grasse, and ere the proofe may blast,
Or clew-led *Theseus*, from the deune of *Minotaurus* past,
To farre more harder starres than was poore *Ariadne* left
Leaue me he may, of all, yea more than all, of him bereft.
Sweete Loue, Saint Loue, or rather I thy Saint and thou my God,
In such desarts let such deceite be, as should be, forbod.

The Gailor bribed, with his keyes to ſtay or free him ſent her:
Loue (louely *Richard*) makes, quoth ſhe, that I this hel-houſe enter,
Hence make eſcape, remembring me that thus for thee doe venter.
Attentiue to her ſpeech, but more retentiue of her ſhape,
The King, awaking to her forme, did ſleepe his owne eſcape,
And giuing her a meeting kiſſe, quoth he, ſo God me keepe
As true deſire to quite this good in me ſhall neuer ſleepe:
Yeat ranſomleſſe I will not hence, but fetching backe the lone,
When as thy Father ſhall repay to *England* tenne for one,
I vow thy loue a recompence, till when I liue to thee:
Thus ſeuer they, and raunſome him ere many weekes did free.
Soone after on the *Belgicke* towers he Engliſh flags did reare,
Auſtrich and all the Empire of his proweſſe ſtood in feare,
Vntill a deſperate Stragler with an arrow pierſt his head,
And ſent the wofull Engliſh home, their worthy Leader dead:
Thus Lyons-hart (his courage got that ſurname) laſtly ſped:
To whom King *Iohn* (in courage not inferior to the other)
Succeeded, but in life and death more tragicke than his brother.

IN *Scotland*, *France*, *Ireland*, and *Wales* he warred wearied leſſe
Than by the Pope and Engliſh Prieſts wronged without redreſſe,
Nor was, ſaue from their Soueraignes death, their malice out of date:
Yeat *Iohn*, faine they, but they, felt *Iohn*, did trouble Church and ſtate.
When (for as Gaylers with Conuicts, ſo Popes deale with a faulter:
Their ſin-ſalue like the ſetting looſe from Shackles to the haulter)
When Maſſe and all the Sacraments were Strangers many a day,
And that, ſo farrefoorth as it in the triple Myter lay,
Euen God himſelfe was barred hence, and that, proſtrate before
His Vaſſall Biſhop *Langtons* feete, the King did grace implore,
When *Peter*-pence were graunted, and the Engliſh Crowne to holde
By rent and Homage of the Pope, and that for ſums of gold
The French Kings ſon was curſed hēce, who els had wore the Crowne,
And that the reconciled King did ſeeme on ſureſt ground,

Then he, whil'ſt he in progreſſe did at Swinſhed Abbey lye,
Was poyſned by a Monke, that baend himſelfe that *Iohn* might dye.
The Monke, more ſolemnely inter'd and ſong for than the King,
Was cauſe that diuers diuerſly did conſture of the thing.
Some charg'd the Popes of Auarice, for that when Kings offend
They ſell them peace: of pride, for that to them euen Monarks bend:
Of meere incharitie, for that to wreake their priuate ſpight
Gainſt Kingdomes Kingdomes they incenſe, and, worſer, do acquite
Euen ſubiects to allegiance ſworne againſt their Lords to fight:
Of Treaſon, for that to intrap ſuch as from them diſcent
With othes and al things they diſpence: Some bid vs thus preuent
Their ſinnes and ſleights, do not as they, nor deale with them, for why?
Who doth muſt liue their Vaſſal or their Victorie muſt die.
A merrie mate amongſt the reſt, of Cloyſterers thus told.

THis cloyſtring and fat-feeding of Religious is not old
(Quoth he:) Not long ſince was a man that did his deuoire giue
To kill the paſſions of his fleſh, and did in penance liue,
And, though beloued of the King, he liued by his ſweat,
Affirming men that would not worke vnworthy for to eate:
He told the erring their amiſſe, and taught them to amend,
He counſelled the comfortleſſe, and all his daies did ſpend
In prayer and in pouertie: Amongſt his doings well
High-waies he mended: doing which this Accident befell.
A doſen Theeues to haue beene hang'd were lead this Hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them as Chriſtian-men to dye:
So penitent they were, and he ſo pitifull (good man)
As to the King for Pardon of the Priſoners he ran:
Which got, he gaue it them: But this *Prouiſo* did he add
That they ſhould euer worke as he: They graunt, poore ſoules, & glad:
He got them gownes of countrey gray, and hoods for raine and cold,
And hempen girdles, (which beſides themſelues) might burthens hold,
Pick-axe and Spade, and hard to worke the Couent fell together,

With Roabes, and Ropes, & eu'rie toole for eu'rie worke & wheather.
So did they toyle as thereabout no Cauſie was vnrought,
Wherefore new labours for his men the holie Hermite ſought:
But at departure prayed them to faſt, to watch, and pray,
And liue remote from worldly men, and goeth ſo his way.
The holy Theeues (for now in them had cuſtome wrought contēt)
Could much of Scripture and, indeede, did hartely repent.
Now when the countrey folke did heare of theſe ſame men deuout
Religiouſly they haunt their Celles, and laſtly brought about
That frō the woods to Buldings braue they wonne the Hermits crew,
Who was from found-out worke returnde, and their *Apoſta* knew.
He going to their ſtately place, did finde in euery diſh
Fat beefe and brewis, and great ſtore of daintie fowle and fiſh.
Who ſeeing their ſaturitie, and practiſing to winne
His Pupels thence, Exceſſe, he ſayd, doth worke acceſſe to ſinne:
Who fareth fineſt doth but feed, and ouer-feedeth oft,
Who ſleepeth ſofteſt doth but ſleepe, and ſometimes ouer ſoft,
Who clads him trimmeſt is but clad, the faireſt is but faire,
And all but liue, yea, if ſo long, yeat not with leſſer care
Than formes, backs, boans and bellies that more hōely cheriſht are:
Learne freedome and felicitie, Hawkes flying where they liſt
Be kindlier and more ſound than Hawkes beſt tended on the fiſt
Thus preacht he promiſt abſtinence, and bids them come away:
No haſt but good, well weare they, and ſo wel as they would ſtay.
The godly Hermit, when all meanes in vaine he did perceiue,
Departing ſayd, I found you knaues, and knaues I doe you leaue.
Hence ſayd this merrie fellowe (if the merriment be trew)
That Cloyſtring, Friers cloathing, and a Couents number grew.
This heard a ſimple Northerne-man, no friend to Monke, or Frier,
Or preaching Lymmer, for his ſpeach diſcloſed thus his yre.

A Fowle ill on their weazens, for they Carles garre ſyke a dinne,
That more they member vs of iapes than mend vs of our ſinne.

At Ewle we wonten gambole, daunce, to carrole, and to ſing.
To haue gud ſpiced Sewe, and Roſte, and plum-pies for a King,
At Faſtſ-eue pan-puffes, Gang tide gaites did alie Maſſes bring,
At Paske begun our Morriſe, and ere Penticoſt our May,
Tho Roben hood, liell Iohn, Frier Tucke, and Marian deftly play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till Kirke with Lads and Laſſes gay:
Fra Maſſe and Eenſong ſa gud cheere and glee on ery Greene,
As, ſaue our wakes twixt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was neuer ſeene:
At Baptiſ-day with Ale and cakes bout bon-fires neighbours ſtood,
At Martlemaſſe wa turnd a crabbe, thilke told of Roben hood,
Till after long time myrke, when bleſt were windowes, dares & lights,
And pails were fild, & hathes were ſwept, gainſt Fairie-elues & ſprits:
Rock, & plow Mõdaies gams ſal gang, with ſaint-feaſts & kirk-fights.
I is tell yee, Clearkes earſt racked not of purpoe ne of pall:
Ylke yeoman fed moe poore tume wambes than Gentiles now in Hall:
Yea, ledge they nere ſa hally Writ, thilke tide is greater wrang
Than heretoforne: tho words had ſoothde, na writing now ſo ſtrang,
I is na Wizard, yeat I drad it will be warſe ere lang.
Belyue doone lyther Kirk-men reaue the crop, and we the tythe,
And mykell bukiſh ben they gif they tache our lakines blithe.
Some egge vs ſla the Prince and ſhewe a Bullocke fra the Pape,
Whilke, gif it guds the ſawle, I is ſure the cragge gangs till the rape:
Syke votion gyles the people, ſa but ſylde gud Princes ſcape,
Sa teend our King his life, and ſong is *Requiem* for the Monke:
Gud King God reſt thy ſawle, but Feends reaue him bath ſawle & trõke.
Such talke was long on foote, and ſtill was quittance tale for tale.
Dunſtone, quod one, made *Edgar*, earſt an Engliſh Monarke, quale
For matter of leſſe moment, euen for wedding of a Nunne,
Whom in her Cell the King eſpi'de, lou'de, wooed, and thus wonne.

THe ſame (quod he) that rules this Land the ſame intreateth thee,
Thou maiſt, ſweet, Wench, vnto thy ſelfe deriue a Queen frõ me.

What

What lets, since none may loue thee more, vnlesse perhaps this Cell,
Too strict a place wherein thy selfe, euen Beauties selfe, shouldst dwell.
Let nature hide her barren formes and imperfections thus,
And in such Puritanes as thou commend her skill to vs.
Thou wrongest Nature, molding thee to molde by thee as faer,
Thou wrōgest men, that would beget the fruit which thou sholdst baer,
Thou wrong'st thy Countrie of increase, thou wrong'st me in like sort,
Thou wrong'st thy Kin of kindred, and thou wrong'st thy selfe of sport.
Shouldst thou but dreame what marriagè were, thou would'st not liue a (maid:
One heart of two two Soules to one by wedlocke is cōuaid:
An husbands open kissings, and his secret coyings, nay,
The very Soule of Loue, more sweet then thou or I can say,
The ioy of babes which thou should'st beare, the Seruice at thy becke,
The sweet consorted common-weale of housholdat thy checke,
Would make thee seeme a Goddesse, who, because thou art not such,
Offendest God in hiding of thy Tallent: Too too much
Thou dotest on Virginitie, permitted, not impos'd
On any, saue on such as for no such thy selfe thou knoest:
Els what should meane this penning vp, such vowing, and these Vailes,
Since Vessels onely are of worth that beare in stormes their sailes.
The Seedsters of thine Essence had they beene as thou would'st be
Thou hadst not beene, Then gratifie the same, thy selfe and me,
And leaue these superstitious walles: Thou profitst not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne that fruitlesse we should dy:
Then loue me, for, beleeue me, so will proue a Iubilie.

Her red, disperst in shadowed white, did adde to either more,
To her of beautie, and to him Loue greater than before.
She claimes the places priuiledge, and faintly cites a Tex:
She pleads her birth too bace, and playes the No-I of her Sex,
And fighteth as she would be foyld: But, prized, *Dunstone* makes
It Sacrilege, and for to wife the Recluse *Edgar* takes,
In twelue yeeres would he not annoynt or crowne him King, and more,

Enioynes

Enioynes him seuen yeeres pennance, and to edifie and store
Great Monasteries fortie ere Indulgence could be got:
Thus *Edgar* for his Cloyster-cheere did pay this costly shot.

CHAP. XXVI.

Iohns murther bred such murmure: But third *Henry*, *Iohn* his sonne,
Assisted chiefly by the Pope, his fathers Scepter wonne,
Who interdited *Lewis* till hee curst him into *France*,
And left to *Henry* prosperous raigne, till hapned this mischance.

A Parliament at *Oxenford* did derogate so much
From his prerogatiue as that the Quarrell grew to such
That ciuill warres betwixt the King and Barronage began,
Not ending, but with tragicke ends of many a worthy man,
Brother to brother, sire to sonne, and friend to friend was foe,
All labouring (which they should vphold) their Countries ouerthrow:
Now was the King a Captiue, and the Barrons by and by
His Conquest, and the ciuill strife too fast begot supply:
My heart vn-apts mine hand to write the troth of it too trew,
Euen warres *Idea*, more then tong or eie can say or view:
But to conclude (which still concludes) the King he did subdue,
And shewes himselfe a gentle foe thus hauing wonne his peace,
And after liu'd in honour, and did happily decease:
Whose death (then warring with renowme in *Syria*) being knowne
To *Edward*, he resailed and possest his fathers Throne.

The

THe hanſell of the Scepter was, the *Welchmen* did rebell:
Of whom to *Edward*, though with loſſe, the victorie befell.
Then on the *French* he warred, and a Winner did reſayle:
And for that *Baliol* (whom he made the King of *Scots*) did faile
His Homage, thence from *Albanacke* to *England* due and done,
Againſt the *Scots* he grieuous, but a glorious warre begun.
Not *Barwicke*, though for number bold vntill it flowed blood,
Nor any *Scottiſh* armes or hold, though infinite and good,
Might ſtay his awing proweſſe, till he had their King his thrall,
And in that Land, by Conqueſt, made himſelfe the Lord of all.
Then taking *Scottiſh* othes (which they did breake, and he reuenge)
With thoſe exploits he French attempts as glorioufly did menge.
Yea *Paganes, French, Cambries*, & *Scots*, remembring but his name,
Cannot forget their ſkares he made, though enuious of his Fame,
Matchles for Cheualrie, and yeat his iuſtice matcht the ſame:
Not partiall for the Prince his Sonne, a raſh vnbridled youth,
Whom he impriſon'd, hearing of his outrages the truth,
And vnto whom he, dying, ſpake words worth report and ruth.
My life (quoth he) a warfare right in body and in ſoule,
Reſignes my robed carkaſſe to be rotted in the moule:
If well I did, well ſhall I doe, if ill, as ill and worſe,
And therefore (*Ned*) worke as I will vpon my bleſſe or curſe.
When thou becom'ſt an earthly God mens liues to ouerſee,
Forget not that Eternall God that ouerlooketh thee.
The leaſt part of a King is his, allowing him, and none
Leſſe priuate then a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one:
He and his People make but one, a body weake or ſtrong,
As doth the head the lims or lims the head aſſiſt or wrong.
Deriue thy lawes from wiſeſt heads, to be vpholden ſtill,
Not adding or abſtracting as conceited Tier-braines will.
Be cheerefull, and in worke nor word be neither proud or hot:
No ſincere loue, but ſeruile feare, or neither, ſo is got.
Encourage good Men by thy loue: reforme the bad by lawe:

Reserue an eare for either Plea: and borrow least of awe.
Oppresse not rich men, seeking so to please the poore, for neither
Is to be doomed, but as right or wrong is found in either.
To loyter well deserued gifts is not to giue but sell,
When to requite ingratitude were to doe euill well:
And (which, saue for the ill-mist ill, might else haue beene forgot)
Be choyse, but chuse, for wiueles se haue each stranger, place, & shot,
Their heire, their home, & cost, which, saue the last, indeed are not.
Reforme thee euen to day, vnapt to day lesse apt to morrow,
Youth aptly offers vertues such as yeeres vnaptly borrow:
For he that plies the lappes and lippes of Ladies all his prime,
And falles to Armes, age failing Armes, then also looseth time.
Well haue I driuen out my date, and well thy daies shall runne,
If thou prooue not my Glories graue, nor I plauge in my Sonne
The ouer-weening of thy wits doth make thy Foes to smile,
Thy Friends to weepe, & Clawbacks thee with Soothings to beguile:
Yea, those thy Purses Parasites, vnworthie thine Estate,
Doe loue thee for themselues, nor will they leaue thee but too late:
I blesse thee; if thou banish them, and curse thee, if they bide,
My blisse and curse be at thy choyce: And so he shortly dide.

FOrthwith as second *Edward*, sonne to *Edward*, wore the Crowne,
He to promote his Flatterers did put his Nobles downe:
So *Robert Bruze*, then King of *Scots*, found ingresse for his Armes,
Recouering *Scottish* forces, and did spoyle our men by swarmes:
Barwicke in fine and all erst wonne and more then all was lost,
Yeat of more multeous Armies we than *Scotland* were at cost.
No Land deuided in it selfe can stand, was found too true,
To worser then the wars abroad the home-bred Quarrels grew:
Grange-gotten *Pierce* of *Gauelstone*, and *Spensers* two like sort,
Meane Gentlemen, created Earles, of chiefe account and port,
Enuying all equalitie, contriue of many a Peere

The

The wreſted death, thoſe fewe that liue liu'd mal-contented heere.
Good *Thomas* Earle of *Lancaſter*, on whom the reſt relye,
The chiefe and graueſt of the Peeres, did, ouer-watred, flye
Into the woods, whereas himſelfe and ſtate he did bewray
Vnto an Hermite, vnto whom he, ſighing thus did ſay.
Happy are you ſequeſtred thus: for (ſo I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale, for how it doth decline
Through wilde and wanton Guydes in part I feele, in part I aime,
By Preſidents too like and fire too likely heere to flame,
Heare (if you haue not heard) what fire, our leiſure fits the ſame.

CHAP. XXVI.

THe *Spartanes* war for rapted Queene, to *Ilions* ouerthrow,
The Monarke of *Aſſyria* chang'd, and *Latine* Kings alſo
For *Tarquins* luſt, yea how with vs a double chaunge did groe,
When Britiſh *Vortiger* did doat vpon the *Saxons* daughter,
And *Buerne* for his forced wife fro *Denmarke* brought vs ſlaughter,
I ouerpaſſe: Who knoweth not *Ireland*, our neighbour Ile,
Where *Noe* his Neece, ere *Noe* his flood, inhabited a while?
The firſt manured Weſterne Ile, by *Cham* and *Iaphets* race,
Who ioyntly entring, ſundry times each other did diſplace,
Till *Greece*-bred *Gathelus* his brood from *Biſcay* did ariue,
Attempting *Irelands* Conqueſt, and a Conqueſt did atchiue:
Fiue kings at once did rule that Ile, in ciuill ſtrife that droopes,
When fierce *Turgeſius* landed with his misbeleeuing Troopes.

This

This proud *Norwegan* Rouer so by aides and armes did thriue,
As he became sole Monarke of the Irish Kingdomes fiue,
Erecting Paganisme, and did eiect the Christian lawe,
And thirtie yeeres, tyrannizing, did keepe that Ile in awe,
Nor any hope of after-helpe the hartlesse Irish sawe.
Alone the wylie King of *Meth* (a *Prothew* plying fauor)
Stood in the Tyrants grace, that much affected his behauor:
For what he said that other soothde, so ecco'ing his vaine,
As not an Irish els but he a pettie King did raigne,
Turgesius friends that Vice-roy, for his daughters loue the rather,
And therefore for his Leiman askt the Damsell of her Father.
Ill wot I what they know that loue, well wot I that I know
That that browne Girle of mine lackes worth to be beloued so.
I haue a many Neeces farre more fairer then is she,
Yeat thinke I fairest of those faires vnworthy you, quoth he,
But she and they are yours, my Lord, such Beauties as they be.
This Preface likte the Tyrant well that longed for the play,
Not well contented that so long the Actors were away,
Oft iterating his demaund, impatient of delay.
Now haue I, quoth the King of *Meth*, conuented to your bed
My Neeces, and my daughter, loath to loose her Maidenhead:
But doubt not, Sir, coy Wenches close their longings in their palmes,
And all their painted Stormes at length conuert to perfect Calmes:
Alonely, if their beauties like (as likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and the Goale therefore your owne:
To morrow, seuered from your Traine, vnlesse some speciall few,
Expect them in your chamber, where I leaue the game to you:
Yeat when your eye hath serude your heart of her that likes you best,
Remember they are mine Alies, vntoucht dismisse the rest.
Sweete also was this Scene, and now vnto an Act we groe:
The *Irish* Princesse, and with her a fifteene others moe,
With hāging Glybbes that hid their necks as tynsel shadowing snoe,

Whose faces very *Stoickes* would, *Narcissus*-like, admire,
Such *Semeles* as might consume *Ioues* selfe with glorious fire,
And from the Smith of heauens wife allure the amorous haunt,
And reintise the Club-God *Dys* and all his diuelles to daunt,
And make the Sunne-God swifter than himselfe, such *Daphnes* chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them, his *Psichis* quite disgraced,
These rarer then the onely Fowle of Spice burnt Ashes bread,
And sweeter than the Flower that with *Phœbus* turneth head,
Resembling her from gaze of whom transformde *Acteon* fled,
From *Meth* came to *Tergesius* Court, as Presents for his bed.
In secret was their comming, and their chambering the same,
And now the lustfull Chuffe was come to single out his game,
His Pages onely, and a youth or twaine attending him,
Wheare Banquet, Bed, Perfumes, and all were delicately trim.
He giues them curteous welcome, and did finde them merry talke:
Meane while (the Harbengers of lust) his amorous eyes did walke,
More clogd with change of Beauties than King *Midas* once with gold:
Now This, now That, and one by one he did them all behold.
This seemed faire, and That as faire, and, letting either passe,
A Third he thought a proper Girle, a Fourth a pleasant Lasse,
Louely the Fift, liuely the Sixt, the Seuenth a goodly Wench,
The Eight of sweete Complexion, to the Ninth he altreth thence,
Who mildly seem'd maiesticall, Tenth modest looke and tongue,
The'Eleuenth could sweetly entertain, the Twelfe was fresh & yong,
The Next a gay Brownetta, Next and Next admirde among:
And eury feature so intyste his intricate affection,
As liking all alike he lou'd confounded in election.
Sweete harts, quoth he, or *Iupiter* fetcht hence full many a Theft,
Or hether brought his Thefts that here their Leiman Children left.
Here wandring *Cadmus* should haue sought his misled Sister, wheare
Faire *Leda* hatcht her Cignets, whilst nor Cocke, nor Henne did feare.
How many view I fairer than *Europa* or the rest.

And Girle-boyes fauouring *Ganimæde*, heere with his Lord a Gueſt.
And *Ganimædes* we are, quoth one, and thou a Prophet trew:
And hidden Skeines from vnderneath their forged garments drew,
Wherewith the Tyrant and his Bawds, with ſafe eſcape, they ſlew:
Of which yong Iriſh Gentlemen and *Methean* Ladies act
The Iſle was filled in a triſe, nor any *Iriſh* ſlackt
To proſecute their freedome and th'amaſed *Norgaines* fall,
Which was performed, and the King of *Meth* extold of all.

THoſe Rouers (whoſe Originals, and others not a fewe,
As *Switzers, Normaines, Lumbardes, Danes*, from *Scandinauia* (grew,
A mighty Iſle, an other world, in *Scythian Pontus* Clyme)
Thus wrackt, left *Ireland* free vnto our ſecond *Henries* time:
When (farre vnlike the *Methes* that earſt their Countrie did reſtore)
An Amorous Queene thereof did cauſe new Conqueſts and vprore:
Dermot the King of *Leyniſter*, whom all beſides did ſpight,
Did loue, belou'd, the Queene of *Meth* to whom he thus did wright.
Thy King, ſweete Queene, the hindrance of our harts-eaſe is away,
And I, in heart at home with thee, at hand in perſon ſtay:
Now is the time (Time is a God) to ſtrike our loue good lucke,
Long ſince I cheapned it, nor is my comming now to hucke:
But, ſince our fire is equall, let vs equally aſſiſt
To finiſh what we fancy, ſay Maligners what they liſt.
No like immortall ſhe-Egge Chucke of *Tyndarus* his wife,
(The wracke of *Dardane* walles) ſhall mooue to vs like coſtly ſtrife:
Thy husband no *Atrides* is, or were it he were ſuch,
The *Idane* ball-Iudge did not more, but I would doo as much:
For why? thy ſelfe, a richer cauſe of warre, art woorthy ſo,
Whom to continue euer frend, I careleſſe am of foe.
My Kingdome ſhall containe thee that containeſt me and it,
Yea, though we be condemned, Loue or armour ſhall vs quit,
Loues lawe at leaſt adiudgeth barres, cleere bookes, to pleade in breefe
Preſcription to obiections how his paſſions be not cheefe,

For none doth liue not passionate of loue, ire, mirth, or greefe.
I waite thee in the neereſt woods, and thether, watching watch,
Doe waite eſcape, of all things els my ſelfe doe care diſpatch:
Let onely Loue (ſweete Loue) perſwade, if more remaine to wowe,
I hope I wiſh not more be done than what you meane to doo.
This read, and red her cheekes, and to his reede alreadie bent,
Not caſting further doubts vnto her Paramour ſhe went,
Conueyed into *Leymſter*. Not many weekes enſewe,
When *Morice* King of *Meth* returnes, and what had hapned knew.
A whirle-winde in a whirle poole rooſt that paire of doues (quoth he)
The ſingle ſtate is double ſweet, at price too deere I ſee.
How wowe we woe? and won, how loth we fowle and doubt we faire?
And onely then lacke women faults when men their faultes forbeare.
The diuell goe with her, ſo that I with credite might forgoe her,
But ſuch doth ſinne with fauour, he is flouted that doth owe her.
I may not put it vp, vnleſſe I put vp many a mocke:
Fowle fall that Harrolde cauſing that my Geitrone is the ſmocke,
He worth, and wronged, and his wrong a common quarrel made,
Aſſiſted by the Iriſh Kings, did *Leymſter* inuade.
King *Dermote*, whom his ſubiects then and long ere then did hate,
Was left defenceleſſe, deſprate of his life, depriu'd his State,
And fled to *England*: wheare the Pope imbulled had of late
England for *Irelands* Conqueſt: So the Exile welcome was,
As apteſt Inſtrument to bring that Stratageme to paſſe.
For but to be reſeated was the Fugitiues requeſt,
And then to tribute part and leaue to Engliſh men the reſt.
King *Henry*, yeat in warre elſe-where, did freely licenſe any
To make aduenture for themſelues: ſo *Dermot* ſped of many:
Earle *Strangbowe*, and the *Geraldines*, *Fitz-Stephans*, *Reymonde*, and
Moe worthy Knights, of *Wales* for moſt, did take the taske in hand,
And to the Crowne of *Englands* vſe made Conqueſt of that Land.
But ſhould you aske how *Dermot* ſped (Father) he ſped too well:
And nothing elſe the Iriſh bookes doo of his Leiman tell:

Alone

Alone obserue what changes heere through onely lust befell,
And note our *England* surfetteth in greater sinnes than it,
The onely cause that I am Earle and Exile heere doo sit.
The County thus concluded, and the Hermite answerd this :]

CHAP. XXVII.

TO lose an Earledome, and to liue an exile what it is
I cannot tell, but not to haue what may be lost were blis.
I will not speake of Coiture, nor of Conception, naither
It fits I should, for neuer made I Grandsier of my Father:
But mine experience at our birth begins it birth, I speake
How than doe we no creature worlds lesse helpefull or more weake.
From birth our Infancy throughout we liue as not aliue,
To others diuersly a care, we senceleese how we thriue.
No sooner we vncradell, be we females be we boyes,
But we affect so many, and (God wot) such fooliish toyes,
And are so apt for dangers, and vnapt to shift the same,
As aptly vanities by terme of childishnes we blame.
Thence grow we to more strength and sence, still senceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue, bettring by correction, nor by wit,
Gamesome, not caring who takes care, nor can we saue or git.
Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men, our daungerous times succeede,
For vanities, erst aymed at, we shortly act in deede,
Wilde roysting, wanton loue, or else vnthriftie shots and game
Doe cuppell, ere we finde our fault, distresse vnto defame.

Perhaps,experience beating vs,doth bid vs lay to thriue,
The firſt degree to which ſay (ſome) is warely to wiue:
But,wiued,if our Sainct become(as not vnlike)a Shroe,
Then is that firſt degree to thrift the third degree in woe.
Or be it ſhe be conſtant,wiſe,well intertayning,faire,
Doe graunt her ſilence,patience,and what vertues els be rare,
Yeat by how much more ſhee deſerues ſo much more we deſire
To pleaſe and profit ſuch an one,for whom on hers we tire
Our ſelues and ſences,yea perchance,labour the moſt we may,
Much labour is too little that ſhould houſhold charge defray.
We,aged,carke to liue and leaue an ouerplus in ſtore:
Perhaps for Spendals: ſo amidſt abundance liue we poore:
Our heires waxe ſickiſhe of our health,too long our heere abod,
Meane while the neerer to our graues the further we from God:
Grippell in workes,teſty in words,lothſome for moſt at length,
And ſuch at foureſcore as at foure for manners,witte,and ſtrength.
Thus Infancie is feeble,and our luſtie youth vnſtayde,
Our manhood carking,and our age more lothed than obayde.
And thus from firſt to laſt our liues be fruiteles and vnqueate:
But you,perhaps,expect I ſhould of nouelties intreate.
I haue no tales of *Robin Hood*,though mal-content was he
In better daies,firſt *Richards* daies,and liu'd in woods as we
A *Tymon* of the world: but not deuoutly was he ſoe,
And therefore praiſe I not the man: But for from him did groe
Words worth the note,a word or twaine of him ere hence we goe,
Thoſe daies begot ſome mal-contents,the Principall of whome
A County was,that with a troope of Yomandry did rome,
Braue Archers and deliuer men,ſince nor before ſo good,
Thoſe tooke from rich to giue the poore,and manned *Robin Hood*.
He fed them well,and lodg'd them ſafe in pleaſant Caues and bowers,
Oft ſaying to his merry men,what iuſter life than ours?
Here vſe we Tallents that abroad the Churles abuſe or hide,

Their

Their Coffers excrements, and yeat for common wants denide.
We might haue ſterued for their ſtore, & they haue dyc'ſt our bones,
Whoſe tongues, driftes, harts, intice, meane, melt, as *Syrens*, Foxes,
Yea eue the beſt that betterd the heard but aloofe our mones. (ſtones,
And redily the Churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne, when their reproofes had proofe as this:
* It was at midnight when a Nonne, in trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellow Nonnes for being ſo defilde:
The Lady Prioreſſe heard a ſtirre, and ſtarting out of bed,
Did taunt the Nouaſſe bitterly, Who, lifting vp her hed,
Sayd, Madame, mend your hood (for why ſo haſtely ſhe roſe,
That on her hed, miſtooke for hood, ſhe donde a Channons hoſe.)
* I did amis, not miſſing friends that wiſht me to amend:
I did amend, but miſſed friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore ſhall finde me true, but I will truſt no frend.
Not one I knewe that wiſht me ill, nor any workt me well,
To loſe, lacke, liue, time, frends, in yncke, an hell, an hell, an hell:
Then happie we (quoth *Robin Hood*) in merry *Sherwood* that dwell.
Thus ſayd the Out-lawe: But no more of him I liſt to tell.
Grammarian-like, in order wordes ſignificant to ſpeake,
Logitian-like, to reaſon *pro* and *contra* am I weake:
Rhetoricall I am not with a fluant tongue to ſter:
Arithmaticke in numbring hath ſubſtracted me from her:
Geometrie her Plattes, Bownes, and proportions paſſe my ſtrayne:
Not *Muſick* with her Concords or her Diſcords breakes my braine:
Nor yeat *Aſtronomie*, whoſe Globes doth Heauen and earth containe:
Let faire *Mnemoſine* her broode their thriſe-three-ſelues explaine.
Expect not here Anatomies of Lands, Seas, Hell, and Skyes,
Such length, bredth, depth, and height I balke: nor would I be ſo wiſe,
Leaſt, knowing all things els, I ſhould not knowe my ſelfe preciſe,
The Skyes containe the fierie Lights, Clowdes moyſture, & the Aire
Windes, Birds & Vapors, men & Beaſts the vpper Earth doth beare,
Her Bowels Wormes and Mettals, Seas to Fiſhes proper are:

Whom this Astrologie,and this Cosmographie mislike,
Beneath the Earth,beyond the Moone,further then farre must seeke.
Signes workings,Planets Iunctures,and the elevated Poale,
With thousand toyes and tearmes wherein our curious Artists roale,
Be strangers to my Cell,yeat loe as sound a minde and heart
As theirs that calculate their times,eate,sleepe,and wake by arte.
What was the world before the world,or God ere he was God,
Why this he did,or doth not that,his bidden,or forbod,
I dare not thinke,or arrogate such Mysteries deuine,
Faith with her Fruites significant suffice these wits of mine,
To loue God,and our neighbour as our selfe is all in fine.
One Law and Gospell was and is,and eithers drift is thus,
To shew vs how the law doth kill,and Gospell quicken vs:
Which Corasiue and Lenatiue of Simples made compound
Do rather cure,he kindly heales that also feeles his wound.
This is my rest: if more I knew I should but know too much,
Or build in my conceited brayne too high aboue my touch,
Or else against the haire in all proove toyous: euen such
As be too many blockish Clerkes and bookish Clownes,extreeme
In all things,saue in honesty,that haue no zeale but seeme.
As for the Court it is,you know,become a skittish Coult,
Of wise men hardlier mannaged than of the glorious doult,
Vice rides on horse backe,vertue doth from out the saddell boult.
Theare all deformities in forme in some one man we see,
More garded than regarded,franke not to continue free,
When as the Marchants booke the Map of all his wealth shalbee.
The Muses bacely begge,or bibbe,or both,and must,for why?
They finde as bad Bestoe as is their Portage beggerly:
Yea now by melancholie walkes and thred-bare coates we gesse
At Clyents and at Poetes: none worke more and profit lesse,
None make to more,vnmade of more,the good of other men,
For those inrich our Gownests,these eternize with their pen:
Yeat,soothly,nodds to Poets now weare largisse,and but loft,

Since

Since for the Noddant they obſerue no pen-note worth the coſt,
For pallace. Hermites liue ſecure obſcure in roufes imboſt.
Some few there be much honored (well woorthie of ſo much,
Once wanting, wealthie, then and now in either fortune ſuch:
But many a bace-ſtoute blood there is more lordly than be Lords,
Who wheare himſelfe once coucht & bowde nor cap or beck affords:
But ſhould we ſinne (God ſhield we ſhould in ſmalleſt ſinnes offend)
What ſmaller ſinne then skoffe ſuch fooles ſo skornefull to no end?
The Souldiers haue nor pay nor pray, but (if I may be bolde)
Themſelues be prayed vpon by ſome that do it vncontroulde:
And whilſt the ſame on ſhore or ſeas be ouer ſet or pine,
Or Cuppes on Cuſhions full ſecure we victorie define:
We caſt what may be done, but keepe the helps meane time away,
And diet thriftily our friends to giue our foes a pray.
The Citizens, like ponned Pikes, the leſſers feed the greate:
The rich for meate ſeeke ſtomackes, & the poore for ſtomacks meate:
And euery wheare no Goſpell is more Goſpelled than this,
To him that hath is giuen, from him that hath not taken is.
Court, Citie, Counttie, Campe, and I at ods, thus euen bee,
I intermeddle not with them, they intercept not mee,
For ſtill I tether thence mine eyes, ſo heere my heart is free.
Beleeue mee, Sir, ſuch is this world, this croſſe-bliſſe world of ours
That Vertue hardly hides her ſelfe in poore and deſart Bowres,
And ſuch be beſt that ſeeme not beſt: Content exceeds a Crowne:
They may be richer, but more ſweete my pennie than their powne:
For wreſt they, cark they, build they, ſport they, get they worlds toge-ther,
At firſt or laſt they die frō al, & paſſe they wot not whether:
Then comes their pelfe in plea, themſelues not prayſed at a feather:
And then (for ſo the Princes of great *Alexander* did,
Greedie of his, they ſtroue and let the dead-man ſtinke vnhid)
Then he that had a Countrie hath, perhaps, a Coffen now:
Perhaps leſſe Coſt, a Sheete and corſe: perhaps, his heires allow
The toombe himſelfe aliue had build, els toombles might he lye,

As, saue for fashion, teareleſſe: And it matters not, for why?
Teſtators and Executors ſo giue and ſo receaue,
As doubtfull whethers ioy or griefe is more to take or leaue:
For, as do hogges their troughes to hounds, ſo theſe giue and get place,
Death, not the Dier, giues bequeſtes, and therefore but Graue-grace.
Nor all die teſtate: if they doe, yet wieles may wills preuent,
Or what by rigor was miſgot, in ryote is miſpent.
Then Churles, why are they Churles vnto themſelues and others too,
The good that commeth of their goods is good themſelues ſhall doo.
But men doe walke in ſhadoes, and diſquiet themſelues in vaine
To gather Riches, ignorant to whom they ſhall remaine.
The world thus brooding Vanities, and I obſeruing it,
Here in the world, not of the world, ſuch as you ſee me ſit.
The Earle did well allow his words, and would haue liu'd his life,
Durſt he haue ſtayd, for whom purſute in euery place was rife:
He reconuenting armes therefore, and taken Priſnor ſo,
Died to his Countries friends a friend, and to her foes a foe.

NOr might that Queene & Kings owne Son eſcape the *Spencers* pride,
But, fearing, fled to *France*, & there as baniſhed abide:
Till thence ſupplanted, ſafetie at *Henaude* they prouide.
Iohn, brother to the Earle, a Knight of Chiualrie the chiefe,
With little, but a luckie band, was ſhipte for their reliefe.
No ſooner had the *Zealand* ſhips conuaide their men aſhore,
But Engliſh Succors daily did increaſe their Standerds more.
Yeat firſt the Queene, Prince *Edward*, and the Nobles humbly craue
Theirs and theirs Countries enemies, but no redreſſe might haue:
And then Sir *Iohn* of *Henaude* ſhewed himſelfe a warrior braue.
The King, his wicked Councellors, his big Vpſtarts, and all
Were ouercome: So *Spencers* both from heauen to hell did fall,
Put to a fowle and ſhamefull death: with others that miſled
The King in Out-rages more great than earſt in *England* bred.

Prolers,

Prolers, Blood-thirſtie, Paraſites, Make-ſhifts, & Bawdes did thriue,
Nor was an ancient Engliſh Peere vnbaniſht or aliue:
Yea forraine and domeſticke Swords, Plague, Famine, and Exile,
Did more than tythe, yea tythe of men within this Ile.
Of Baldricks, Hoodes, Tabrides, and Furres, from Knights diſgraded
Attaintures of Nobility, and Armes reuerſed ſtore, (tore,
So many Spurres hewen off the heeles, and Swords broke ouer head,
Were through a King ſo light and lewd a Councell neuer read.
The King in priſon and depos'd, tyranniſed, he dide
By Trecheries of *Mortimer* that rul'd the Roſte that tide,
Whilſt *Edward*, in Minoritie, his Fathers throne ſupplide.

CHAP. XXVIII.



THIS third of that ſame Name, as yet in Nonage for a time,
Although a King was vnder-kept by ſome that ouer-clime:
Queene mother and proude *Mortimer*, familiar more than ſhould,
Did and vndid more than they might, not leſſe than as they would:
Till *Edward*, better counſelled, hong *Mortimer*, the death
Of many a Peere, who Earle of *March*, and haughtie for his birth,
Was Lord of nine skore dubbed Knights, his other traynes except,
For greater pompe than did his Prince this Lord of *Wigmore* kept.
But more he had beene happie though leſſe hautie in his Halls
More honour in humilitie than ſafetie in walls,
Proud Climers proue not monuments, ſaue onely in their falls.
Then ſenſeleſſe pride of Fooles therefore, whom reuerently we ride,

Should

Should leſſen, at the leaſt becauſe that earth their earth ſhall hide.
The Countrie purg'd of Fleecers, and of Flatterers the Court.
The King became a *Mars* for Armes, a *Iupiter* for Port:
Th' *Olympids*, the *Pythea*, and the proweſſe of the Earth,
Did ſeeme euen now, and not but now, to haue in him the birth:
Eaſt, South, and North, gaue ayme farre off, admiring ſo the Weſt,
As if that *Mars*, diſcarding them, had ſet our Realme his Reſt:
Philip Valois, and *Dauid Bruz* (of power and courage more
Than any *French* or *Scottiſh* Kings ſince or of long before)
Confedrate with three other Kings and Princes farre and neere,
Warre all at once on *Edward*, but did buy their warring deere:
Dauid, rebelled, left his land, but laſtly did returne,
And whilſt our King did warre in *France*, much did he ſpoyle & burne,
And proud of mightie Troopes of men, of vnreſiſted prayes,
And *Edwards* abſence, proſperouſly he on aduantage playes,
Vntill not ſending hence for helpe, the Queene did muſter Knights,
And with the Foe, though tripled twiſe, victoriouſly ſhe fights:
The *Scots* for moſt did periſh, and their King was Priſner taine,
And *Scotland* wholy for a pray to *England* did remaine.
Meane while was *Paris* ſcarcely left, to reſcue *Philips* Goale,
Whom *Edward* ferrits ſo from hold to hold as Fox from hoale,
That Melancholy he deceaſt, and valiant *Iohn* his ſonne
Was crowned King of *France*: and then the wars afreſh begonne.
But after many fieldes, vnto the Foes continuall wracke,
The *French* King captiuated to the Engliſh Monarke, backe
His Victor ſayles, the Prince of *Wales*, *Edward* ſurnamed blacke:
The flower of Chiualrie, the feare of *France*, and ſcourge of *Spaine*,
Wheare *Peter*, diſpoſſeſt of Crowne, was crownde by him againe,
Fower yeres the *French*, eleuen yeres was the *Scotch* king priſners here:
Whoſe, rated ranſomes were as great as bountifull their cheere.

PRince *Edw. Iohn* of *Gaunt* & all their Fathers ſonnes might boaſte
Of famous Sier, and he of ſonnes matchleſſe in any Coaſte:

How-

Howbeit, King and Prince at last, misled by counsell ill,
Through Taxes lost a many hearts that bore them earst good will:
Thence finding *Fortune* contrary to that she was before,
Yeat either dying seaz'd of *French* and *Scottish* Conquests store:
Yea *Callice* late, and *Barwick* yet of their exployts is left,
Though Sonne before the Sier and both of liues long since bereft.
When *Barwick* was besieged, and stood brauely at defence,
Sir *Alexander Seiton*, theare chiefe Captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the Siege till *Scots* should draw the *English* thence
In rescue of *Northumberland*, and therefore sent his sonne
A Pledge of treated Truce, and when the guile-got Truce was done,
And *Barwick* not releeued nor resigned, as it ought,
Two sonnes of *Seiton* were before the walles besieged brought:
They ready for the Iybbet and their Father for his Graue,
(For eyther he must yeeld the Towne or them he might not saue)
In griefe he then his Countries cause and Childrens case reuolues,
But, partiall vnto either, he on neither Choyce resolues,
To be a loyall Subiect and a louing Father too
Behooued him, but both to bee was not in him to doo:
Nature and honour wrought at once, but Nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his Ladie it preuents, to yeeld the Towne he thought.
O what pretend you Sir, quoth she, is *Barwick* woorth no more
Than error of such loue? I ioy that I such Children bore
Whom cruell *Edward* honoureth with such a cause of death,
For that especiall cause for which we all receaue our breath,
Euen for their Countries cause they dye, whose liues for it be dewe.
Why see their faces, (constantly she did their faces viewe)
The same, my *Seiton*, seeme so farre from dreading any woe,
As if they skornde that *Barwick* should redeeme them from the Foe:
Full deere they were to me vnborne, at birth, and borne, and now,
And Mother-like I moane their death, and yet their death allow:
Moe Sonnes and such you may beget, your honour if you staine,
Defected honour neuermore is to be got againe:

Preuent

Preuent not then your selfe, your Sonnes, and me so great a blis:
Adiew, & dye (sweet Sonnes) your soules in heauen shall liue for this.
With such perswasions did she win her husband from the wals,
And *Edward* executes their Sonnes, and to assault he fals
So long that *Barwicke* yeelds at length, and still vs master cals.

THese were the daies when *English* armes had eu'ry where request,
And *Edw.* knights throghout the world had prick & praise for best
Not Knights alone, but Prelates too, & Queenes, whereof were twain,
The *quondam* & *in esse* Queenes, by Armour honour gain,
By Warre the Queene that was did cease her husbands tragicke Rayn,
And by the Queene then being was the *Scotch*-King Prisner rayne:
It followes then, that as the Pawnce doth circle with the Sonne,
So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.
O that our Muse might euermore on such a Subiect ronne:
But *Vulcan* forgeth other Tooles, and sharpneth deadlier swords,
For little els then ciuill warres our following Penne affords.
French Expeditions badly thriue, whereof we cease to speake,
Not forraine, but Domestick warres, grew strong to make vs weake:
Melpomen here might racke her wits, *Sylla* and *Marius* hate,
Pharsalian Fields were gentle Fraies, regarding this debate:
The second *Richard*, sonne vnto the blacke Prince (*Edward* dead)
Was crownde an Infant, and from him the Stratagem was bread.
The bace attempts of *Ball*, of *Straw*, of *Lyster*, tag, and rag,
Of Villains, Of-skoms, Clownes, and knaues that checkmate durst to
With *Richards* self, & to their deaths his chiefest Princes drag, (brag
Till *Walworths* girdle-Armor made the Armes of *London* more,
Because his courage chiefly gaue an end to that vprore,
And what-so-els Occurrants much may interrupt our Vayne,
Digesting *Yorke* & *Lancaster*, acquiring eithers Rayne,
Our Penne shall not endenizen: Now drops it sacred blood
Of Men-Gods, *English* Potentates that in this Faction stood:
Richard begun that ciuill warre, that till the Seauenth from him

Did

Did last, though often fields with blood of Citizens did swim:
Against the Nobles he vphild innoble, and his Peeres
And Commons went alike to wracke, nor God nor man he feares:
In fewe, Ambition, Auarice, and Counsell lewd had wrought
In him a nature worser than into the world he brought,
Whereby, and thus, himselfe and house at length a down-fall cought.

Twixt *Mowbray* D. of *Norffolke*, and the Duke of *Hertford*, sonne
To *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, close Conference of better dayes begun.
The King (sayd *Henry Hertford*) more remisse than doth beseeme,
Leaues *France* to *French*, *Scotland* to *Scots*, and vs to woes extreeme:
His flatterers doe fleece the Crowne and Commons, not a State
Doth or dares counsel, ancient Coats that on the Crowne should wate
Giue aime to bastard Armorie: what resteth then but this?
Plucke downe those grating *Harpies* that seduce our King amis,
If worthles still, set vp a King worthier than he that is.
The other, saying little then, immediately reueales
The secrete, and before the King his Foe-made frend appeales:
Whose Gauntlet raysed by the Duke defendant, at the last
It grew to single Combate, when the King his Warder cast,
And to the Duke of *Norffolke* iudg'd for euermore exile,
And selfe same law Duke *Henry* had, saue for a lesser while:
Thus That did This, but This and That their Iudge did thus begile,
And to his Coffers did escheate a world of wealth, a Pray
Vnto his Parasites, which thriu'd by other mens decay.

Meane while (whose actious life had lawd) did *Iohn* of *Gaunt* decease,
So to the banisht Duke his sonne fiue Cronets did increase.
But, with his kindly aire, the King withheld him all the same,
Till entring, ayded by his friends, he wonne beyond his clame:
For *Richard* was impriſon'd, and by Parlament put downe,
And *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster* elected to the Crowne,
The Lyne *Lancastrian* frollicke, but the house of *Yorke* did frowne.
For to those *Hydra*-kinded warres that after did ensue
Those Families gaue name, though first the Diadem was due

Vnto the house of *Clarence*, till to *Yorke* that interest grew
By marriage, heere omitted: for we onely giue a viewe
How *Yorke* mis-raigning *Lancaster* did enter, then how This
Was dispossest, That repossest, and how their Vnion is

THE SIXT BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIX.

HEnry (the fourth so named) hild the King deposed strate
In *Pomfret* Castell, howbeit in honourable State:
And got an Act, that who so wrought the Prisner to restore,
That *Richards*-selfe, to void their hope, shoulde die the first therefore:
Whose birth-brought Nature, gentle Lord, returning whence it straid,
Now altred him, erst altring it, and *Richard* mildly said.
I must not say I am, and would I might not say I was,
Of great the greatest, lesse they grieue from whom doth little passe:
Nor more it grieues to contrarie the same I haue been, then
To haue deserued not to be vnmaliced of men.
Thus humbled and full penitent liues he, lesse mal-content
Than was the Duke of *Exeter*, his brother, whose intent
Was at a Iusts to haue destroyd King *Henry*, but descryed,

Himselfe,

Himselfe, fower such, and many Knights the death of Traytors dyed:
And by these primer *Yorkests* thus King *Richards* date grew out:
But whether brayned, famisht, or exiled rests a doubt:
For often Vprores did ensue for him, as vndeceast,
Howbeit solemnely inter'd, himselfe, or Signe at least.
Twise by confederate Chiualrie the *Piercies* and their frends
Did fight and fall, for either warre to *Henries* honor ends.
He neuer had but warre, and was victorious euermore,
Aswell at home, as also of his Foes on forraine Shore:
Till lastly Armor ouercame all Enuie, and he liues
Of all beloued, and his death a common sorrow giues.

HOt spur his Sonne, *Henry* the fifth, hung at his Fathers eyes,
To watch his Ghost, & catch his Crowne, & that or ere he dyes:
And where the Father doubted if he got it well or no,
The Sonne did sweare, how so it came, he would it not forgo.
His bad did bliss the Bad, the Good dispaire all good: But neither
Did aime aright, for sodainly his chaunge deceiued either:
Of good becomming best, that was of ill the baddest, and
The true Idea of a King was not but in this Land.
He lead good fortune in a line, and did but warre and winne:
Fraunce was his Conquest: *Scots* but brag and he did beate them in:
A friend vnto weldoings, and an Enemie to sinne.
Yeat of the *Yorkests* neuer lackt he Princes that rebell,
Nor other than confusion to their still coniuring fell.
In fewe, if any *Homer* should of this *Achilles* sing,
As of that *Greeke* and *Myrmidon* the *Macedonian* King
Once noted would I note both Prince and Poet happiest men,
That for deseruing praise, and This for well imployed pen,
For well this Subiect might increase the Worthies vnto ten,
He, aged thirtie sixe, deceast and left his infant Sonne,
His Kingdome, Conquests, and his Queene (whose Fathers Realme he wonne)
To graue protection, Regents, and so royall for the port,

As

As that his Orphants Cradle seem'd an *Alexanders* Court.
Queene *Katherine*, Daughter of the *French*, King *Henries* wife of late,
The fayrest Lady in the West, hild with her sonne Estate:
She oft behild, and hild her peace, a braue Esquire of *Wailes*,
That tyde her fancie to his forme, till fancied forme preuailes.
All liking was reuersed Loue, saue *Owen Tuder*, all
Saue him (that durst not dreame such good) to her was lesse than small:
She formally by quaint degrees, attracting him to fauor,
Did nourish burnings in her selfe, by noting his behauor:
She pitched Tewe, he masshed, She vncompaned, To flie
He bids her solitary moodes, She askes the remedie:
Disclosed pangues sometimes, quoth he, in Phisicke phisicke is:
Which sometimes to obserue, quoth she, doth Patients patience mis:
Cureles to *AEsculapius* and *Apollos* selfe am I,
The latter felt my languor, and, immortall, wisht to die:
And yeat, saue one, no one disease lay hidden to his Art,
For you were booteless then to gesse how to vn-greeue my smart.
Had *Daphne* to *Apollo* beene *Apollo*, *Tuder* said,
His might haue beene, and so may be your Graces humor staid:
He, other Gods and Goddesses, found more contented Loue
Beloe, in diffring bosomes, than in equall beddes aboue:
I aime at Loue (for thereto your *AEnigma* doth incline)
And aime to him a Deity for whom I so deuine.
But gladly doubt I of the Man, for if I doubted not,
I should but massacer my lacke in enuy of his lot:
Yeat are vnwoorthie of the Moone *Endymions* lippes, I wot.
But (for I will disperse the mistes of further Mysteries,
And toogh the Pinnesse of my thoughts to kenning of your Eyes)
If Gentry, Madame, might conuay so great a good to mee,
From auncient King *Cadwallader* I haue my pettigree:
If wealth be said my want, I say your Grace doth want no wealth,
And my suppliment shall be loue, imployed to your health.
It hath beene when as heartie Loue did treate and tie the knot,

Though

Though now, if gold but lacke in graines, the wedding fadgeth not.
The goodly Queene in bashfull signes blusht out a dumbe Replie,
Which he did constur as she meant, and kist her reuerently.
Tuder, quoth she, I greater am than would I were for thee,
But can as little maister Loue as Lessers in degree.
My Father was a King, a King my Husband was, my Brother
He is a King, a King my Sonne, and I thy Soueraignes mother,
Yeat Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sonnes, & all their Stiles together.
Are lesser valewed than to liue beloued of my *Tuder*:
Should *England*, *France*, and thou thy selfe gainesay thy selfe for mine,
Thy selfe, *France*, *England*, nor what els? should barre me to be thine:
Yea, let them take me wilfull, or mistake me wanton, so
My selfe in loue do please my selfe let all the world say no:
Let Pesants marte their marriages, and thriue at peraduenture,
I loue for loue: no gentle heart should fancy by Indenture.
But tell me, *Owen*, am I not more forward then behooues?
I am, sweet-Heart, but blame me not, the same that speaketh loues.
And long may liue, quoth he, to loue, nor longer liue may I,
Than while I loue your Grace, and when I leaue disgraced die.
But Ladie, if I doe deserue, I then desire dispatch:
For many are the iealous Eies that on your beautie watch.
Good hap is like to hit me well, to hit so well is rare,
And rareneſſe doth commence my suite, let sute conclude my care:
Should *Cæsar* kisse (he kissed her) it were but such a kisse,
And he, and I, here, or elsewhere, in other sport or this,
Doe act alike, no bettring but as your belouing is.
You may experience, when you please, what difference in the men,
And if King *Henry* pleased more, blame *Owen Tuder* then.
But am I not (yes, Sweete, I am) more sawsie than behooues?
Yeat for my heart forgiue my tongue, This speaketh, and That loues.
How he impriſon'd did escape, and elſe what elſe-wheare reede:
The Queene and this braue Gentleman did marry, and their Seede

Began that royall Race that did,doth,and may ſtill ſucceed
In happie Empire of our Throne,a famous line in deed.
Once,when this Match was at a point,they merrily diſpoſed,
Did deſcant what from vulgar toongs thereof would be ſuppoſed.
They will beleeue me amorous,or thee ſo wiued as
Vulcan,the Smith of *Lemnos*,that to *Venus* maried was.
The Queene did ſay: And *Tuder* ſaid,I hope of hanſell better,
In *Venus* and in *Vulcans* names more lieth than the letter:.
For he was as I would not be, She as you ſhould be neuer,
Either ſo apt to giue and take as pittie them to ſeuer.
I pray thee,*Owen*, quoth the Queene, how met they,canſt thou tell?
I can he ſaid,and more than ſo,then marke the proceſſe well:
When *Vulcan* was a Batcheler,and *Venus* was vnwed,
Thus wowde he her,thus wonne he her, thus wowde & wonne he ſped.

CHAP. XXX.

Venus, the faireſt Goddeſſe, and as amorous as faire,
Belou'd of *Mars*, and louing *Mars*, made oftentimes repaire
To *Vulcans* forge, as to ſee wrought for *Iupiter* his Fire
And thunders, *Mars* his Armors, and the Sunwaines curious tire,
When they,indeed,of merriments in Loue did theare conſpire,
And laſtly did conclude the Smith a Stale vnto their ſport,
Where in did *Venus* play her part,preuayling in this ſort.
Vulcan(quoth ſhe)no God there is,I thinke, but needeth thee:

For

For Thunders *Ioue*, *Ceres* for Siethes, for Armors *Mars* I see,
Bacchus for prewning Kniues, and *Pan* for Sheep-hookes, *Phœbus* he
For Cart-tiers, *Dis* for shakling chaines, *Neptune* for Ankers, and
No God but lackes thee, sauing I, that aske not at thy hand.
My Swans do draw in silken Geeres, my wheeles be shod with downe,
No hardines is in beauties Coach: But thou, (by birth no Clowne,
But *Ioue* his Son, a God as we) art made a drudge too much,
When, if that *Venus* might be heard, thou shouldest not be such.
How apt are all, in those same toyles that tend to their behoofe,
To let thee beare till backe doth breake? but common is the proofe,
That cunning is not cunning if it standeth not aloofe.

By this had *Vulcan* hammered his heate, and bad to stay
The Bellowes, and he, lymping from the Anfeeld, thus did say:
My busines, *Venus*, is ydoe, now may I tend to play:
What wouldst thou? for I member scarce thy arging by my fay,
Wodst that I leaue the forge, and that I god it with the Gods?
If so thou meanst, thy meaning and my meaning be at ods:
Sweeter my Bellowes blowing and my hammers beating is
To me, then trimmest fidling on the trickest kit ywis,
Aske whatso-else I haue to giue, thous maunde it for a kis.
As if, quoth she, my kisses were so currant vnto all?
No, not at all to *Vulcan*, if his kindnesse be so small.
I aske thy proper ease, then earne thy proper ease, and aske
More than a kisse, at leastwise do thy selfe from *Mars* vntaske.
He is my foe Friend thou not him, nor forge him Armes but let
Him luske at home vnhonored, no good by him we get:
What lets but that we may become Superlatiues? Of vs
All stand in need, we need not them: Then gaue shee him a Bus.

And saist me so, quoth *Vulcan*, and vnto the Trough he hies,
And skowres his coly fists and face, and with his apron dries
Them, badly mended, and vnto the Queene of Dalliance sayes
That *Mars* should lusk at home for him. Then guilefull *Venus* playes

Her part so well, that on her lappe his head the Dotard layes:
And whilst vpon her prest Thies (no Hauen for such Hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight of his vnwealdy bulke,
And whilst she coyes his sooty Cheekes, or curles his sweaty top,
The Grosshead now and then, as hapt, a thred-bare terme lets drop:
Then laughes he like a horse, as who would say, trow, said I well?
But soone his wits were *Non plus*, for his wooing could but spell.
This fitted her, for so before twixt *Mars* and her was ment,
Though not that she so cunningly should *Mars* of armes preuent,
But him to stawle in store, not els employd, was her intent.

Her Lubber now was snorting ripe, and she meane while was glad,
That for to serue her turne else-wheare so good a Staile she had.
What passe I, thinketh *Venus*, on his forme or fashions rude?
For, letting forme and fashion passe, one fashion is pursude
In getting Children: at the least, who so the Childe shall git,
It shall suffice that *Vulcan* is the same shall father it.
Now *Mars* in heauen, *Anchises* and *Adonis* on the earth
May earne for Babes, for *Vulcan* shall be parent at their birth.
Nay, be it that he should espy false carding, what of it.
It shall be thought but ielousie in him, or want of wit:
Him frownes shal threat, or smiles intreat, and few will iudge, I winne,
If it shall come in question, that to Cockhole him were sinne.
Whilst thus she thinketh in her selfe the *Cyclops* did awake,
And, to be short, more doings passe and they a marriage make.
But wonder did the Deities, when bruted was the match,
That he so foule a thick-skinne should so faire a Lady catch,
They flout him to his face, and held it almes to arme his head.
Well, *Venus* shortly bagged, and ere long was *Cupid* bread,
And *Vulcan* (in like heresie of fathering as moe)
Did rack his Art to arme the Lad with wings, with shafts, with bowe,
Most forceable to loue or hate, as lifts him shootes bestow.
When *Vulcans Venus* had obtaind her *Cupid* armed thus,

Then

Then (for we wiſh that all beſides be ſutable to vs)
She,of the Gods and Goddeſſes before the wanton noted,
Was of the Gods and Goddeſſes for wantonneſſe out-coted,
Not one but wexed amorous,yea euen *Diana* Doted.
Loues Mother had direction of his arrowes,and ſhe wilde
Him hit the Son-God,for becauſe he,blabbing,had behild
Her daliance with *Adonis*: ſo that vexed *Phœbus* loues (moues.
Faire *Daphne*, whom nor wooes, nor vowes, nor gifts, nor greatneſſe
Succeſles therefore,and inrag'd,he baſtards *Cupid*,and
(For ſtoutly on their honeſties doe wylie Harlots ſtand)
Venus did chaiſe,and of the Gods their ſtrife came to be skand.
Diſperſing then her goodly haires,ſhe baer'd ſo ſweete a face,
As from the ſterneſt Godhood might extort ſuborned grace:
Faſt at her ſide clung naked *Loue*,a louely boy in deede,
And *Vulcan*,benched with the Gods,his wife did thus proceede,
(For *Phœbus* had already tould his tale with ſence and heede.)
He ſayes,quoth ſhe,for chaſtitie my hauiour was amis,
Which proued or diſproued,then in you to ſentence is.
Ah,liſten whence it is,ye Gods,that *Venus* is abuſed,
Becauſe that *Phœbus* making loue to *Daphne* was refuſed:
If that were wrong,the wrong muſt then by *Phœbe* be excuſed,
Who,reſcuing her Votariſſe,did ſo preuent her brother,
But be it that this Boy of mine,not ſeeing one from other,
Did hit him,for the Sonnes offence ſhould he maligne the mother?
And ſhall I tell the Childes offence? Why thus,forſooth,it was,
He fitted him to ſuch a Loue as did for Beautie pas:
But if he ſay it needles was,becauſe it booted not,
I ſay,that Beautie beggeth if by poſting it be got:
He wooing,like himſelfe,in poſt did kiſſe the poſt,and ſhee,
Too good to be his forced Trull,is now become his Tree.
His ſpeeches too,though ſpoke by one,concernes in credit three.
Mine Husband,and my ſelfe,and Sonne,Gods,and as good as he.

Now woe am I, we seuerally are, as it were, arayned
Of Cuckolrie, of Spouſ-breach, and of Baſtardy, though fayned,
Yeat too too forcible I feare to be forgot of ſome,
For ſlaunder ſet on foote, though falſe, is talkatiuely dome.
Malicious (for thy malice is thy matter all in all
Is it to harlotize, thinkſt thou, a Goddeſſe wrong too ſmall,
But thou muſt forge it from the Earth, euen from the Sheep-cote? Nay
That colour lacketh colour thou thy ſelfe I troe wilt ſay:
Ambitious, fayre, and amorous thou termeſt me, if ſo,
Vnlikely to diſparge my ſelfe or bacely ſtoope ſo loe,
But being ſuch, and knowing thee in very deede the ſame,
Might, leauing petite loues, haue found thy ſelfe my readieſt game,
For *Phœbus* is a Leacher, eis are many tongues to blame.
Better no bad of mine (nor neede I feare that fault in thee)
Thy bad doth paſſe by probate, but a *Quere* is for mee.
Perhaps (ſuch as it is) my forme may forge to his pretence,
Since Beautie is a common marke, apt therefore to offence.
Well, be it Beautie doth atract, atracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted wonne, and wonne to action mou'd,
Yeat from ſuch cauſes ſuch effects what Conſequence hath prou'd?
For *Daphne* was, I wot, full faire, and well can *Phœbus* court,
Yeat *Daphne* chaſtly did withſtand, and *Phœbus* miſt his ſport.
My husband (though by trade a Smith, for birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto *Venus*, though miſlikt of many a one)
May for his plainnes alſo fit my foes inuectiue drifts:
As who would ſay, I wedded him to ſalue vp other ſhifts.
By *Styx* I vowe, although I ſhould exceede my ſelfe for fare,
Yet *Venus* would be *Vulcans*, and he knowes I truely ſware.
He is indeede no Gallant, yeat a God, and meerly free
From imperfections, ſuch at leaſt as pay not marriage fee.
And for his plainnes, to be plaine, the rather chooſe I him,
For ſuch as he liue beſt, loue beſt, and keepe their wiues moſt trim:

When

Wen Royſters either roue at chaunge, be peeuiſh or preciſe,
Faire women therefore matching thus be not, ſay I, vnwiſe:
Iudge not by ſuch preſumptions then, they add but to his lies.
Thus haue you now a Medley of his malice and my mone,
His vice, my vow, and laſtly reſts your ſentence to be knowne.
If *Mercury* ſhould plead my cauſe, he could but ſet me cleare,
Good cauſes neede not curious termes, and equall Iudges heare
The Equity, not Eloquence, and ſo I hope will yee,
And ſo ſhall gratefull *Venus* ſayle vnder your gracious Lee.
So, putting the finger in the Eye, the Deities diſcent,
Some hild with *Phœbus*, ſome with her, Which ſtrife did *Vulcan* ſtent:
My wife, quoth he, more honeſt than her Cuſer is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be buſed by the ſquandring *Pollo* ſo,
She loues me, I durſt ſweare, and ſaue my ſelfe ſhe loues no moe,
And why ſhould you or I beleeue his yea before her noe?
Troth, ſayd the Gods, ſince *Vulcan* is contented we are pleas'd:
And ſo the variance was by him thus wittely appeas'd:
Phœbus his Plainte did quaſh, but ſo he after-times did watch,
As that Sir Hornsbie had by proofe he was a louing Patch,
When *Mars* and *Venus* playing falſe the wier Net did catch.
Now riddle, Madame, if thoſe tongues that make *Synonamies*
Of them and vs proue Oracles, what ſhould thereof ariſe?
That more, quoth ſhe, which you haue ſayd than in the letter lies:
But names infect not, nor receiues your Riddle Propheſie,
If ought fore-ſayd be ominous, ſhould any feare, tis I.
When ſo the Queene had ſayd, then to this more proceeded he,
Vulcan, *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Sol*, and *Daphne* turnd to Tree
Were tennis balles to euery tongue of euery Deitee.
Tuſh Tuſh, quoth *Pan*, gay *Venus* and the gentle youth her ſonne
Are blameles blamed: What think you, would *Phœbus* thē haue don
Had he in loue beene croſt as I? And then he thus begun.

CHAP. XXXI.



THe Goteheards of *Hyrcania* hild their Orgies vnto me,
And there was I, vnſeene of them, the Feſtifall to ſee.
Now had they cenſed, and with glee eate were the hallowed Kids,
When as the fell to Rowndelaies, and I the Rownd amids.
Not *Satires*, or the *Naiades*, were halfe ſo nimble as
This countrey Conſort (for each Lad was ſorted with a Laſſe.)
There was a trickſie Girle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as ſtrait as boult, as freſh as flower in May,
As faire as *Cupids* Mother, or through him it is I erre,
If ſo I erre (for why his ſhaft had fixed me to her.)
Shee daunſing dyed her lilly Cheekes, whil'ſt I for loue did die,
And as vnuiſible I ſtood (what bootes it me to lye)
And drew with breath her ſweet-ſtole breath, ſo acting ſpiritually,
The feaſt was done, and all vndone that I did wiſh to doe:
My Deity adiornde therefore, in humaine forme I wowe.
And firſt (becauſe that firſt they ſhould approch vs Gods) I faine
My ſelfe a Prieſt (for well I wot they ſildome wooe in vaine:)
I made me ſmug, and with a Tex did intermix a toye,
And tould how fine and faire a life our Clergie-Femes inioy,
And how our leiſure fitted Loue. And let it fit (quoth ſhe)
To ſuch as luſt for loue, Sir Clarke, you clergefie not me.
Then came I curious in my ſilkes (But who would thinke that *Pan*
Could play the Courtier?) and did faine my ſelfe a iolly man:

I talkt of Caſtles, Mannors, Parkes, and all things more than mine:
Too courſe (quoth ſhe) am I for you, and you for me too fine.
Then Souldier-like I ſued, and did boaſt of Battels many,
And ſtanding on my Manhood would not be coriu'd of any:
And ſometimes proffered kindneſſe, ſuch as came not to the puſh,
But checked for my boyſtrouſnes was balked with a bluſh.
Then play I maſter Merchant, and did ply her by the booke:
I ſpake of great Accompts, Receites, nor little care I tooke
For rigging and returne of Ships (her lips meane while my Pex.)
Ply Sir (quoth ſhe) your buſie trade, you are beſides the Tex.
I ſeeme a countrie Yeoman, Then a Craftſman, both in vaine,
The former was too lumpiſh, and the latter worſe of twayne:
Doe what I could, I could not doe whereby her loue to gaine.
Then thought I, out of doubt, as I a God fayne Manhood, ſo
This is transform'd *Diana* for ſome practiſe meant beloe.

A yeere was paſt, and I paſt hope through coyiſh chaſt denyall,
And yeat I could not but perſiſt in queſt of further tryall.
I met God *Pryapus* (for he, not *Venus* ſonne, it is
Abuſeth vs, This darteth Loue, That driues to luſt amis)
Seeſt yonder Clowne? quoth *Pryapus* (not far-off was a Loute
With neare a handſome rag, himſelfe leſſe handſome ſoole to ſnout,
Leſſe wel-form'd, or more il-fac'ſt, & like Clenchpoope looke & lim,
Leſſe mannerd, and worſe gated than this *Saturns*-Eeue-made Slim,
God neuer made ſince God made Man, if euer God made him.)
That Lob, quoth he, and yonder Laſſe that this way driues her Gotes
Do marke them, *Pan*, you may obſerue frō them vnthought-of notes.
I knew her for my Minion wench of whom I earſt did tell.
Firſt blend they heards, and forthwith lips, and after billing fell
To other ſport, ſuch ſport ywis as would haue lik't me well.
Muſt I, thought I, giue ayme to ſuch a skrub and ſuch a Saint,
That Skowndrell, and this Counterfeit: confounded ſo I faint.

How cheere you *Pan*, quoth *Pryapus*, the ſhameles God of luſt,
Thus can I fit ſuch friends as you with ſuch a Trull of truſt:

(We were indeed ere then at odds,) So *Priapus* he left me,
When he had brought me to this sight that neere of sense bereft me.
But thus I loathed where I lou'd, and learned, not too late,
That coyest are not chastest, that the gayest Females mate
With Loutes as soone as Lords, that Loue is luckenot shiftles fate,
That cowled, celled, he, or she, whoso, or whereseouer,
Or Votarie, or Secular, scarse one pryaped neuer.
To *Pans* report did *Mercurie* replie and thus recite,
Of *Cupid* and of *Priapus* doth *Pan* distinguish right:
But let be Lust, a word or two of Loue and of his might.

I Entring Gueſt-wiſe on a time the frolicke *Thæbane* Court,
Mine eye preſented to mine heart a Nymph of louely Port:
Her knew I not, nor knew ſhe me, vnknowne therefore vnkiſt
I loyter on the Earth, meane while in Heauen not vnmiſt.
My Senſes held a Synode, and vnacted Acts diſpute,
And nothing els I did affect but to effect my ſute:
For, whenſoeuer Loue proceedes, or whatſoere it be,
Or whoſoeuer loueth, Loue tormenteth in degree.
Mine Eye conuaid it to mine Heart, mine Heart controwld mine Eye,
Yeat Loue retriu'd it ſelfe, I lou'd not knowing whom or why.
Then did I ſeeke, and finde (who am no Milkſop as ye wot)
Acquaintance in the Court, the which the niceſt balked not:
Nor ſmally did my ſhape, my tongue, and tunes (no common geere)
Preferre their Maſter to a place about their Miſtreſſe neere.
When ſhe did ſigh then I did ſob, I laught if ſhe did ſmile,
And by officious Forgeries pretended to begile.
But her, not coy, I found ſo chaſt, as ſaue a kiſſe or twaine,
I nothing got, although in all I vained to her vaine.
From ill therefore I grew to worſe, from worſe to worſe, for why?
Through ouer-louing at the length I loued ielouſly.

My

My Stomacke left me, euery ſenſe had imperfection then,
My colour ceaſt and, ſicke, I forge contrary cauſe to men.
So many Quaines came ore mine heart as newes to eare or eie
Of others commoning in ſport, or courting ſeriouſlie,
No Corſiue to Coriuals, and no death vnto deſpaire:
I did not hope, yeat held I on with coſt to nouriſh care.
Sometime, attyred by the booke, I faind a merrie cheere:
Sometime I drouped, and did weare diſordredly my greere.
But how-ſoere I came to her, I found her ſtill the ſame,
Gameſome enough to intertaine, and yet for me no game:
And though enuiouſly I aym'd at others better ſpeede,
Yeat, too preciſely, did I ſift ſuch doubts were more than neede.
Then rowſing vp my ſelfe, I with my ſelfe did reaſon thus:
No folly were in Loue, if ſo no folly were in vs.
Wheare *Mercurie* is layd a ſleepe may others lay a ſtraw:
The Louer and Beloued are not tyed to one Law:
Becauſe I am the ſame I am ſhould ſhee not therefore bee
The ſame ſhe is: mine is too loue, but hers to diſagree.
Then *Mercurie* be to thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe theſe thoughts begile
With meeter thoughts, thou lingereſt in loſſe too long a while.
Thinke not thy greatneſſe, or thy gifts, or gracious eyes may get her:
A Foole more foule may ſeeme more faire, Loue may thinke bad the (better.
If ſhe determine Chaſtitie, then falls thy ſute to ground:
Or if ſome other be preferd, then better loſt than found:
Likte, or miſliked, to thy Loue ſhould reaſon be the bound.
Or Women loue to be belou'd of chaunge of Clyents, or
Vncertaine wheare to find them, with the Eagle or the Dorr.
Albeit Beautie moones to loue, and Loue doth make thee ſue,
Better at firſt be Non-ſute, than at length not to ſubdue.
Such Reaſons ſeeming plauſible, I fleeting whence I loued,
By abſence and new Exerciſe old Paſſions were remoued.
So did I loue, and ſo I left, ſo many a skorne, and skoffe,

Care,coſt,diſgrace, and loſſe of time were and may be cut off,
And women ſo leſſe ſtand aloofe, when men can ſo be wiſe,
So leſſer ſute hath lucklier ſpeede, than to be too preciſe.
Our owne intemprature doth worke in vs our owne vnreſt,
And Beautie,Loue,and women fault but as fault beeings beſt.

SO helpe me *Iupiter*, (quoth *Mars*)in Loue ſo may I ſpeede,
As *Mercurie* and *Pan* doe erre in poynts of Loue indeede.
Preciſians and plaine Plodders (ſuch is This, and ſo is That)
In Loue doe ſwallow Cammels, whileſt they nicely ſtraine a Gnat.
Why what be Women? Women,geld the latter ſillabell,
Then are they nothing more then Woe,their names remaine doth tel.
Their yea,or no,euen when they ſweare they loue or loue vs not,
Beleeue who liſt,ſoone be they gone,as ſodainly are got.
What needs we creepe the Croſſe to giue vnto a begging Saint?
Tuſh tuſh,a Flye for booke-Loue, none be fortunate that faint.
Not paper,purſſe,or kerchiefe Plea lets Fancie ſooner loaſe
Then at the Shrine to watch the Saint, She is not coy,but cloaſe:
Pollitians know to cheapen, what to offer,when to skoaſe.
The Clowne,no doubt, that potted *Pan* lackt Art to gloſe and flatter,
And yeat nor *Pan* nor *Mercurie* went roundlier to the Matter:
He found right Methode (for theare is a Methode, time,and place,
Which fooles obſeruing, do cõmence ere Wiſemẽ haue their grace.)
Though daſtard Hawkes do ſore aloft and dare not ſeaze vpon,
Or Buſſardſ-like doe ſit aloofe vntill the game be gon,
Kinde killing Hawkes but wag the wing, and worke to ſowſe anon.
Once Loue,ſurreuerence,made my ſelfe vaile Bonnet,So ſubmis
My ceremoniall wooing was,as common wooing is:
With rufull lookes, ſighes, ſweete Pigſnye, and Fooleries more than (few
I courted her,ſo much more ſtout by how much more I ſew:
Till aptly ſingled,as it hapt,I ſay not what did hap,
But loue that late did load my Head, did load her willing Lap.
For this Lad *Loue* of that ſame Loue is guiltie any whit,

For

For why? nine Moones did wexe and waine betweene his birth and it.
Alas, poore Boy, before he was, Loue was a common game,
The first-made Man, the Rib-reft Man in *Eden*, shewd the same:
For when his sudden eyes admir'd the boan-flesht faire Conuart
Deriued from his Side, his tongue, directed by his hart,
Foorth with pronounced Women, but a moment earst vnknoen,
So deare as flesh of his owne flesh, and bone of his owne boen:
Quit them, ye Gods, this Lad, and let your search of Loue alone,
Who will in power be felt of all, in person found of none.
Or rather is not reall, but some Fansie: if not, then
Fantasticall in Women, but essentially in Men.
If Loue be such in Women (But mistake me not, for whie?
I note them but fantasticall in fault of Destinie)
Deferre were then to erre: When all is done that doe we may,
Labor we sorrowing all the night, and sewing all the day,
The female-faultie Custome yeelds lesse merit greatest pay,
And ventrous more then vertuous meanes doth beare the bell away.
But now to *Venus* (worthie such a Pheere, not such a Foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obserueth well slight proofe in yea and noe,
The Court therefore is well aduis'd to Sentence not to groe.
The Gods, that did ere while but ayme at *Vulcans* wiues sonnes Father,
Saw *Venus* blush, and held that aime autentical the rather.
*Ende Gods and Goddesses, quoth *Ioue*, to argue to and fro,
Like good and bad is either Sex: Nay more, behold, than so,
I viewd erewhile the Destenies, and thence I thus did know.
Zimois, when *Troy* must perish, shall send downe her Floods a Fleete,
And world it were our Father ruld when *Create* thought him vnmeete:
But long time hence, & farre Starres thence, that World shall world an
Enuyrond with the Ocean waues, then famous in short while (Ile
Through often Triumphes ouer Foes, and Traffike euery wheare,
Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once a Conquest shall be theare.
*Those Changes notwithstanding they a People shall remaine
Vnchased thence, and of that Streene shall Fiue at length re-raigne.

Dread

Dread, terrene Gods, the Fift of those, a terrene Goddesse, She
Euen at the firie Trigon shall your chiefe Ascendant be:
Right *Phœbe*-like (*Phœbe* may like a Compeere like to her)
Retriue her Name, heere named, to time the tryall we refer.
This sayd, he bids adiorne the Court, and willed *Mercurie*
Thencefoorth not to conuent the Gods for such a Foolerie,
As Loue, the idle Bodies worke, and Surfet of the Eie.
Thus did the Queene and *Tuder* chat: But thought of nothing lesse
Then that from them *Iouæs* noted fiue, fated to such succesſe,
Should spring, as sprong, and part springs yet. But cease we to digresse
And shew we how her Sonne did long and luckleſſe Raigne possesse,

CHAP. XXXII.

IT rests, fifth *Henries* Sonne, that made the *Henries* more by one,
Did in his Infancie possesse his conquering Fathers Throne,
And happely was rulde a Child, & rulde an happie man,
Till with his Parrasites his Peeres and hee with them began
A bloodie quarrell: offering so vnto the *Yorkeſt*, spright
For to reclaime, in bold attempts, their discontinued right.
Richard Plantagenet, the Duke of *Yorke*, by *Warwickes* ayde,
Did get the Goale, not long enioy'd, for he in Armes decayde,
Subdued by King *Henries* Queene, when as by friends and force
He had in Parlament obtaynde in euery clause his corse.
For, mounted theare the Kingly Throne, that Yorkish *Heros* sayd,
Here should I speake, and shall I hope: and so his Claime conuayd

From

From *Clarence* his Progenitor, with reasons such amoung,
As, he Protector of the Realme, King *Henries* heires were wrung
From all Reuersion: hearts and eares did so applaud his toung.
Edward his Sonne, then Earle of *March* (the Duke his Father slaine)
Wonne, by the Earle of *Warwickes* ayde, in double battell Raigne.
King *Henry* fled to *Scotland*, and the Queene and Prince their Sonne,
From *France* sollicet Succors, which vnto their losse they wonne.
Henry was taken, they and their Confederates were subdu'd:
Yeat still the Queene escaped, and she armour still pursu'd.
But, *Warwicke* pleased, all attempts did faile to *Edwards* Foes,
Displeased, *Edward* fayled, and declined *Henry* rose:
He crowned Either, and the same diserowned them againe.
Admyrd of all, belou'd of all, howbeit lastly slaine
By *Edward*, whilst he did vphold vnchauncie *Henries* Raigne.
So *Warwicke* perisht, *Henry* so refalne from kingly state
Was reimprison'd, & his Queene did land her aydes too late:
But, landing, when of *Barnet* field she heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit Knights *Lancanstrians* store did flocke in her defence)
She stoode a second *Niobe*, bereft of speech and sence:
And whilst the Duke of *Somerset*, an ouer-hardie Knight.
Did brauely marshall out her force to ouer-matched fight,
Hers and King *Henries* Sonne, the Prince of *Wales*, a proper Lad,
In comforting his mother did continue her more sad.
Ah Sonne, quoth she, through oft mishaps mishaps I can disgest,
I feare for thee, for thee the hope that to our House doth rest.
Now all are tryed we can trust, if now we faile we fall:
Thy death is in the same request as is thy Fathers thrall,
And (which I would it were the worst) the Foe doth thirst my life,
To end his Triumph in the deaths of Husband, Sonne, and Wife.
Though thy great-Grandsier, Grandsier, & thy Father wonne & wore
The King-ring, which thy Father hild yeares thirtie eight and more,
Though by the cappitall Remotes of *Lancaster* withstood,
Yeat fayle prescription and discents, now lacke they but our blood.

Then learne againſt thou proue a man (ah hardly hope I ſo)
The Line *Lancaſtrian* naturally doth labour of that Foe.
The Queene, concluding thus in teares, did then to Armor goe.
Fierce was the Field, and either part did valiantly offend:
But, *Edward* ouercomming, when the Battell was at end,
The Queene was carried Captiue thence, And *Edwards* men did bring
Her Sonne the Prince (ſole ſonne and heire vnto the captiue King)
Before the Victor, whoſe demaunds receiuing anſwers ſtout,
He thruſts the manly Boy from him, whom *Gloceſter*, about
The King (Churle that he was) did ſtab: (So tragicke was the ſpight
Betwixt thoſe Linages that oft each others ſo requite.)
His death was more than death vnto his Parents, but not long
His Father moned vndiſpatcht alike for death and wrong,
By foreſaid Duke of *Gloceſter*, of whom ſucceeds our ſong.

THus won the *Yorkeſtes* ancient Raigne: ſixe bloodie Fields did (ſeate
Edward the fourth in *Englands* Throne, poſſeſt in much vnqueate.
He wonne his Subiects loue, and loue was debt to his deſarts,
But, as muſt ours, ſo laſtly his vn-bodied Soule departs.
He left his Kingdome to his Sonne, his Sonne to be protected
By *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter*: Who, pietie reiected,
Grew treble-wiſe, tyrannicall, malicious to the blood
Of his deceaſed brothers Queene, And what ſo *Yorkeſt* ſtood
Betwixt the Scepter and himſelfe, aliue, he pricked dead,
A Foe to all *Lancaſtrians*, as the ſame by nature bread.
This common Deaths-man of thoſe Kinnes, and euery Nobles fall,
Whom he but geſt Coriuall or might croſſe him near ſo ſmall,
This ſtoope-Frog *AEſops* Storke, alike tyrannous vnto all,
To giltie, giltleſſe, friend, or foe, was not ſecure one day,
But Either dyes as eithers death might fit him any way.
Yea, euen whilſt his Brother rulde, when all *Lancaſtrians*, and
His Brothers twaine, his Nephewes twaine, & Neeces three did ſtand
Betwixt himſelfe and home, euen then by blood he hunted Raine:

For

For when his owne and ruthles hands King *Henries* heire had slayne,
Then *Henries* selfe (*Henrie* the sixt a giltles King, in bands)
He stabde: his brother *Clarence* dide thorough him, by other hands.
But, now Protector, as doe Wolues the Lambes, protected he,
And fared as if fearing that one wickedder might be.
Queene mother and her kindred hild the Orphant King a while.
Her Kinne hee murthred, and from her he got the King by gile,
Whom (though vncrowned, tituled fift *Edward*) reft his mother,
He made be murthred, with the Duke of *Yorke*, the yonger brother,
When neither *Yorkest* his Allies, and of *Lancastrians* none
Were left to let it, who should let but he might leape the Throne?
He wore in deede the wrested Palme: But yeat, to better bad,
By murder of his wife, he sought new marriage to be had
With that *Elizabeth* that was the Eldest daughter to
Edward the fourth: But all in vaine the King his Neece did wowe,
For *Henrie* Earle of *Richmonds* friends such doings did vndoe.
Which *Henry* and *Elizabeth* by secrete Agents were
Contracted, he of *Lancaster*, and she of *Yorke* the heire:
Of which letigious Famelies heer mapped be the Lines,
Euen till the Heire of these two Heires both Stockes in one combines.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HEenrie (as if by myracle preseru'd by Forraines long
From hence-ment Treasons) did arriue to right his Natiues wrong:
And chiefly to Lord *Stanlie*, and some other Succors as
Did wish and worke for better dayes, the Riuall welcome was,
Now *Richard* heard that *Richmond* was assisted and on shore,

And like vnkenneld *Cerberus* the crooked Tyrant swore,
And all complexions act at once confusedly in him:
He studieth, striketh, threats, intreates, and looketh mildly grim,
Mistrustfully he trusteth, and he dreadingly did dare,
And fortie passions in a trice in him consort and square.
But when, by his conuented force, his foes increased more,
He hastned Battell, finding his Coriuall apt therefore.
When *Richmond* orderly in all had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his Compliees, their chearefull Leader sayde.
Now is the time and place (sweete Friends) and we the Persons be
That must giue *England* breath, or else vnbreath for her must we.
No Tyrannie is fabled, and no Tyrant was indeede
Worse than our Foe, whose workes wil, act my words, if wel he speede:
For ill to ills Superlatiue are easily intist,
But intertaine amendment as the *Gergesites* did Christ.
Be valiant then, he biddeth so that would not be out-bid
For courage, yeat shall honor him, though bace, that better did.
I am right heire *Lancastrian*, he in *Yorkes* destroyed right
Vsurpeth: But, through Either ours, for neither claime I fight,
But for our Countries long-lackt weale, for *Englands peace* I warre:
Wherein he speed vs vnto whom I all Euents refarre.
Meane while had furious *Richard* set his Armies in array,
And then, with lookes euen like himselfe, this or the like did say.
Why, Lads, shall yonder Welchman with his Straglers ouer-match?
Disdaine ye not such Riualles, and deferre yee their dispatch?
Shall *Tuder* from *Plantagenet* the Crowne by craking snatch?
Know *Richards* very thoughts (he toucht the Diademe he wore)
Be mettall of this mettall: Then beleeue I loue it more
Than that for other law than Life to Supersead my Clame,
And lesser must not be his Plea that counter-pleads the same.
The weapons ouer-tooke his words, & blowes they brauely change,
When, like a Lion thirsting blood, did moody *Richard* range,

And

And made large slaughters where he went, till *Richmond* he espied,
Whom singling, after doubtfull Swords, the valerous Tyrant died.

THus ended *Englands* warre and woe, vsurping *Richard* dead,
When *Henry* and *Elizabeth*, vniting titles, wed:
Of which two Heires th'vndoubted Heire of either Line did cum,
The Epilogue vnto these wounds, digested in this sum.
Fourth *Henry* first *Lancastrian* King put second *Richard* downe:
Fourth *Edward* of the House of *Yorke* re-seazd sixt *Henries* Crowne:
Lad-Princes twaine were stabd in Field, of either Linage one:
Foure Kings did perish: Sundry times now-Kings anon were none:
Sixe, three of either faction, held successiuely the Throne:
But from the second *Richard* to seuenth *Henry* we pretend
Eight Kings this Faction to begin, continue, and to end.
The Princes, Earles, Barons, and Knights this quarrell did deuoure
Exceede the tale of Gentry best and basest at this houre:
So plagueth ciuill Warre, & so from Robe to Ragge doth scoure.
Then luckiest of the Planets weare Predominants, say we,
When by this Bed-match either Heire that Bloud-mart did agree:
When Seuenth begot the Eight, and Eight the first and last for like
Our now *Pandora*: nor till her our humbled sailes we strike,
For should we at her Grandsier reare our Colome, yet too poore,
We could not write (as *Hercules* on his) Beyond no more:
For he laket search, our Muse hath Kend an *Ocean* is in store,
Euen matter that importeth worth coparing all before.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXIIII.

NOw let vs freshly (Muse) to *Mars* and *Mercurie* repaer,
At least so farforth as we may without controwlment daer.
Richard the third, *Henry* the Seauenth (last subiects of our pen)
Was slaine, was crownde, with hate, with loue, as worste, as best of men:
So not with *Yorke* and *Lancaster* doth wonted enuie raigne,
Nor can *AEneas* Off-springs now of Orphansie complaine.
But that *Cadwalladers* Fore-doomes in *Tuders* should effect
Was vnexpected, saue that God doth destinies direct.
Els *Owen Tuder* had not wiu'd Fift *Henries* noble Queene:
Nor had they of their bodies Earles *Penbrooke* and *Richmon* seene.
Nor *Margret*, *Sommersets* sole heire, to *Richmon* had beene weade:
Nor they the heire of *Lancaster*, *Henry* the Seuenth, had bread:
Nor he of *Yorkes* Inheritrix, *Elizabeth*, had sped:
Nor they vnited either house all other titles dead.
Yeat, eare this vnion, Either so ariued to their right,
As *Psiches* on an errant sent to Hell by *Venus* spight:
Worse Ferrymen than *Charon*, Floods contagious more than *Styx*,

Worse

Worſe Porters than fowle *Cerberus* were pleaſ'd, paſt, ſtood betwixt.
How therefore Either dangerouſly their Labyrinth did paſſe
Shall not be ouerpaſſed: Thus their ſeuerall fortune was.
Henries the fourth, the fifte, and ſixt ſucceſſiuely did raigne,
Vntill fourth *Edwards* ſword to him did lawfull Empire gaine:
Lancaſtrians droupe, the *Yorkeſts* had their long expected day:
Sixt *Henry* and the Prince his ſonne, by ſtabbes were made away:
The foreſaid *Margaret* (ſole heire of *Somerſet*, earſt wife
Of *Tuder*, Earle of *Richmond*) had by him a Sonne in life,
To whom, from her, the Crowne-right of *Lancaſtrians* did accrewe:
He from his Engliſh foes himſelfe by ſecrete ſtealth withdrewe
To little *Brutaine*, wheare he found the Duke a frend full trewe.
This *Henry*, Earle of *Richmond*, now poore *Lancaſters* Remaine,
Was by fourth *Edward* practis'd home by many a ſubtell traine:
Whome once the gentle Duke (beguilde with promiſes vnment)
Deliuered to the *Engliſh-men*, with whome he homewards went.
Forſaken Ladd (for yet he was a Ladd) what did remaine
But certaine death, ſo to aſſure his foes vncertaine raine:
Which to eſtabliſh many a Prince of his Allies were ſlaine.
But him, eare brought a-boorde, the Duke (aduiſed better) ſtayd,
And him (as if by chaunce eſcapte) to Sanctuarie conuaid.
The Lambe ſo reſcued from the Wolfe, that priuiledged place
Aſſured him till *Edwards* death, and then he hoped grace.
But he that was Protector of his murthered Nephewes than
Vſurped England, and became a Monſture not a man:
Richard the third (omitting all his tyrannies beſide)
To be poſſeſſed of the Earle by many a meſſage tride.
Great wealth was ſent, greater aſſum'de, but nothing might preuaile:
The gratious Duke abhord to ſet his guiltles frend to ſayle:
But furniſhed with money, men, and armor ſhipt him thence
To winne his right: yeat churliſh Seas did lett ſuch kind pretence.
Full hardly *Richmonds* threatned Ship eſcapt our armed Shore,
For *Richard* of the Riuall got intelligence before.

Return'de, the Duke did sicken, and *Landcise* did beare the sway,
And he for Masses great was brib'de Earle *Henry* to betray, (away.
Yeat, through wise Bishop *Murtons* meanes, by stealth he scapte
In trauell then from Brutaine to his Grome himselfe was Grome,
By interchaunged rayment, till to *Angers* they weare come.
The *French* King, pittying his distresse, pretended asked aide,
And secrete platformes for his weale his English friends had laide.
Henry in *France*, at home his Friends bester them, and the Foe
Meane time with hope, with fraud, with feare imployde his witts also.
Now of the Earles conspiracy the totall drift was this:
Elizabeth the daughter of fourth *Edward* vow'd he his,
And she was vow'd to him, if God with victory him blisse:
Our wounded *Englands* healing balme, for thus thereof ensew'de:
The factious Families vnite, the Tyrant was subdew'de,
And thence the surname *Tuder* doth *Plantagenet* include.

AS hardly as her husband did *Elizabeth* escape:
For why? like Stratageme for both did bloody *Richard* shape.
Whilste that her Father liued, now a King, and now exilde,
Her crosses then did happen from such victors as weare milde.
But now the same that murthered her Brothers to be King,
That did with fraud begin and then with bloud conclude ech thing,
That flattred friends to serue his turne, and then destroyde the same,
That was her Vncle, yeat did hate her Mothers very name,
That thought he liued not because his Neeces weare vndead,
Theis now (and blame her not) in her a world of terror bread.
But of vnpriuiledged bloud yet had he store to spill,
Yet sanctuaries weare not forc'te, yet but expecting ill.
Theare ofte the Queene her Mother, Shee, and Sisters would reporte
Their happie and vnhappie daies, the fewer of first sorte.
Happy was I (the olde Queene said) when as a Maide vnweade,
Nor Husbands weale nor Childrens woe mistempered my head.
Yeat I, beloued, loued and so left that free estate,

And

And thought me happyer than before, for louely was my Mate,
John Gray (a ſweet Eſquier for his prowyſſe dubbed Knight)
Was, as behoued, all my ioy: who, ſlaine in factious fight,
Your Father, Daughters, late my Lord and Husband now in earth,
From me had many a ſecret curſe, as motyue of his death:
Lancaſtrian was my husband, and that faction had the wourſte,
So, to releeue my Widdowhood, I kneel'd to whom I curſte.
Edward (for *Henry* was depoes'de, and *Edward* ſeaz'd the Crowne)
(I wot not for what forme of mine) did raiſe me kneeled downe,
And gaue me chearefull words, and tooke me curteouſly aſide,
And playd the ciuell Wanton, and me amorouſly he eide:
His plea was loue, my ſute was Land: I plie him, he plies me:
Too bace to be his Queene, too good his Concubine to be
I did conclude, and on that point a while we diſagree.
But when I was his Queene (ſweete King) not for I was his Queene,
But for himſelfe, and for the loue that paſſed vs betweene,
I held me happieſt vnder heauen: yea, when his aduerſe Line
Diſcrowned him, I had ynough that I was his, he mine.
Then, after fortunes often change, he died, and I ſuruiue
A life exceeding death for griefe and griefes Superlatiue.
My heart, ah Sonnes, my heart (deare Hearts) was dead ere he did die:
Too yong were yee to cenſure of your vncles tyranny.
Then wept ſhee, and her daughters wept: their onely talke alwaies
Was paſſed ioyes, or preſent woes: nor hope they better daies,
But in Earle *Richmonds* good ſucceſſe, that now a power did raiſe.
Too ſoone had *Richard* notice that Earle *Henry* would ariue,
By precontract his eldeſt Neece *Elizabeth* to wiue:
And well he knew in *Yorks* deſcent ſhe was immediate heire,
And *Henry* like in *Lancaſter*, a Match for him to feare.
Which to preuent he flattered his Neeces from their mother:
Who, fearefull Ladies, did expect like deaths as had their brother.
And as they feare did he effect, which for the troubles then
Was vneffected: now behou'd to winne him loue of men:

Yeat casts he how he might conuay to him his Neeces right,
Soone compassing his Wifes dispatch, whose life stood in his light.
Then plyes he his amazed Neece to his incestious bead,
Of her abhor'd, Shee in conceite by faith fore-plighted spead.
This marrage motion gawles her more than any former greefe:
Her selfe, Friends, Realme, Conspiracie, & all it toucht in breefe,
And therefore death, late feared, now she fantaseth in cheefe.
Meane while did *Henry* land, incampe, fight, and subdewe his Foe,
And, marrying her, long ciuill warres in *England* ended so.

CHAP. XXXV.

SEauenth *Henries* forraine busenes had succesfull honor: heere
Three schol'd *Dædaluen-Icarists* (whose mounting cost them deere)
Did interrupt the peace. The first a Priests bace Puple: he
By his Complottors was pretenst'e Duke *Clarence* sonne to be.
A many of our natiue Peeres, some forraine Princes too,
Submissiuely behight him aide in all that they might doo.
The Lad was lofty, for himselfe he harrollized well,
At full he could his lessons, and a formale lie would tell.
For him was fought a bloody field, the Victory the Kinges:
Lambert the forged *Yorkest*, and the Priest (that fram'd his winges)
Weare taken: For minority the *Icarus* was quit,
The *Dædalus*, for cleargie rites, was but intowr'd for it. (Queene
This scapte the Priest. The mother Queene to her that now was
Found harder sentence for a crime more venale, as I weene.

Shee

Shee that did forward *Henry* with her friends, her purſe, her wit,
That had conſpir'd, conceil'd, concur'd, for him the Crowne to git,
And had him now her ſonne in law, vnchanncy Queene, fore-went
Her whole reuenewes, and her age as if in durance ſpent:
Becauſe againſt her heart, good Soule (for bootles to withſtand)
She yeelded all her daughters to the late Vſurpers hand,
Whereby the Vnion might haue quaild, and for it might, ſhe muſt
Indure ſuch law, ſtrict law to her of malice not vniuſt.

THan good old Queene *Elizabeth* our next young *Phaeton*
Had gentlier Iudgement: He till then frō Realme to Realme had gone,
And now in *Ireland* (hoping no ſuch honor) was at *Corke*
Saluted by ſome Rebels theare for *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*,
Fourth *Edwards* ſecond ſon. Thoſe Stiles to him were ſtrange, but thay
Did feofe them on the bace-borne *Muffe*, and him as King obay.
The *Yorkeſh*: Faction (though they knew the error) let not ſlip
Occaſion, that they now might haue *Lancaſtrians* on the hip:
Margret, fourth *Edwards* ſiſters heart for ioy hereof did skip.
Shee had him ſoone to *Burgone*, and informes him euery thing
That might concerne *Yorks* pettegree, or apted for a King:
Maliciouſly repining ſtill at *Lancaſters* ſucceſſe,
And often would thus or thus-like, her heart with tongue expreſſe.
God hath forgot our houſe of *Yorke*, nay *Yorke* it ſelfe forgot:
To my late Brother *Richards* ſoule cleaue euermore this blot.
He made away our friends to make a way vnto our Foe,
To *Lancaſter*, proud *Lancaſter*, I, thence theſe teares doe floe.
Had he ſtock't vp that hated ſtocke, had he rac'ſt out that Race,
Python had ceaſt, and he had beene *Apollo* in that cace.
That *Henry* was *Lancaſtrian*, and that *Henry* was aliue,
And where he liu'd, and that he ſhould not liue, if we would thriue,
He knew ywis: yeat knew he not his death how to contriue.
The Duke of *Brutaine* is no God, then how the diuell y'ſte
That both my brothers, laboring him, of whom they labord myſte?

Their

Their *Sinons* weare too ſimple, and their bribes but petite geere:
Whē, had they bought him with their ſouls, they had not bought him
The heire of *Lancaſter* (fie how it loathes to ſound that name) (deere.
Enioyes the Crowne: nay worſe, enioyes to wife a *Yorkeſh* Dame:
Worſer, the name *Plantagenet* is buryed in the ſame:
And, worſt of all, their Title ſuch as law bids vs diſclame.
Who would haue lookt ſuch change to chaunce? oh how I feed like
As *AEtas* daughter, *AEſons* houſe with tragedies to fill? (will,
Who can endure to ſee their friends decline, their Foes aſcend?
I ſee it, and for ſeeing ſo doe wiſh my life had end.

When that her darling had his looer ſhe left him to his wings:
Who ſtead not to worſe company or at leſſe game than Kings.
He lighteth in the *French Kings* Court, wheare (honord as the ſame
From whom he falſely would contriue a Crowne by forged name)
He had Supplies, and *Engliſh* ayds, and *Iriſh* troupes alſo,
With which he lands in England: where King *Henry* met the Foe.
On either part the Battell was right bloodie, but at length
The King ſubdues, and *Perken* ſtead the land, diſpoyld of ſtrength.
Then, as the *French*, the *Scotch* King did repute of him: whereby
He wyu'd a Lady paſſing fayre and of the Kings Allie,
The Earle of *Huntlies* daughter, of the ſcotch-blood-royall bread.
Shee both before, and after that her low-pris'd Mate was dead,
When well ſhe knew his parentage, and felt his ebbed ſtate,
In onely ſorrow did abound, in loue no whit abate:
Howbeit in the *Engliſh* Court prefer'd to high eſtate.

Theare (for ſhe was of comely parts and vncompeered face)
Shee, often bruely courted, yeelds no Courtier labor'd grace.
To one among'ſt the reſt, that moſt admired her anſwers chaſte,
She ſayd, beſides the ſinne and that I ſo might liue diſgrae'ſte,
A Preſedent of wrong and woe did make me long ſince vow
Chaſtly to liue the Loue of him whom Fates ſhould me allow.
I knew, quoth ſhe, a Knight (a Knight he was in each reſpect)
I knew a Ladie (fayre ſhe was but fouly to be chect)

They

They loued long (if that to loue and leaue may loue be sayd)
Till lastly she conceiued loue wheare loue should be denayd.
Then he(whose Sowles-Soule goddiz'd her) perceiuing her vntruth,
Became vnlike himselfe,and mou'd,saue her,each one to ruth.
At last he runs distraught about,and what his moods conceited
He did: confusedly he wept,askt,answered,and intreated:
Ah many a time (for though his words lackt methode, yeat they moo-
He had these speeches,arguments how earnestly he loued. (ued)

CHAP. XXXVI.

MY Mistresse is a Paragon, the fayrest Fayre aliue:
Atrides and *AEacides* for faire lesse faire did striue:
Her colour fresh as damaske Rose, her breath as Violet,
Her bodie white as Iuorie, as smooth as polisht Iet,
As soft as Downe, & were she downe, *Ioue* might come downe & kisse
A Loue,so fresh,so sweet,so white,so smooth,so soft as this.
The *Cleonæan* Lions spoyles for her I would redresse:
I would the *Lernan Hydras* heads with sword and fire suppresse.
My force the *Erymantheon* Bore should brauely ouer-match:
The swift-foote golden-horned Stag I,running,would ore-catch:
My bow the Birds of *Stymphalus* from wastfull prayes should chace:
Of her proud Baldricke would I spoyle the *Amazon* at *Thrace*:
Augeas washed Stables should my seauenth Labour end:
I with the Bull of *Calidon*,victorious,would contend:
On horse-deuoured *Diomede* like honour should be wonne:

The

The *Spaniſh* Robber *Geron* ſhould by me to death be done:
In ſpight of Spight in *Heſpera* I golden fruit would pull:
Three-headed *Cerberus* in chaynes ſhould make the Iury full:
Beaſt, Snake, Bore, Stag, Birds, Bealt, Plankes, Bull, Theefe, Fruit, Dog, *Diomead*,
Chokt, ſeat'd, paunch'd, cought, pearſt, priz'd, waſht, thrown, ſlaine, puld, chaned, horſ-head,
Were labours leſſe than I would act, might I of her be ſpead.
Dull mal-contented *Saturne* rulde the houre when I was borne:
Had *Iupiter* then ſtarr'd I had not liued now forlorne:
Or *Mars* had ſteel'd my milky heart with manlier moodes than thees:
Or *Mercurie* had apted me to plead for Louers fees:
Or *Sol* infuſed ſenſe to ſearch what better me behou'd:
Or *Venus* made me louely, ſo for loue to be belou'd:
Or *Luna* (oppoſite to Loue) had bettered the beſt:
Ah, could ſeauen Planets and twelue Signes conſtell one ſuch vnreſt?
Then lou'd that Sier of Gods when he had vow'd his childrens death:
That Sonne of his made wanton ſcapes with Laſſes on the earth:
Dirus, aske *Vulcan* and his Arte if thou didſt loue or noe:
And *Hermes* that he *Herſe* lou'd will not diſclaime I troe:
Nor weart thou *Phœbus* chaſte, although thou wor'ſt a willow withe:
Thou, *Citherea*, hadſt a leaſh of Loues beſides the Smith:
Endimion gaynſt *Diana* could vouch farther than the eye:
Thus lou'd ye all, ye churliſh Starres, yeat let ye Louers dye.
This ſaid he, and for this he ſaid, I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that whoſo once were mine I would be onely his.
Why? theſe his words did ſauor wit, not one diſtraught (quoth he:)
Nay heare the reſt of his vnreſt, it followeth thus (quoth ſhe.)
Oft would he kiſſe a ſenceles Tree and ſay, ſweet Miſtreſſe mine,
I was, I am, and will be ſtill the ſame and euer thine:
Beleeue me, or if ſo you doubt, Anatomize my braine,
And ore my Senſes ſee your ſelfe the Soufrenteſſe to raigne:
Beleeue me, or if ſo you doubt, rip out my heart, and ſee
Your ſelfe in it, in it you are, and euermore will bee:
Beleeue me, or if ſo you doubt, commannd I forthwith dye,

And see your selfe the onely heauen whereto my soule doth flye:
If such I seeme and be not such, let nought betide me well:
If such I seeme and be not such, I wish no heauen but hell:
If such I seeme and be not such, your Fauours let me mis.
With that he blest himselfe and sayd, ah, what a wish was this?
Then steps he to some other Tree, and, as vnto a frend,
Bewayles himselfe, with long discourse of loue, to little end:
And (as it were a mysterie) thus many a time would tell
Of one *Erickmon*, as might seeme, with him acquainted well.
Who would (quoth he) haue thought that he had doted on a Lasse?
Who rather would haue thought the Girle so gilefull as she was?
Once brau'd he it and often found with silken Wenches grace,
Yeat (and I wonder) faults he not, though hauing time and place:
He neuer hild but gracious thoughts of women, yeat, I winne,
The fayrest She he euer saw might quit his thoughts of sinne.
When of the Court and Citie both he could sufficient say,
From eithers busie Vanities he getteth him away:
Amongst the woods his happiest dayes by-come or to be past
He found, had not *Gynettas* face intrapped him at last.
Nor Court nor Citie had she seene, yeat eithers prayse she had:
So much more worth by howe much lesse she was vn-nicely clad.
At sixteene yeares such was she as at Twentie, and at both
Well worth the louing, for her loore, her face, and comely groth.
Thence, waxing amorous, he checkt his eyes that checkt him so,
Which checks as oft were countercheckt by Loue his mightier Foe.
He loath'd to liue that liu'd to loue, and lou'd to losse, for why?
He scorn'd that wontlesse passion, or an amorous Foole to dye.
Full often therefore would he balke her sight that pleas'd him most,
And, if perceau'd to be in loue, false freedome would he bost.
But all for nought, not absence or sweete exercise of wit,
Or ought besides might put aside Loues ouer-mastring fit.
Thus pyned ere he pleadeth loue (yeat pleasing her so well,
As none had fitter time and place his hearts vnrest to tell)

At length he flatly sayes he loues: when(words to sweet for trew)
Her answere was she liked him,and so attonement grew.
Then vncontroulled kisses and imbracings(often mixt (twixt
With lesse then loue too grosse, though more than should be such be-
Were currant: And if euer man did fish before the net,
If euer man might credit her did hy her credit set,
If euer man for heartie loue deserued honest meede,
Erickmon might beleeue himselfe to be belou'd indeede.
More arguments of earnest loue gaue neuer Mayde than she,
Lesse cause to falsifie that loue gaue neuer Man than he.
Howbeit,on aduantage play'd *Gynetta* all this while,
And by externall smoothnes did obscure internall guile.
Thus whilst he hopt he hild her least,so altereth the cace
With such as she,Ah such it is to build on such a face.
This sayd he,and for this he sayd,I for the ruth of this
Did vowe that who so once were mine I would be onely his.
Why?this concern'd not him,nor shewd a mā distraught,(quoth he.(
Nay heare the rest of his vnrest,it followeth thus(quoth shee.)
Then(sheading teares)he to the Tree so spoken to would say,
Was not *Gynetta* false that did *Erickmon* so betray?
But hath my Mistresse cause to change? what cause,thinke you,should
I fram'd me hers,she fayn'd her mine,my loue is euer loue. (moue
May ꝑ faire face proue one foule botch,those shining eies proue bleard
That sweete breath stench,like proofe to all that faire or sweete appeard
In her that wrongs her true-loue: let her loathed euer lust,
Begge may she,and,vnpittied,pine,rot,perish on the dust,
And,dead,be damned,that vnto her true-loue is vniust.
Yee men say all Amen,or if amend your selues ye must,
Curse not(this Mad-man sayd)but sweare that women be vntrew,
Their loue is but a Mummerie,or as an Aprils dew,
Got with a toy,gon with a toy,gifts, flattrie,gawdes,or wine
Will make her checke & flie to game lesse faire, perhaps,than thine,
More amorous than men,and men conuay their loue lesse fine.

If

If such they are (as such they are) and will be whilst they be,
Why am I then so true of loue? becáuse not borne a she.
How shall I do? my Heart is lost, and I am left in woe:
Met any man a poore tame Heart? the Heart, good Folke, I owe:
Strucken, maimed, all of gore, and drouping doth it goe.
A Lasse once fauour'd, or at least did seeme to fauour it,
And fosterd vp my frollicke Heart with many a pleasing bit:
She lodg'd him neere her Bower, whence he loued not to gad,
But waxed cranke, for why? no Heart a sweeter Layer had.
But whether that some other Deere estranged her, or not,
Or that of course her game is Change, my Heart lackt brouse I wot.
Despysd, displeasde, and quite disgrac'd, my Heart euen to this day
Dislodged, wandring, woe-begon, I wot not wheare doth stray.
But see, ah see, I see how *Loue* casts off *Desire* his Hound,
A fell fleet Dogge, that hunts my Heart by parsee each-wheare found.
Sweet *Cynthea* rate the eger Curre, and so thy foe preuent,
For, loe, a farre my chased Heart imboste and almost spent.
Thankes, gentle Goddesse, now the Lad pursues a bootles chace:
My Heart recouers Couert wheare the Hound cannot hold pace.
Now tappas closely, silly Heart, vnrowse not and so liue:
The Huntsmans-selfe is blinde, the Hound at Losse doth ouer-giue.
But list, alas, *Loues* Beagles be vncoupeld, *Beautie* praites,
And driues my Heart from out the thicks, and at Receit awaites
Vaine-hope, and either now falls in, and now my Heart must dye,
Now haue they him at Bay, and now, in vayne, he fights to flye.
Auaunt *Desire*, ha Curre, auaunt, the Bore so rase thy hyde:
Vnto the fall of my poore Heart see see how *Loue* doth ryde:
Hearke how he blowes his death: ah see, he now the Say doth take
Of my poore Heart, that neuer more for *Loue* shall pastime make.
Thus liu'd he till he left his life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be only his.
Yeat (sayd her Sutor) she escapt vnpunisht, as may seeme.
Not so, quoth she, a Conscience prickt is deeply plagu'd I deeme.

Then *Scotland* warr'd on *England*, and in that same warre did end
The Knight that had coryued, so the Ladie lost each frend.
Oft saw I her in teares, and oft I heard her to complayne
For faith erst lost, for losse now found, deuiding sighes in twayne.
There be that say (if truely sayd) vn-bodied Soules haue walk't,
And of the Ghosts of these two Knights the like abroad was talkt.
Her eares had this and shee the heart that dared not her eyes,
For thether whence the brute did grow she (feareles faultie) hies.
Her Followers stood aloofe when she, alone approching, sayd:
Beloued both, what boods his fight? (they seem'd as if they frayd)
Ah, pardon me (sweet First-belou'd) my guile I graunt was great,
So is my griefe: My latter Loue, refraine, let me intreate.
But whilst she spoke of deadly wounds they both did seeme to fall,
And after vanisht, leauing her perplext in feare not small.
Who thenceforth fared as the Knight that died for her distraught,
Stil haunted of the Ghosts, & haunts ỹ place where they had faught,
Vntill of her despayring life her selfe the Period wraught.
Thus liu'd she till she left her life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be onely his.
Tush, this was but a Phantasie, quoth he, of subtill Feends,
Deluding her simplicitie in figure of her frends:
I heare not that they said or did aught taching her vntruth.
But foolish was her feare, the like I censure of your ruth.
And shall I tell what they did tell, and say what they did doe?
I will, for so, perhaps, you will surcease (quoth she) to wowe.
The Ghost resembling him to whom she had disloyall bin
Sayd: I, and This, and thou be thus and shalbe doom'd for sin:
For dotage in my loue, for his deceitfull lust, we twaine
Of fresh-sore wounds do hourely faint, hurt, heale, heale, hurt againe:
Nor can I vtter halfe we see, and feare, and suffer still
Of endles Torments: onely thou art Auctresse of such ill.
Who loue, belou'd, beleeue no life but wheare their loue doth liue,
To fault is then their murdrous fact that first defect doth giue:

He

He had not faulted or I falne hadſt thou hild faith to mee:
Ah little feele we in regard of Plagues prepar'd for thee.
Thus ſaid he, and, for thus he ſaid, I for the ruth of this,
Did vow that who ſo once were mine I would be onely his.
Well, Madame (quoth the Gentleman) be this ſo, or a ſhift,
I ſee to fruſtrate my demaund is honeſtly your drift:
Then ſo, or not ſo, or what ſo you ſhall inferre of this
It matters not, *Perkin* is yours, and be you onely his.
For, ſooth to ſay, weare all ſaid falſe, it were indeed a hell
To haue a Loues-Coryuall, and as none could brooke it well,
So none ſhould aske, and none ſhould yeeld to alter loue begone
Therefore, ſweete Lady, I conclude ſuch ill is well vndone.
Mine amorous ſute hath here an end: and would you might preuaile
With *Perken* too, that proudly ſtriues to beare too high a ſaile.
So may you, if perhaps you haue for him ſo apt a taile
As this you told to me for me, although as hardly trew
As this which I ſhall tell, that doth include a morall view
Of matter woorth the note for him, the rather tould by you:
Then heare it, for our leiſure and the order of my Q.

CHAP. XXXVII.

SVppoſe (for ſo muſt be ſuppos'd) that Birdes and Beaſtes did ſpeake:
The Cuckooe ſometimes lou'd the Owle, and ſo with her did breake,
Then flew the Owle by day, ſo did the Cuckooe all the yeere,
So did the Swallow and the Batte: but howe it hapned heare.

The Cuckooe by the Swallow(then the Swallow was his Page)
Did ſend the Owle a ſucking Mouſe,a tydie for the age:
The Bat(the Bat then ſeru'd the Owle)preferd the Bringer and
The Preſent to her Miſtres ſight,that in her Todd did ſtand.
My maiſter to your Owleſhip,quoth the ſwallow,ſends by me
This Modicum,deſiring you to take the ſame in gree.
The Owle,that neuer till that day had taſted fleſh of Mouſe,
Had quickly lopte a Limbe or two,and feaſteth in her houſe
The Swallow with a curſee of her then diſgorged wheat:
When,talking of the daintie fleſh,and elſwhat,as they eate,
The Bat(then waiting at the boorde)fetcht ſiges a two or three:
The Owle did aske the cauſe. And doe you aske the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why thus I ſigh when thus in ſight my kindred murthred be?
My ſelfe was ſometimes ſuch, and ſuch am ſtill,ſaue now I fly:
With that ſhe freſhly wept: and thus proceeded by and by.

A fteſh,quoth ſhe,now comes to minde mine Aunceſtors ill hap,
Whō pride made praies to Keſtrels,Kites,Cats,Weaſels,Baē,& trap:
My Grandſier (for wheare Nature failes in ſtrength ſhe adds in wit)
Was full of Science: But,inſooth,he miſapplied it.
The Weaſell,Prince of Vermen(though beſides a vertuous Beaſt)
By ſhrewdnes of my Grandſiers wit his Holes with hoords increaſte,
And ſeem'd to conn him thankes,whō none beſides had cauſe to thank
For Princes Fauours often make the fauored too cranke.
Not only Mice,but Lobſters,Cats,and noble Vermen paide
In comming *Coram Nobis* for ſome crime againſt them laide.
But,God,it is a world to ſee,when purpoſes be ſped,
How Princes,hauing fatted Such,are with their fatnes fed:
The Weaſel ſeru'd my Grandſier ſo,and euery Vermen laught
To ſee himſelfe in Snare that had in Snares ſo many caught.
Now alſo liue ſome wylie Beaſts,and fatly do they feede
Mongſt Beaſts of chace & birds of game,with leſſe then needfull heed.
My Graundſier dead,my Father was in fauour nertheleſſe,
Nor did his Father more than he for high Promotion preſſe:

And (though I say it) long time he deserued fauors well,
For quayling Foe men, and at home such Vermen as rebell:
And for the same the Weasell did him mightily preferre:
But Honors made him haughtie, and his haughtines to erre.
I will be plaine, he waxt too prowd, and plotted higher drifts
Than fitted him, or fadged well, for who haue thriu'd by shifts?
Nor will I say (because his sonne) he wrong'd the Weasell, but
The Weasell died, and that that did succeede to shifts he put.
For which his Fathers Fortune did oretake him at the last:
Such fickelnesse in earthly pompe, which, flowing ebs as fast.
This double warning might haue iekt vnto my wit, but I
Did follow Kinde: Nay, more, I did importune *Dis* to fly,
And he did giue me these blacke wings, resembling him that gaue thē,
A proper Gift, and hardly got, to shame me now I haue them.
But know yee *Dis*? some *Pluto* him or *Limbos* God doe call,
Or, aptlier said, in Hell of diuels the Chiefe and Principall:
And somwhat now of him and how I changed say I shall.

I hapned on a Cranny, whilst my Mouse-daies lasted, which
I entring, wandred crooked Nookes and pathes as darke as pitch:
Theare, hauing lost my selfe, I sought the open aire in vaine,
Both wanting foode, & light, and life well neere through trauels paine.
The Moole by chaunce did crosse my way, and (as ye know) her smell
Supplies her want of sight and serues her purpose full as well:
I heard a tracting sound, and, skar'd, my haire did stand vpright,
Nor could I see, or fly, but feare and blesse me from a Spright:
She had me, hild me, questions of my being theare the cause,
And in meane while peruseth me with fauourable clawes.
I was about to plead for life, when she preuents me thus:
Ha, Cosen Mouse, what Fortune giues this meeting heere to vs?
Feare not my Sonne (I call thee Sonne because I loue thee much)
Doe hold thy selfe as merry heere as in a Pantlers hutch.
What know'st not me? or see'st thou not? with that she leadeth me

Into an higher roome, wheare her to be mine Eame I see.
I did my dutie, and my heart was lightned when mine eie
Encountered a friend whereas I made account to die.
Before me sets Shee Viands, and my stomacke seru'd me well:
And, hauing fed, my Grandsiers and my Fathers ends I tell,
(For she enquires for them, ere I acquaint her what befell.)
The reuerent Moole, then sighing, saide: ah, let no vermine thinke
That Fortune euer fauors, or that friends will neuer shrinke:
I did fore-smell their loftie flight would cost them once a fall,
And therefore, Cosen, see thou be forewarned therewithall.
Heere seest thou me (I tell thee, though I prise not Gentry now,
Thine Eame and of the elder house) that long agoe did vow
My selfe a Recluse from the world, and, celled vnder ground,
Least that the gould, the precious stones and pleasures here be found
Might happen to corrupt my minde, for blindnes did I pray,
And so contemplatiuely heere I with contentment stay.
Admitte the Weasell graceth thee, the more he doth the more
The other Vermen will maligne, and enuy thee therefore:
Himselfe, perhaps, will listen to thy ruine for thy store:
Or thou thy selfe, to mount thy selfe, maiest runne thy selfe a shore.
That Vermen that hath reason, and his owne defects espies,
Doth seeme to haue a soule, at least doth thriue by such surmies;
For what is it but reason that humaine from brutish tries?
But man, or beast, neither hath troth that this for true denies,
He hath enough that hath wherewith pure Nature to suffies:
In ouerplus an ouercharge for soule and body lies,
For Souldiors, Lawyers, Carrions, Theeues, or Casualties a Prize,
His comber-minde that liues with it and leaues it when he dies,
From whom to catch it scarce his heire staies closing of his eies:
O wretched wealth, which who so wants no Fortune him enuies.
Here maiest thou feast thee with a Mad, & here no Pickethanke pries.
Into thy life, nor words well spoke to ill vnmeant applies:

No Flatterer to vndermind: no tongue no eare for lies:
No gleaning from the Orphant: no oppreſſed widowes cries:
No bribes to giue, no hands to take: no quarrelling for flies:
No wrongs to right: no lawes to breake, becauſe no law that ties,
But what we luſt we doe, nor doe nor luſt badd enterprize,
And finde leſſe want in Nature, than wits-want in Arts diſguize:
Nor any heere in force, in friends, fraud, wealth, or wit affies:
O doe thou not ſo rich, ſo ſafe, and iuſt a life deſpies:
Theare lacketh not of noble Births to ſtar the courtly skies:
Nor want we Pollititians, thou maieſt for thy Soule be wiſe:
Then leaue thou matters of eſtate to States, I thee aduiſe:
And rather ſit thou ſafely ſtill, than for a fall to riſe.

Not for ſhee was my Elder or mine Eame, but for the place
I hild my peace, that would haue ſayd her Mooliſhips minde was bace.
But ſhe perceiues me to diſſent, and ſaieth, Coſen Mouſe,
Doe as you like, you ſhall not finde a priſon of my houſe:
Stay while you will, goe when you will, come and returne at pleaſure,
And euer welcome: Vertue is an vncompelled Treaſure. (theare,
This paſt, and thence paſſe we through deepe darke waies, ſaue here &
The vaines of gould and pretious ſtones made light in darke appeare:
Vaſte Vaults as large as Iles we paſſe, great Riuers theare did flow,
Huge wormes & Mõſters theare I ſaw, which none on earth do know.
On goe we, till I ſaw a glimps, and ſhe heard noiſe of flame,
Then ſaid ſhee praiers, bidding me to bleſſe me from the ſame.
I, muſing, frain'd her meaning: She her meaning thus did tell.
That flaming Region, euer ſuch (quoth ſhe) is *Plutos* Hel:
All gould, all mettals, wealth, and pompe that nourith Mortals pride
Are hence and his, and hether they doe theare miſ-Guiders gide:
He them inchaunteth, and the ſame inchaunt the folke on Earth,
Vntill their dying dotage theare finds heere a liuing death.
Still nertheles I wiſht to ſee the helliſh Monarch *Dis*,
When he (more ready to be found then for our profite is)

Ore heard vs,and vnhid himselfe,and shinde in rich array,
And seem'd a glorious Angell,and full gently thus did say.
That slandrous blind bace-minded Moole,friend Mouse,deceiues thee (much,
And prates of me, of Hell,and Earth more than is so or such:
Beleeue him not,but rather do beleeue thine eyes,and see
If any earthly pleasure is vntripl'd heere with mee.
Then shewde he sights(which since I found illusions to betray)
Of greater worth than Earth affords,or I haue Art to say:
Nay,more,he bids me aske what so I would,and I should haue it:
Then did I pause,bethinking what was rarest I might craue it.
My Holes were stor'd with corne and croomes,on Earth I walkt at will,
And in her Bowels now had seene indifferently my fill,
Vpon it,nor within it,not sufficing to my pride,
I asked winges,scarce asked when they grew on either side.
Short leaue I tooke,& mounting left the Hell-God and the Moole,
And soared to the open Aire through many a sory hoole.
It was at Twilight,and the Birds were gone to roust, but I
(Inchaunted with the noueltie of flight)vnweared flye,
And had the Sunne been vp,I ween(such pride bewitcht my wit
To Egel-fie my selfe)I had assayd to soare to it:
Not seeing that my limber wings were Leather-like vnplum'de,
But at the Dawning also I of wing-worke still presum'de.
The swallow(and I weene it was this Sallowes father)he
Was earliest vp, with him I met,and he admired me.
I hild him wing,and wistly he suruaies me round about,
And lastly,knowing who I was,did giue me many a flout,
And fled to tell the other birds,what vncouth Fowle was bred,
Who flockt to see me,till with gibes and girds I wisht mee ded.
Then,shifting out of sight,I hung till Twilight in a hoole,
Transformde,derided, hunger-spent,and(minding still the Moole)
In vaine I wisht reducement of my shape,and(which was worste)
My hap was harder than to owne in that distresse a Crust.

Then

Then fled I to my wonted Holes, of hoorded food to get,
Too narrow by mine added wings that did mine entry let.
Now Mise fled me, not to the Moole I would returne for shame,
To *Dis* I durst not, mong'st the Birds I was a laughing game:
Then curst I mine aspiring minde, then knew I *Dis* a Diuell,
The Diuell the Prince of Pride, and Pride the roote of euery euill.
Hell, Earth, Aire, Heauen, and what not? then conspiring mine vnrest,
What might remaine but death for me that liued so vnblest?
But as I, fainting, flew that night your Ladiship, Dame Owle,
Did call me to your Todd, and glad to see a new night-fowle,
Did take me to your seruice, thence your Chamberlaine to be:
Ha *Iupiter* reward it you that so releeued mee.
It is a sweete continuall feast to liue content I see:
No daunger but in high estate, none enuy meane degree.
Then all this processe (quoth the Owle) doth tend, belike, to this,
That I should eate no Mouse-flesh: Nay, Sir Bat, so sweete it is
That thou, so neere of Kinne to them, shalt also serue my lust:
And therewithall in rutheles clawes the hapleste Bat she trust.

HEre meant the Courtior to haue left, whom *Perkens* Lady prayes
To tell what end such wowing had, And thus hereof he sayes:
The Swallow saw that cruell pranke, and flyes aloofe and sayde,
Vngratefull Glutton, what offence hath that thy Seruant made?
Choke mayst thou with the murther: So he left her, and vnto
The Cnckooe telleth what the Owle vnto the Bat did doe.
Varlet (he waxed cholericke) and what of that, quoth he?
Was not the Bat her bond-Slaue, such as thou art now to me?
What tel'st me then of other newes then what her answere is
Vnto mine amourous Message, sayes my Lady nay or yis?
The Swallow told him that through such occurrant of the Bat,
He, interrupted, came away vnanswered in that.
A mischiefe, quoth he, both on that and thee ill-fauoured Elfe:

And in a ſtammering chafe he fled to wowe the Owle himſelfe.
The Swallow Mans him thether, whom the deu'liſh Owle did hate,
And all becauſe he had reprou'd her tyrannie of late.
The Cuckooe, offering to haue bilde, ſhe coyely turnd her face,
Tis more, quoth ſhe, than needeth that we kiſſe, as ſtands the cace:
Rid hence yonn ſame your knauiſh Page, you ſent him with a Mouſe
To ſpie my ſecrets, or belike to braue me in my houſe:
Gods pretious, would you knew I beare a mind leſſe bace than that
I can diſgeſt your Drudge with me ſo ſaucely ſhould chat:
Iacke Napes, forſooth, did chafe becauſe I eate my Slaue the Bat.
O what a world is this that we can nothing priuate haue
Vncenſur'd of our Seruants, though the ſimpleſt Gill or Knaue?
Well, rid him of your ſeruice, Nay, it skils not if of life,
At leaſt if ſo you meane that we ſhall loue as man and wife,
For ſuch Colecarriers in an houſe are euer hatching ſtrife.
The Cuckooe, hearing this complaint, flew on his truſty Page,
And vndiſcreatly gaue him ſtrokes that kild him in that rage:
Yeat, ere he left his life, he thus vnto his Maiſter ſaid:
Thus many honeſt ſeruants in their Maiſters haſtie brayd
Are Dog-like handled, either yeat like deare in *Ioues* iuſt eies:
Of Harlots and of haſtines beware, ſaid he, and dies.
When now her gluttony and ſpight had thus diſpatched twaine.
The Cuckooe, plying amorouſly her fauour to obtaine,
Euen then, and looking very bigge, in came the Buszard, who
Did ſweare that he would kill and ſlay, I mary would he doe,
If any Swad beſides himſelfe faire Madam Owle did wowe.
The Cuckooe, ſeeing him ſo bog, waxt alſo wondrous wroth:
But thus the Owle did ſtint the ſtrife: Shee cals them husbands both:
Now fie (quoth ſhe) if ſo you could betwixt your ſelues agree,
Yee both ſhould haue your bellies full, and it no hurt to me.
The Buszard faintly did conſent, the Cuckooe ſaid Amen:
And ſo was Hen inough for Cocke, not Cocke inough for Hen:

For she deceiues them both, and had besides them other game:
The Gentle Buszard dying soone for sorrow of the same.
The Cuckooe wisely sawe it and did say but little to it,
As nooting she was set on it, and knowing she would do it.
But what the Swallow warned him of Harlots proued trew,
For, as was gessed, also him by trecherie she slew.
The Goddesse *Pallas*, to giue end vnto these tragicke deedes,
Descended, and (the dead reuiu'd) to Sentence thus proceedes.
The Bat, becawse begild of *Dis*, Shee pittieth partly, and
Permits him Twy-light flight: to giue thereby to vnderstand
That to aspire is lawfull, if betwixt a Meane it stand.
The Swallow, for that he was trew and slayne for saying well,
Shee doomb'd a ioyfull Sommers Bird, in Winter time to dwel
Euen with *Mineruas* secret store, as learned Clarkes do tell.
The Buszard, for he doted more and dared lesse than reason,
Through blinde bace Loue induring wrong reuengeable in season,
She eie-blur'd, and adiudged Praies the dastard'st and least geason.
Vnto the Cuckooe, ouerkinde to brooke Coriuals, she
Adiudg'd a Spring times changeles note, & whilst his yong ones be
By others hatcht, to name and thame himselfe in euery Tree.
But liue, quoth she, vnto the Owle ashamed of the light,
Be wondred at of Birds by day, flie, filch, and howle all night,
Haue lazie wings, be euer leane, in sullen corners rucke,
When thou art seene be thought of folke a signe of euill lucke:
Nor shall thine odious forme, vile Witch, be longer on my Shield:
Whence racing foorth her Figure, so the Goddesse left the field.

IVst Guerdons for Ambition, for poore Soules oppresst for well,
For dastard Dotards, Wittolrie, and Harlots nice you tell,
Said *Perkens* Wife: But thus now of her husbands pride befell.
At last when sundry Armes had end, *Henry* victorious still,
And *Perkens* passage was fore-stald, he yeelds, of his owne will,

Himselfe

Himselfe from Churches Priuiledge to *Henries* Mercy, who
Did onely limitte his abode, and lesse he could not doe.
But when he sought escapes he then had petite punishment,
And after, for some new attempts, to Tower was he sent:
Whence practising escape, t'was said, he won to his intent
Young *Edward* Earle of Warwicke, that indeed was *Clarences* sonne,
And euer had beene Prisner theare eare *Henries* raigne begonne,
And now, by law too strickt me seemes, for this to death was donne.
Perken was hang'd, and hang may such: but that the Earle should die
Some thought hard law, saue that it stood with present pollicie.
Sir *William Stanley* dide for this (oft King-law is doe thus)
Deseruing better of the King: but what is that to vs?
The last of our three *Phaetons* was tuter'd of a Fryer,
Who, being fitted now by Art and nature to aspier,
(The foresaid name of *Warwicke* fain'd) seduced folke thereby.
As I my selfe in *Essex* heard and saw a Traitor dye,
That fain'd himselfe sixt *Edward*: and to grace-out such his lye,
Lookes, bodie, words, and gesture seem'd heroycall, to view
He had like age, like markes, and all that might inforce it trew,
Whereby to him assisting minds of simple Folke he drew.
Our Cowle-mans foresaid Actor so preuailed, that the Fryer
In Pulpets durst affirme him King, and Aydes for him requier.
But lastly both were taken, both did fault in one same ill,
Yeat rope-law had the Youth, the Fryer liu'd Clergie-knaued still.

WHen Armour ended Auarice began (for then begins
The slye *Mercurile∫t*, and more by wyles then valour wins.)
Beneuolences, Taxes and sore Fines for penall lawes,
To *Henry* hoords, from *Henry* hearts of many a Subiects drawes.
Empson and *Dudley* (fur'd Esquiers, more harmefull being gown'd,
To *Englands* friends than *Englands* foe, through Auarice profound)
In such exacting chiefly Act, applaused of the King,

To

To whom their ciuill Thefts, not Thrifts, exceeding wealth did bring.
Yeat whē the gracious King found out their racking Rich and Poore,
He then did pardon much, and much did purpose to restore,
But, dying, those two *Harpies* lost their hated heads therefore.
So hardly fauoured of Kings themselues in bownes containe,
That they, securely stout, at length doe perish through disdaine.
So hardly to some Princes are from priuate Lucar wonne,
As, though their bags ore-flow, they thinke no harme abroad vndone,
Henry (acquite his latter daies of Auarice fore-named)
Deceast for Prowesse, Policie, and Iustice highly famed.

THE

THE EIGHT BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

EIGHT *Henry* (heire indubitate of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*)
Succeeded, and with Kingly rites his Father did interre.
His minde, his words, his lookes, his gaet, his lynaments, and Stature,
Weare ſuch for Maieſtie as ſhew'd a King compos'd by Nature.
All Subiects now of ciuill ſtrife, all counter-minds for Raigne,
All enuious of his Empier now weare rid, weare pleas'd, or ſlaine.
Rich weare his ſundrie Tryumphs, but his coſt had foyzen than
When *Terwin* and ſtrong *Turnay* in reſiſting *France* he wan:
When *Maximilian* Emperour did vnder *Henry* fight:
When *Engliſh* Ships did often put the *French* Sea-powre to flight:
And that the *French* King was inforc'ſt to craue and buy his peace,
Who, wiuing louely *Mary*, ſo the warres for then did ceaſe.
This ſiſter to our King, and then the *French* Kings goodly Queene,
Was welcommed with Tryumphes ſuch as erſt in *France* vnſeene.
Iuſtes, Barriers, Tylts, and Turneyes were proclaym'd each wheare for (All:
Wherefore to *Paris* at the time flockt Marſielıſts full tall,
With Princes braue, and Ladies faire of euery Realme about,

And

And hence, with moe, *Charles Brandon*, in fine Chiualrie moſt ſtout,
Whoſe bodie fitted to his mind, whoſe minde was pueſant, and
Whoſe pueſance yeelded not to *Mars*, this *Mars* in *France* did land:
With whō incoūtred valiāt knights, but none might him withſtand.
The *Engliſh-French* Queene ſtanding theare, admir'd for beautie rare,
Behild the Tryumphs, in the which high Feates performed ware.
But *Brandon* (yet no Duke) he was the Knight aboue the reſt
That in her eye (nor did ſhe erre) acquited him the beſt.
For whether that he trots, or turnes, or bounds, his barded Steede,
Did runne at Tylt, at Random, or did caſt a Speare with heede,
Or fight at Barriers, he in all did moſt her fancie feede.
Weake on a Couch her King lay theare, whom though ſhe loued well,
Yeat likte ſhe *Brandon*, and the ſame lou'd her ere this befell:
For chaſtly had they fancied long before ſhe came to *Fraunce*,
Or that from meane eſtate to Duke the king did him aduaunce.
The dayes of Triumph weare expir'd, & *Engliſh* Peeres, with praiſe
Come home, and *Lewes* King of *France* decea'ſt within few daies.
Charles Brandon, Duke of *Suffolke* then, with honour furniſht hence,
Was ſent to *France* for to returne the widow Queene from thence:
Who had been wed ſcarce thrice three weekes vnto a ſickly King,
To her, a fayre young Queene, therefore ſmal time might ſolace bring.
Yet leſſe did time than braue Duke *Charles* aſſwage fair *Maries* griefe:
He chats, ſhe cheers, he courts, ſhe coyes, he wowes, ſhe yeelds in brife.
No winds (thought ſhe) aſſiſt thoſe Sayles that ſeeke no certain Shore,
Nor find they conſtant liues that but they liue reſpect no more:
Let each ones life ayme ſome one end: as, if it be to marrie,
Then ſee, heare, loue, and ſoone conclude, it betters not to tarrie.
To caſt too many doubts (thought ſhe) weare oft to erre no leſſe
Than to be raſh: And thus, no doubt, the gentle Queene did geſſe,
That ſeeing This or That at firſt or laſt had likelyhood,
A man ſo much a manly Man weare peeuiſhly withſtood:
Then Kiſſes reuel'd on their Lips to eithers equall good.
And, leaſt King *Henry* ſhould diſſent, they ſecretly did wead,

And then ſollicet his good will, and of their wiſhes ſpead. (ter,
The periur'd valiant *Scotch*-king *Iames*, ſlaine at braue *Flodons* Slaugh-
Had alſo left in widowhood *Englands* faire elder Daughter.
She alſo weds a *Scottiſh* Earle, vnlicenc'ſt of her Brother: (mother.
And was to her Sons Daughters Sonne, now ſixt *Iames*, great-Grand-

A Scruple, after twentie yeeres, did enter *Henries* mind,
For wedding of Queene *Katherin*, a Lady faire and kind,
Spaynes Daughter, then the Emperours Aunt, & for her vertuous life,
Well worthie *Henry*: But for ſhe had beene his Brothers Wife,
And alſo of their coiture ſurmiſe directed Lawes,
He ſeem'd in conſcience toucht, and ſought to rid him of the Cauſe.
Then was the matter of Deuorſe through Chriſtendome diſputed,
The Match of all adiudged voyd, and ſo the Queene non-ſuted.
She, after teares to him from whom ſhe was to be deuorſte,
Did humbly ſay: and am I not, my Lord, to be remorſt,
That twentie yeeres haue beene your Wife, & borne your Childrē, and
Haue lou'd and liu'd obediently, and vnſuſpected ſtand:
I am (ah too too ſweetly err'd) I was, poore Soule, the ſame
Whom once you did preferre, nor now of me you need to ſhame.
The bloſſomes of my beautie weare your Bootie, nor my fauour
Now alters ſo to alter ſo from me your late behauiour.
But Conſcience is the colour of this quarrell: well I wot,
I alſo haue a conſcience that in this accuſeth not:
But as the ſame, perhaps, may ſay that me ſucceedes ſay I,
That for the pleaſure of a Prince goe many things awry.
Which her Fore-doomes ſeem'd to effect in her that her ſucceeded,
In Queene *Anne Bullyn*: who, for ſhe in *Lutheriſme* proceeded,
Was hated of the *Papiſts*, and enui'd becauſe preferr'd, (err'd)
And through the Kings too light beleefe (for Kinges haue ſometimes
She loſt her head, and might haue ſaid (ſome thought) ere ſhe did dye,
That for the pleaſure of a Prince goe many things awry.
So dyde the gracious Mother of our now moſt glorious Queene,

Whoſe

Whose zeale in reuerent *Fox* his works autenticall is seene.
The Kings foure other Queenes (for why? he dide a *Sexamus*)
Shall passe, though *Iane* did beare a Sonne to him, a King to vs,
Edward the Sixt: and of the same we shall deliuer thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.



Vch as was *Loue* in Figure of *Ascanius*, when the same
In kisses slie did shead himselfe into the *Tyrian* Dame,
Or such as was sweete *Hyacint*, *Apollos* louely Boy,
Or *Iupiters Ganymædes*, rapt vp to heauen from *Troy*,
Or rather like yoong *Salomon*, in sentencing betwixt
Two mothers claiming one-same Child, was yoong *Edward* the Sixt.
Now *Rome* fell sicke in *England*, but how long she lay in traunce
We list not write, alonly death to her did neuer chaunce.
For old *Rome* neuer lackt that durst their liues for her bestoe,
Nor new *Rome* that to Hell for her dare soules and bodies goe.
Then true Religion might be said with vs in Primatiue,
The Preachers and the people both then practiuely did thriue.
Our decent Church-Rites, still in print, scarce practise (worthy those
Whose reuerrent heads collected them frõ whence true wisedõ groes:
Not mangled then of Nouesses and curious Doults, which now
Would haue they know not what, & would reforme they know not
Omitting or admitting as their owne Conceits allow) (how,

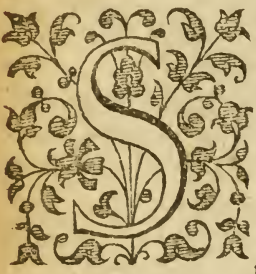
Did

Did then put forth her Braunches,and were fruitfull in the bood.
And,were our Church-Lords now for zeale,as Church-lawes now
Soone might like vnion be, now by indifferencie withstood (for good,
For giue to vulgar Heads the head,and looke for all confused,
At once they publish and repeale,all else,saue Order,vsed:
And as *Kytts* Campe ill-form'd good forme at their reforming Tree,
Sonnes oft by aime consorting voice their Fathers hang'd should be,
So,wheare the Multitude preuaile,they censure ere they see.
But (might I be so bould to speake to them should speake to mee)
A good example would doe good in Church-men,seeing thay
In saying troth are lesse beleeu'd,not doing as the say. (works,
I know our Church men know that Faith is dead where lacke good
Yeat know I not what pollicie in Almes vnpreached lurks.
Some teach (& well)that these concurre,but few doe vrge the Theame
Of charitie,affeard,perhaps.our Mote should vrge their Beame.
But feare not,Fathers,preach at full Loue,good workes,& Remorse,
More will your bad Examples let than shall your words inforce.
To preach by halfes is to be worse than those tongue-holly Iauels,
That cite good words,but shift off works and Discipline By Cauells.
Oft haue ye handled pithily(not preached without neede)
What good to giue,what hurt to take,frō those that Soules do feede,
But so obscurely hath beene blancht of good workes else-wheare done,
As many,boasting onely Faith,faiths fruits selfe-aptly shonne.
When such a faith is but the faith of that faith-fruitles Deuill
That cited Scripture vnto Christ,applying good to euill.
Tell whether that the *Leuite* or *Samaritane* did better:
Tell wherein *Dines* liu'd and dide to *Lazarus* a Debter:
Vnknot sententious *Salomon* his Parable which is,
Full Cloudes will raine vpon the Earth: How thus is meant by this.
Rich mē by Cloudes,poore men by Earth(els Clerks expoūd amis)
Tell,how some Cloudes but misell Rayne: that is,if so they giue
A peny Almes or twaine a yeare they thinke they much releeue.
Some Clouds flath down their Shewres,that is,som set vp two or three,

And

And begger ſo themſelues and theirs: ſay ſuch are fooliſh free.
Some Clouds haile downe their Raine, beat flat, hurt, & helpe not the ground:
That is, vpbraid whō they releeue, & hold thē ſeruile bound.
Some Clouds giue Snow, that lights and lies a moyſture moyſtles: ſo
Doe thoſe that ſay, alas, God helpe, and nothing elſe beſtoe.
Some Cloudes doe ſhewre into the Seas: ſay ſuch do giue to ſuch
Whom Almes make idle, or belike to recompence as much.
Some Clouds with lightning, thunder, & lowd winds drip downe their raine:
That is, giue ſildom almes, & thoſe proclaim'd & ſeen, ere taine.
Some Clouds retayne but forme of clouds, with figure black as Coale:
That is, looke bigge, Examine long, but *Scripturæſt* their doale.
Som gracious Clouds ſhed temprate Shewres on thirſtie earth indeed:
That is, the Orphant, Widdow, Thrall, ſuccour, protect and feed.
Say alſo whatſoere we giue to whoſoere it bee,
Though giuen in ſight of men, if not becauſe that men ſhould ſee,
But with Deuotion, as a worke from Faith thar cannot ſeuer,
God for ſuch cheerefull Almes will be our bounteous Almner euer.
Say, make not as it weare a Queſt of quere ere Yee giue,
But giue yee Almes as men be poore, not as poore men doe liue.
Prouided common Beggers nor diſordered Loſſels, who
Men know prouided for, or can but labour none will doe,
Then whom doe ſay (for ſo is ſooth) no Creatures worſe deſarue,
Take you no Orators for them, but that they hang or ſtarue.
And thus for this. Our Ouerture to it reduceth mee:
The Vncles of this Orphant King, ſo long as they agree,
Vphild Religion, King, themſelues, and Realme in happie ſtate:
Which then began to ruinate when they begun debate.

CHAP. XL.



Some say their falling out was through two haughtie womens strife,
The *Admirals* Queene *Bigama*, and Lord Protectors Wife.
These (for what glory enuies not one woman in an other?)
Began a brawle that ended with the bloods of either Brother.
Tis thought the Earle of *Warwick* threw close fewell to this fire,
And nourisht it to cut of them, that so he might aspire:
For when the one had lost his head, he foorthwith tooke in hand
To forge the Lord Protector false vnto the King and Land:
Who though he, tryed by his Peeres, of treason was acquited,
Yeat also of a Statute new he being then indighted,
Was hardly found a Felon, and too stricktly sentenc'st so:
For meanest fault is high offence vrg'd of a mightie Foe.
The King thus lost his Vncles both, to his no little woe.

NOw *Warwick* was become a Duke, feared of high and lowe,
Full little thinking that himselfe the next to Blocke should goe
The two Prince-loyall *Semers* erst made let vnto his lust,
But now remained none whose faith or force he did mistrust,
The Orphant King fell sicke (but here suspend what some suspect)
The new Duke of *Northumberland* meane while did all direct.
It was contriu'd King *Edward* from his Sisters gaue the Crowne,
Their Fathers Former Act and Will, by wrested law, put downe:
The Sisters Daughters Daughter of Eight *Henry*, Lady *Iane*,
Was publisht heire apparant, and that right from *Mary* taine,

And

And from *Elizabeth* (though both by Lawe and birth preceed her)
And when by full Confedracie the Crowne-right was decreed her,
And *Gylford Dudly*, fourth-borne Sonne vnto *Northumberland*,
Had married her, and nothing seem'd the Plot-forme to withstand,
King *Edward* (entred seauenteene yeeres of age, & seauen of Raigne)
Departed to that endles rest his vertuous life did gaine.
The Councell then conuent: But who will thinke, perhaps, that one
Should alter All, to alter true Discents vnto a Throne?
Iane, *Suffolks* Daughter, *Gylfords* Wife (One worthie such estate
For righteous and religious life, who neretheless should wate
Her Intrest after others two, The yoonger of which twaine
Did match, yea Mate her vertues) was proclamed Queene to raigne,
And in the tower of *London* hild Estate and princely Traine.
Meane while dread *Mary*, doubting lesse her Scepters losse than life:
But sildome fayles a rightfull cause that comes to open strife:
The Commons knew our either Law prefer'd a Sisters Right
Before a Cosens, and for it did many fadge to fight.

Northumberland with Armes pursu'd the Lady *Mary*, and
Obseru'd directions from the Peeres: who when they vnderstand
Of *Maries* strength of flocking Friends, on sudden came to pas
That they proclamed *Mary* Queene, and *Iane* her Prisner was:
And well was he, that late did seeme a Foe, might first salute
The Queene, and all vnto the Duke did their Amisse impute.
For, soothly, more the Peeres did feare than fauour him alway:
Who, though he seem'd as forward now in *Maries* cause as thay,
Yeat was he taken and in-tow'rd, and lost his head for this:
A Warrior braue: But than his Sier, himselfe, one Sonne of his,
Like Polititians seldome liu'de: who in three seuerall Raignes
Successiuely did shew them such, though losse did proue their gaines.

THe Duke thus dead, *Suffolke*, Lord *Gray*, Lord *Gylford*, Lady *Iane*,
Weare executed: But we blanch the rest, excepting twaine,

That is, Lord *Gylford* and his wife, yong and leſſe worthy blame,
Becauſe the Dukes their Fathers, all the Councell, all of name,
Yea and King *Edwards* Pattents ſeald for them, not they, did frame
What ſo was done in this, yeat they muſt periſh for the ſame.
Who higher then this Couple late? and who more wretched now?
Of more then much remayned nought, nor law did life allow.
Vnhappie Youths, not for they die, but for the mutuall greefe.
Of him for her, of her for him, which tortur'd them in cheefe.
Come was the day, the tragicke day, wherein they both ſhould die,
When Either, paſſing to their end, ech other did eſpie,
Shee in her lodging waiting death, prepared her that day,
And he in being lead thereto, her Lodging in his way.
Aſſending and diſſending Signes then fly and fall apace,
And each bemones the other more than mindes their priuate cace.
Their Eies, that looked Loue ere wile, now looke their laſt adew,
And ſtaine their faces, faultles ere this diſmall enter-vew:
Their Eares, earſt liſtning ioies, are deafe, vnles to ſighes profound:
Their tongs, earſt talking ioies, thoſe looks & ſighes did now cõfound
What parts ſoere of them had felt or taſted ioyes ere this,
Weare ſenceles now of any ioy, ſaue hope of heauenly blis.
Whilſt Either thus for Earthly Pompe no longer time did looke,
He paſſeth to the fatall Blocke, ſhe praying on her booke:
Whence (hauing made a godly end) he was return'd, whilſt Shee
Prepard for like, and of her Lord the ſenceles Tronke did ſee.
A ſight more deathful than her death that ſhould conſort him ſtraite,
And for the which her feareles eies did euery moment waite.
She vnabaſhed, mounting now the Skaffold, theare attends
The fatall Stroke, and vnto God her better parte commends,
And as ſhe liu'd a vertuous life ſo vertuouſly ſhe ends.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

OMitting Knights, three Dukes, three Lords, also a Queene elect
Then perisht thus, and somewhat some of *Edwards* death suspect:
All which fell out a Stratagem, in God his secret Dome,
That should induce a Tragedie to *England* meant from *Rome*:
For when these mightie Potentates, through Ones Ambition, fell,
Queene *Mary* seem'd to shut vp Heauen, and set wide open Hell.
Whence swarmed Papish Tyrants, that false doctrine did erect,
Whilst that seduced *Mary* did Gods threatned cause neglect.
Blameless she was not, for a Crowne that could her Foes ore-goe:
Nor all too blame, for mightie States do and haue erred so,
To whom the Scriptures weare obscured by Christs *Italian* Foe.
Her courage was not common, yeat abused ouer much
By Papists cheefly, She her selfe too naturally such.
Heere hence she is reprooued of a most tyrannous Raigne.
And of a thriftles Mariage with the trustles King of *Spaine*.
But when rich *Brabants* supreame Faire, the Bakers daughter, staide
The King in dalliance, and the Queene had newes that false he plaide,
Tis thought his tarriance greeu'd, & told that one should counsell this:
Haue patience, Madam, so it was was and will be as it is:
Fourth, *Edward* did the like, yeat lou'd his Queene no whit the lesse,
Nor did the like vnpatient her, that knew him to transgresse
As guiltie of a Leash of Loues, *Shores* wife and other twaine:
She knew as Streams, if stopt, surrownd so Kings will shew they raigne:

As did our second *Henry*, whom his Queene oft croſt in vaine.
Which, and one other Story, if it pleaſe you that I tell,
I ſhall: Yea doe (quoth ſhe:) Then thus (qnoth he) it once befell.

NOt knowen of *Roſamund*, his eie had ſtoed her in his heart:
Faire Maide, quoth he, beleeue me faire and all ſo faire thou art
That, weare I *Henry Englands* King, thou ſhouldſt be *Englãds* Queene:
But ſo muſt faile, for *Elenour* already is betweene.
He bod me buy thy loue, if ſo it might be bought with Golde,
If not, he bod me ſweare he loues: in faith he loues, be bolde:
He bod me aske, if ſo he came, what ſhould his welcome be,
And if, perhaps, he lated weare if he ſhould lodge with thee,
Proteſting ſecreaſie thereof to all, vnleſſe to me:
With promiſe to performe at full each promiſe as I make it:
I promiſe Loue, Wealth, Secreſie, then promiſe thou to take it.
Content you Sir (quoth *Roſamund*) you aime your markes amis:
I am not for his Highnes, nor for me his Highnes is.
And ſhould he know (I ſhame he ſhould) of this your Brokage bace,
He would acquaint you what it weare, your Soueraigne to diſgrace.
Whoſo you be, be ſtill the ſame, or better if you may,
Thinke not Lord *Cliffords* daughter will vnmaiden her for pay,
But know, if *Henries* ſelfe were heere, himſelfe ſhould haue a nay.
Then know (quoth he) which being knowen, well maiſt thou know I
I am the King, and for I am the rather let it mooue thee. (loue thee,
In ſooth, ſweete Wench, thou ſaieſt nay thou knoweſt not whereto:
For, weare my wiſh at worke, leſſe good my wiſh than worke would do.
What, fearſt thou ſhame? no ſhame to be beloued of a King:
Or dread'ſt thou ſinne? The Pope for pay abſolueth euery thing:
Or doubt'ſt thou iealous *Elenour*? I will remooue that doubt:
At *Woodſtocke* ſhall ſhe finde thy bower, but neuer finde thee out.
Theare ſhalt thou paſſe a pleaſant life, commanding me and mine:
Then loue, beloued *Roſamund*, a King ſubiects him thine.
He kiſt, She bluſht, and long it was ere loue from her he wroung,

For,

For, whilst it played in her heart, it pausd on her toung.
Not *Sibils* Caue at *Cuma*, nor the *Labyrinth* in *Creat*,
Was like the Bower of *Rosamund*, for intricate and great.
The Pellicane theare neasts his Bird, and sporteth oft with her,
Conducted by a Clew of thread, els could he not but err.
Besides her Maydes, a Knight of trust attended on her theare,
Who suffred for her Beautie, long concealing it for feare.
At length at full and formally he courted her for grace,
But all in vaine, nought booted him to haue both time and place:
Henry, quoth she, begonne and he shall end my thoughts vnchast.
Nor peach't she him, nor he, dismist, did hold himselfe disgrac'st.
The Kings three Sonnes had notice of their Fathers Leiman now,
So had the Queene, and they of such coriuing disallow.
Came I from *France Queene* Dowager, quoth she, to pay so deere
For bringing him so great a wealth as to be Cuckquean'd heere?
Am I so old a woman, he so young a wanton growen,
As that I may not please, that pleas'd, and still might with his owen?
What is the Drab, or tempting Diuell? or wherefore doteth he?
The *French* King once, himselfe euen now for faire preferred me.
And hath he toyled vp his Game? and settles he to loue her?
Nor Heauen nor hell shall crosse my course but that I will remoue her.
Like *Phrogne*, seeking *Philomel*, she seeketh for and found
The Bower that lodg'd her Husbands Loue, built partly vnder ground.
She entred, but so intricate weare Turnings to and fro,
That welneere she had lost herselfe, but could not finde her Foe:
Yeat out she got, and backe she goes with her Attendants, who
Admire their furious Mistresse, and mislike what she would doe.
With her Confederates oft she went, preuented of her will,
Howbeit lastly did preuaile: For-hap did hit so ill,
That whilst the Knight did issue out, suspecting no assaut,
He was assailed, and from him his giding Clew they caught:
So wonne they vnto *Rosamund*. Whom when the Queene did vew,
Most brauely clad in rich Attire (her selfe more rich of hew)

The beautie and the braueneſe of the Perſon and the place
Amazed her and hers, who ſtoode at gaze a certaine ſpace.
No maruell, quoth the Queene, that oft the Court did mis the King,
Soone ſuch an *Hebe* hither ſuch a *Iupiter* might bring.
Now, truſt me, weare ſhe not a Whoore, or anies Whoore but his,
She ſhould be pardon'd: But in faith I muſt not pardon this.
A Queane coriuall with a Queene? Nay kept at Racke & Manger?
A Husband to his honeſt bed through her become a Stranger?
A bide who liſt, abye ſhe ſhall, how ſo I buy the daunger.

Faire *Roſamund* ſurpriſed thus, eare thus ſhe did ſuſpect,
Fell on her humble knees, and did her fearefull hands erect.
She bluſh't out beauty, whilſt the teares did waſh her pleaſing face,
And begged Pardon, meriting no leſſe of common grace.
So farfoorth as it lay in me I did, quoth ſhe, withſtand,
But what may not ſo great a King by meanes or force command?
And daerſt thou Minion, quoth the Queene, thus article to me,
That then wert *Non-plus* when the King commenced Luſt to thee.
Nay, beſt he take thee to the Court, Be thou his Queene, do call
Me to attendance, if his Luſt may ſtand for Law in all.
I know it Strumpet, ſo harps he, and thou doeſt hope the ſame:
But lo I liue, and liue I will, at leaſt to marre that game.
With that ſhe daſht her on the Lippes, ſo dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow, ſoft were thoſe lips that bled.
Then forc't ſhe her to ſwallow downe (prepar'd for that intent)
A poiſned Potion: which diſpatch, to whence they came they went.

The wronged Wench, the Quinteſſence of Beautie, and the ſame
(Saue that intiſed of a King) ſtood free from all defame,
Did forthwith ſicken, ſo that helpe for her might none be found,
When to the Knight that garded her, then greeued of a wound,
She ſaid: Weare it that *Henry* knew his *Roſamund* weare thus,
No waightie buſines might withhold but he would viſit vs.
Full well I lou'd and loue him ſtill, that ſhould not loue him ſo,
And for I ſhould not worthely I labour of this woe.

Ah, Beauty thou betraies thy selfe to euery amorous Eie,
To trap thy proud Possessors what is it but Wantons trie?
Wheare-through it seldome haps the Faire from meant deciets to flie
At least the nicest Faire aliue shall vanish once as I.
Vaine Beauty stoupe to Vertue, for this latter is for euer,
Whereas that former altereth with euery Ayre and Feuer.
I pray the Queene of Pardon, whom I pardon from my hart:
Fare well my present Friends: But thou, sweet King, wheare so thou art,
Ten Thousand times farewell to thee: My God, whome I offended,
Vouch safe me Mercy: Saying which, her life she sweetly ended.
So died faire *Rose* (no longer Rose, nor faire, in sent, or sight)
Whome pensiue *Henry* did inter, and soone her wrong did right.
The Queene impriſon'd, and his Sonnes, rebelling, put to flight.
Thus wrought they sorrowes to thēselues in wreaking of their spight,
Nor lou'd the King thenceforth the Queene, or left to err anew.
Now rests our other promis'd Tale, a common Tale (if true)
Like lesse had harmed *Elenour*, and more may profite you:
Be bitter and it betters not, be patient and subdue.
King *Phillip* is not gone but to returne, which when he shall
Your Maiestie must not exclaime if so you would recall.
Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame, but Ielousie is Hell:
Some wiues, by Patience, haue reduc't ill husbands to liue well,
As did this Lady of an Earle, of whome I now shall tell.

CHAP. XLII.

AN Earle (quoth he) had wedded, lou'd, was lou'd, and liued long
Full true to his fayre Countesse, yeat at last he did her wrong.
Once hunted he, vntill the Chace, long fasting, and the heate
Did house him in a peakish Graunge within a Forrest great.

Wheare,

Wheare, Knowne, & welcom'd(as the place & persons might afforde)
Browne bread,whig,bacon, curds, & milke were set him on the Borde,
A Cushion made of Lists, a Stoole halfe backed with a houpe
Weare brought him, & he sitteth down besides a sorry Coupe (Perry,
The poore old Couple wish't their bread were wheat, their whig were
Their bacõ beefe,their milke & curds were creame to make him merry.
Meane while(in Russet neatly clad,with linnen white as Swanne,
Her selfe more white,saue rosie wheare the rudy colour ranne,
Whom naked Nature,not the Aydes of Arte,made to excell)
The Good mans Daughter sterres to see that all weare feat and well.
The Earle did marke her,and admire such Beautie there to dwell.
Yeat fals he to their homely fare,and hild him at a feast:
But as his hunger slacked so an amorous heat increast,
When this repast was past,and thanks,and welcome too,he sayd
Vnto his Oste and Ostesse,in the hearing of the Mayd,
Yee know(quoth he)that I am Lord of this and many Townes,
I also know that you be poore,and I can spare you pownes,
So will I,so yee will consent that yonder Lasse and I
May bargaine for her Loue,at least doe giue me leaue to try:
Who needs to know it?Nay who dares into my doings pry?
First they mislike,yeat at the length for lucar were mislead,
And then the gamesome Earle did wowe the Damsell for his bead.
He tooke her in his armes,as yet so coyish to be kist
As Mayds that know themselues belou'd and yeeldingly resist.
In fewe,his offers were so large she lastly did consent,
With whom he lodged all that night,and early home he went.
He tooke occasion oftentimes in such a sort to hunt,
Whom when his Lady often myst,contrary to his wont,
And lastly was informed of his amorous haunt elsewheare,
It greeu'd her not a little,though she seem'd it well to beare.
And thus she reasons with her selfe: Some fault perhaps in me,
Some what is done that so he doth, Alas,what may it be?
How may I winne him to my selfe? He is a Man, and men

Haue

Haue imperfections: It behooues me pardon Nature then.
To checke him weare to make him checke, although hee now weare
A man controuled of his Wife to her makes lesser haste. (cha'ste:
If dutie then or daliance may preuayle to alter him,
I will be dutifull, and make my selfe for daliance trim.
So was she, and so louingly did entertaine her Lord,
As fairer or more faultles none could be for Bed or Bord.
Yeat still he Loues his Leiman, and did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing lesse then that his Lady knew the same:
Wherefore, to make him know she knew, she this deuise did frame.
When long she had been wrong'd, & sought the foresaid meanes in
She rideth to the simple Graunge but with a slender traine: (vaine,
She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, and then did looke about her:
The guiltie household, knowing her, did wish themselues without her,
Yeat, for she looked merily, the lesse they did misdoubt her.
When she had seen the beautious Wench (thē blushing fairnes fairer)
Such Beauty made the Counteſſe hold them both excus'd the rather.
Who would not bite at such a Bait? (thought she) & who (though loth)
So poore a Wench, but gold might tempt? sweet errors lead thē both:
Scarse one of twentie that hath brag'd of proffer'd Gold denied:
Or of such yeelding Beautie baulkt but (tenne to one) hath lied.
Thus thought she. And she thus declares her cause of cōming thether:
My Lord, oft hunting in these Partes, through trauell, night, or wether,
Hath often lodged in your House, I thanke you for the same,
For why? it doth him iolly ease to lie so neere his Game:
But for you haue not furniture, beseeming such a Gueſt,
I bring his owne, and come my selfe to see his lodging dreſt. (braue,
With that two Sumpters were discharg'd, in which were Hangings
Silke Couerings, Curtens, Carpets, Plate, & al such turn should haue.
When all was hansomly dispos'd, She prayes them to haue caer
That nothing hap in their default that might his health impaer:
And, Damsell, quoth she, (for it seemes this household is but three,
And for thy Parents age that this shall chiefely reſt on thee)

Doe

Doe me that good, elſe would to God he hither come no more.
So tooke ſhe horſe, and ere ſhe went beſtowed gould good ſtore.
Full little thought the Countie that his Counteſſe had done ſo,
Who, now return'd from farre affaires, did to his ſweet-Heart go.
No ſooner ſet he foote within the late deformed Cote,
But that the formall change of things his wondring Eies did Note.
But when he knew thoſe goods to be his proper goods (though late,
Scarce taking leaue) he home returnes the Matter to debate.
The Counteſſe was a bed, and he with her his lodging tooke:
Sir, welcome home (quoth ſhe) this Night for you I did not looke.
Then did he queſtion her of ſuch his Stuffe beſtowed ſo.
Forſooth (quoth ſhe) becauſe I did your Loue and Lodging knoe,
Your Loue to be a proper Wench, your Lodging nothing leſſe,
I hild it for your health the houſe more decently to dreſſe.
Well wot I, notwithſtanding her, your Lordſhip loueth me,
And greater hope to hold you ſuch by queat then brawles I ſee:
Then for my duetie, your delight, and to retaine your fauour,
All done I did, and patiently expect your wonted Hauour.
Her Patience, Witte, & Aunſwere wrought his gentle teares to fall,
When (kiſſing her a ſcore of times) Amend, ſweete wife, I ſhall
He ſaid, and did it: And your Grace may *Phillip* ſo recall.
But he (whoſo he was) that thus had dubled Tales to ceaſe
Queene *Maries* griefe, for *Phillips* guile, as well had hild his peace.
Her no perſwading might diſſwade from penſiuenes of hart,
Vntill that his Vnkindneſſe in her Deaths-Scene acts it part.
But howſoere or whatſoere her cauſe of death might ſeeme,
Her death did many a good mans life from Tyrannie redeeme,
For, as in Paſſion, ſo was ſhe in Papiſtrie extreeme.
Ill might it therefore boode at her to make our Holly-day.
Of ſomewhat ſaid and ſomewhat ſcapt then thus much by the way.

CHAP. XLIIII.

BEfore we toucht (and little els) what Courſes hapt at home,
But now, in few, at forren Acts of Natiue Kings we rome:
Of *Brittiſh* and of *Engliſh* Kings, more famous than the reſt,
This ſparing Catalogue enſewes, whoſe deedes we thus digeſt.

ÆNeas Off-ſpring, famous *Brute*, did ſet from *Greekiſh* thrall
Sixe thouſand *Phrygian* Knights: by him did *Guyan Guffer* fall:
He conqering this Ile, his Name vnto his Conqueſt gaue,
And of his *Corniſh Cambries* men couragious yet we haue.
* *Yorkes* Builder, *Ebranke*, that ſubdu'd the *Cimbrians* and the *Gawles*,
And built the beſt of *Scottiſh* Townes, and next in our number fals.
* When *Brennus* and *Belynus* had Eight ſpacious Kingdomes wonne,
Had ſlaine two Conſuls, ſacked *Rome*, and matchles Armes had done,
And built ten Cities, better feird in *Italy* this day,
Thoſe Kingly Brothers, as muſt all, their debt to Nature pay.
* *Gurguinus* ſlew the *Dacian* King, wonne Tribute, and the ſame
Gaue *Spaniſh* Exiles *Ireland*, whence our *Scottiſh* Nation came.
* *Caſſibelane* did twice beate backe from *Brittiſh* Seas and Shore
The worthie *Cæſar*, that but then was victor euermore:
And thirdly had preuailed but for *Luds* reuolted Sonne,
When as braue *Nennius* hand to hand of *Cæſar* honor wonne.
* *Guydar* and *Aruiragus* wonne of *Claudius Cæſar* ſpoyle:
The former in a ſecond Field did ſtout *Vaſpaſian* foyle.
* When as the wandring *Scots* and *Pictht's* King *Marius* had ſubdude,

He

He gaue the Liuers dwellings, leſſe than where they ſince intru'de.
* *Conſtantius*, wedding *Coyls* heyre, was Monarke of the Weſt,
Who, with this Hands Scepter, of *Romes* Empire was poſſeſt.
* Great *Conſtantine*, that worthely a Worthie might be ſaid,
The *Brittiſh Romaine* Emperour, throughout the world obayd,
He made his Siege *Bizantium*, that retaines his name ere ſince,
And made (but ſo vnwitting marde) the Prieſt of Rome a Prince.
* *Maximian* as Emperiall and as valerous as any,
With *Brittiſh* armour did ſubdue both Kings and Kingdomes many.
*What ſpeake we of great *Arthur*, of his Chiualrie or Court?
Precelling all, ſole Preſident of vertue prow's and port,
A King of many Kings, his Knights in all Exploits were ſeene,
He was in deede a Worthie, and the Worthieſt of the Neene.
*Fiue Crownes King *Malgo* prized. *And in Battells fiftie fiue
Againſt the *Miſcreants* valiantly did King *Alured* thriue:
Rollo (whoſe Seede ſhould conquer vs) he hence did brauely beate:
That, mauger *Fraunce*, in *Normandie* his *Scythian* Troopes did ſeate.
*He that re-monarchiz'd our Ile King *Athelſtone* did ſlay
Sixe Kings, twelue Dukes, and countleſſe tale of Heathen in one day:
The one of Nyne, his Knight Sir *Guy*, we toucht but by the way.
Omitting other Kings and Knights, too long in few to ſay,
Of *Brittiſh* race and many, and of *Saxon* Princes ſome,
Whoſe blood by *Normaine* Mixture now is tripartite become.
Or (For, perhaps, from ſuch Conſort the *Brutes* ſeruice will be)
Three blended blouds of Nations three hath giuen vs Natures three,
The *Saxon* proweſſe, *Daniſh* pompe, and *Normaine* Pollicee:
And of the *Romanes* and the *Picths* we are no portion ſmall:
Foure of which Nations *Scythia* bred, we thriuing in them all.

*KIng *William*, *Englands* Conquerour, from *Rolla* ſixt, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred Townes in *Fraunce* vn-fo-met ſayld away.
* *Henry* the ſecond, vpon whom the *Scotch*-King tendant was,
(Which *Scots* their often ouerthrowes we henceforth ouerpaſſe,

Who

Who to our Kings, Lords Parramounts, not warres but vprores bring)
Spoylde *France*, wonne *Ireland*, and deceast of *Iuda* chosen King.
*Next Lyon-harted *Richard* he wonne *Cyprus*, *Syria*, and
Ierusalem, debelling quite the Sowldan from his Land:
He skalde the strong *AEgyptian* Oste, and king'd his Sisters sonne,
And plagued *Fraunce* and *Austrich* for the wrongs they had him don.
*First *Edward* made the *Turkes*, *Sauoies* the *French*, & *Flemings* trēble.
*The third so nam'd to them and moe did *Mars* himselfe resemble:
Whose Knights, in 2. *Richards* dayes, so tickeld *France*, and *Spaine*,
And parts *Lugdinian*, that no King but *Richard* seem'd to raine:
Ten thousand were his housholds: *Scotch* digests we here disdayne.
*The fourth and *fifth of *Henries* were as actious as the rest:
Especially the latter was the formost with the best.
*Nor yeat Fourth *Edwards* honor from his Ancestors digrest.
On these doo vulgar Eares and Eyes so brimly waite and gaze,
As they distaske our priuate Penne notorious Laudes to blaze.
Our Catalogue omitteth some for Artes and Iustice good,
Some natur'de well, aduised ill, some worthie *Læthe* flood.
Not one fore-cited but deserues at least an *Homers* Muse,
Although with *Agamemnons* Vaile *Apelles* shift I vse:
But colours to that Painter, Art vnto that Poet none
So good, to paint and prayse at ful our following Crowns, saue one,
Since *Tuders* Seede, *Henry* the Seauenth, ariued *Englands* Throne.

NOr superstitiously I speake, but *H.* the letter still
Might be obserued ominous to *Englands* good or ill.
First, *Hercules*, *Hesione*, and *Hellen* were the cause
Of warre to *Troy*, *AEneas* Seede becomming so Out-lawes.
Humbar the *Hunn* with forren Armes did first the *Brutes* inuaide.
Hellen to *Romes* Emperiall Throne the *Brittish* Crowne conuaide.
Hengest and *Horsus* first did plant the *Saxons* in this Ile.
Hungar and *Hubba* first brought *Danes* that swayed heere long while.

At *Harold* had the *Saxon* ende: at *Hardiknought*, the *Dane*,
Henries the first and second did restore the *English* Raine.
Fourth *Henrie* first to *Lancaster* did *Englands* Crowne obtaine.
Seauenth *Henrie* iarring *Lancaster* and *Yorke* vnites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happely *Romes* Irreligion cease:
The Father of our Mother Nurse, our common Ioyes increase.
Which double *H.* and *H. H.* here our homely Poemes Lee,
He saue that saueth all our sinnes: And, God, voutsafe thou me
A prosperous Course in sayling through the *Ocean* deepe and large
Of her now-Highnes Scepter, for I heere assume that Charge.

THE

THE NINTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XLIIII.

AVert your eies and eares, all yee, that enuy her the fame
Of more renowmed Regment, than our fluent Thoughts can name.
Yea that conceit such Poemes as more learned not conceaue,
Reade not the rest, but silently euen at this line doe leaue.
Ridled Poesies, and those significantly flowe,
Differ in eares as doe in mouths the Apricock and Slowe.
Phisitians bylles not Patients but Apothecaries know:
Some moderne Poets with themselues be hardly inward so,
Not intellectiuely to write is learnedly they troe:
Whereby they hit Capacities, as blind-man hits the Croe.
Nor Those, nor These, feare thou, my Muse, but mildly sing the prayes
Of these our present times, lesse grosse than those of elder daies.
Our world hath made it course, that as the Moone doth wax & waine,
From gold to siluer, then to iron, and now to golde againe.
Of whose faire-cured Leaprosie from former twaine to golde,
(For in a Quintessence was all eare Gods worlds-curse of olde)
The vndeluding Alcumist is that *Elizabeth*,
Whom *English*, yea and *Alenes*, hold a Goddesse on the Earth.
Elizabeth by Peace, by warre, for Maiestie, for Milde,

Inriched,feared,honor'd,Lou'd,at wel-meant Toyes that ſmilde.
Let then *Mnemoſines* controule(as weil they may)our Muſe,
We ſhall her grace wheare we tranſgreſſe for Superfedias vſe.
Phœbus thine humbled *Phaeton* this ſecond boone doth aske,
That thou wouldſt giue,and ioyntly guide,to,& with me,thy Taske:
Infuſe *Apollo* too into thy ſelfe,thy ſelfe in me,
Yeat then our mightie Subiect threats will much omiſſion be,
But what implore I Fictions,that I well imploye my penne,
Eternall God,ſay thou (which thou all-only canſt) Amen,

When *Iupiter* and *Arcas* yong (the Sier,and Sonne) had cloſ'de *Saturnus* in *Italian* Hell,not to be baylde ſuppoſ'de,
Then *Proſerpin*, blacke *Dis* his wife,inlargd the Wrangler thence,
To vex her Siſter,croſſe her Siers and Brothers fownd pretence.
Then ſhe, euen ſhe whom *Cynthia* ſome,and ſome doe *Pallas* call,
(Yt skils not whether,Eithers lawdes doe aptly her befall)
By *Saturne*,*Dis*,and *Proſerpin*,giltles moleſted longe,
Vnto the God yclip't,*I-Am*,thus motioneth her wronge.
O Mightieſt Mightie,that of nought createdſt all that is,
And gauſte to Man (thy nobleſt Worke) himſelfe and all for his,
And,ſaue Obedience,didſt impoſe on him no other Fine,
And,diſobaying,didſt redeeme his Loſſe with deereſt Thyne,
Which ſelfeſame Thyne,and ſtill ſame-Oures,I alſo interceſſe,
For thee profeſſing being wrong'd,at length to haue redreſſe.
Scarce this was ſaid when thus enſewed,the Three were rapted hence:
Saturne and *Dis* confinde their Hells: *Proſerpin* her offence
(Growen through Miſ-Guides,Venial perhaps)we cēſure in ſuſpence,
And faire,lou'd,teard,*Elizabeth* here Goddiz'd euer ſence.

FOr me to wreſt from *Hercules* his Club as eaſie weare,
As in the *Ocean* of her fame,with choyſeſt ſayles,to beare
That fraight that with the *India* wealth may more then much cōpare.
Yeat how th'*Italian* Feends did freat and hetherto inuaye
Againſt thy glory,gracious Sainct,were ouerlong to ſaye.

But

But he that of a Prisnor thee so great a Prince did frame,
Thy louing, and beloued God, to thee is still the same.
King *Phillips*-selfe (so doting on his Pope-created Crewe,
That, he it suffring, his owne Sonne and heire those Locusts slewe,
Because they feared he would proue vnto the Gospell trewe,)
Euen *Phillip*, once that raked hell for rascall brybed Skomes
To ridde thee hence (indignities that badly such becomes)
Once had thee, then not hauing power to doe thee any harme:
It is the worke of God (let *Rome* vncurse, let *Spaine* vn-arme)
That thou art Queene, to plant his word, when we could hope it least,
When Ours & all the Kings had cast their Crownes before the beast,
When greedely the Priests of *Baal* did for thy ruine gape,
Thou didst, vnharmde, the Lyons denne and firie Ouen escape:
Euen then when Tryumphs were in hand, bels ronge, & bonfires made,
Because Queene *Mary* of a sonne deliuered was said,
Euen then, I say, God mortifide that womb, to bring to passe
That vnto thee, his Queene-elect, no Issue letting was:
That soone Religion and our Realme might welcome wished peace:
Maiest thou, the Cause thereof, suruiue long after my decease.
But if it be his will, to whom are all Euents fore-knowne,
That Papistrie shall in our Land againe erect her Throne,
Let *Spaniards*, or what Tyrants els, be Masters here, so thay
Take also with our Land our Liues, and rid vs out the way.
For not they onely die, but die in lingring Torments, who
Fault to their Inquisition, or their falsed Rytes must doe:
Then better Bodies perish than should soules miscarrie too.
Of neither which hath *Rome* or *Spaine* remorse, but thrusting Sway,
Regard not whom, by whom, or how, they treacherously betray:
How oft haue they, the rest ore-past, suborn'd our Queenes decay:
By wars, wiles, witchcrafts, daggers, dags, Pope, poyson, & what not?
To her haue they attempted death, for liewe the Traytors lot:
Vouchsafe, O God, those loues of thine be neuermore forgot.
Was neuer any thryued yet that threatned her amis:

For of anoynted Princes God sole Iudge and Rector is.
And if Examples might preuaile, then Traytors might perceaue,
They perish in their purpose, or but Spyders webbes do weaue.
And here occasion apteth that we catalogue awhile,
And vnto *English* Dukes, from first to last, addresse our Style.
Though numbers greater, and as great of power, did pride begyle,
Yeat in this one degree obserue what headding and exile:
If then such Mighties felt Gods frowne, shal Meaners hope his smile?

CHAP. XLV.

EDward, surnam'd the blacke Prince, and third *Edwards* eldest sonne,
Third *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolke*, This did ende, and that begonne,
From *Normaine Williams* Conquest heere of Dukes the Title hie:
Of fortie seuen, but twentie two a naturall death did die.

Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, that lead fifth *Henries* Vaward Knightly,
Then slaine at *Agencourt* with fame, we ouerpasse him lightly:
Nor *Humfrey* Duke of *Gloceſter* heere catalogue we rightly:
Nor *William* Duke of *Suffolke*, who, exilde, on seas was met,
And, hated, headded, howbeit sixt *Henries* Fauoret:
Nor *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*, that *Henries* loued Peere:
Nor *Humfrey* Duke of *Buckingham*, to that same King as deere:
Nor sweet yong *Richard*, Duke of *Yorke*, of *Gloſters* kyn too neere:
We also two *Plantagenets*, both Dukes of *Clarence* cleere, (heere:
Of which was *Thonias* slaine in *France*, *George* drownd in Malmsie
For though these Eight remembred Dukes deceast not in their beads,
Yeat none of these had traytrous hearts that forfetted their heads,
Howbeit, otherwise, of these weare some that erred so,

That

That, stomack't for such Errors, ends to them vntimely groe.
Nor was the Duke of *Ireland*, *Vere*, in second *Richards* time
A Traytor, but a Parasite, which proude no lesse a crime:
He as ambitious, as he was enuious, and enuied,
Was banisht by the Nobles, and in banishment he died.
Mowbreie of *Norffolke* (right or wrong) by foresaid *Richard* was
Exiled, and in *Italy* did hence to nature pas.
When second *Richard* was deposde, and *Henry* wore the Crowne,
Two *Hollands*, to restore the one and put the other downe,
Conspiring, weare detected, and at *Cercester* they both,
Of *Excester* and *Surrey* Dukes, found death in Vulgar wroth.
Richard Plantagenet, the Duke of *Yorke*, fourth *Edwards* father,
Sought to depose sixt *Henrie*, and was heard therein the rather,
For that to him by law-Descents the Scepter did acrew,
But they compound, howbeit warres were reard, and him they slew.
Iohn Holland, Duke of *Excester*, fourth *Edwards* sentence flead,
And was long after in the sea suspitiously found dead.
Then *Henry*, Duke of *Somerset*, rebelling lost his head.
Of *Edmund*, Duke of *Somerset*, the like is also reade.
So *Henrie*, Duke of *Buckingham*, third *Richards* friend-foe speade.
And that tyrannous *Richard*, Duke of *Glocester*, his Raigne
Vsurped was suppressed, he for blood, payd blood againe.
Iohn, Duke of *Norffolke*, fought, and fell at *Bosworth* field. His sonne
Duke *Thomas*, in Eight *Henries* daies, did heading hardly shonne,
Adiudg'd perpetuall Durance, in Queene *Maries* raigne vndonne.
Wolsey, that slye, officious, and too Lordly Cardnall, wrought
(Who could & would effect his wil) that to the blocke was brought,
Eight *Henrie* raigning, *Edward* Duke of *Buckingham*, whose end
That Prelate ioyde, the people moend, because his foe, their friend.
Seimer, the Duke of *Somerset*, enuied more than reason,
By one that came the next to Blocke, though mightie at that season,
Sixt *Edward* in Minoritie, dide, quit although of treason.
No sooner *Marie* got the crowne, more likly to be gon,

But *Iohn*, Duke of *Northumberland*, beheaded was anone,
Who wrought to set the Diademe *Iane Dudlies* head vpon.
Her Father *Henry Gray*, the Duke of *Suffolke* was also
A friend vnto that Faction, and the *Spanish* Woers foe,
But by that act he lost his head, as did a many moe.
In blessed Queene *Elizabeth* her happy Raigne of peace,
The Tragedies and Tytles too of *English* Dukes did cease,
Which *Thomas*, Duke of *Norffolke*, last Tragedian did increase.
All these weare mightie in their times, yeat being Mal-contents,
Both they, and hundreds powerfull Peeres for like found like Euents.
Howbeit of the common-wealth none worser did deserue,
Than such as flattred Princes faults, who faulting, all did swarue.
Which, in their Pollicie, the States of Hell did then fore-see,
When as they ioyned others Aydes vnto the *Furies* three,
Narcissus Shadowe, and the Voice of *Eccho*: than which twaine,
How fabulous so-ere it seeme, nought hath or more doth baine:
Wherefore to such as know them not we either thus explaine.

CHAP. XLVI.

WHeare *Cadmus*, old *Agenors* sonne, did rest and plant his Raigne,
Narcissus (of his Of-spring) theare for beautie fame did gaine.
His Mother was *Lyriope*, faire *Thetes* fairer Daughter,
Whome cheefest as the choisest wowde, and braue *Cephisus* caught her.
Bœotia was the fertile Realme, *Parnassus* Plaine the place
Whear this admired Youth was borne, this Lasse-Lad forme and face.

No

No Nymph so faire but wisht him hers, howbeit all in vaine:
His selfe-loue wrought his selfe-losse, & his beauty prou'd his baine,
Who, proud of Natures plentie, hild all others in disdaine:
Till God, who had created Man the faireſt Creature,
(Howbeit but a shadow of his proper Feature,
More differing far than Sun-shine frō the Suns selfe-substance pure)
Narcissus ouer-scornfull pride not longer would indure,
But frō his forme, that pleas'd him most, his plague did thus procure.
As this same fond selfe-pleasing Youth stood at a Fountaynes brym,
And proudly sees his shadow theare, admiring euery lym,
Eccho, an amiable Nymph (long amorous of hym,
But louing vnbeloued) now, at least to please her Eye,
Conuaies her selfe, vnseene, into a Thicket ioyning by,
And thear, as much ore-gone with loue as he ore-gone with pride,
She hears, and sees, and would haue pleas'd three Senses more beside.
And nothing more than euery part-thus stealth-seene, liked her,
And nothing lesse than hidden with vnhidden to conferre,
For well it had contented then in more then sight to erre,
Although not meanely did his scorne gainst it her stomacke sterre.
Meane while the Lad (such power hath pride mens Senses to subdue)
Doats on his shadow, now suppos'd to be a Substance true:
And lastly wowes so formally in words and gestures sweete,
That *Eccho* found his error: and, he saying, Let vs meete,
Let's meete, quoth *Eccho*, mockingly: which, hearing, he with speed
(Beleeuing that his shadow was a Nymph, and spake in deed,)
Did leape into the Fountaine, whear that Gallant, drowning thus,
Hath left example how like pride may cause like plague to vs.
How smooth-tongu'd *Eccho*, that for him in al, saue voice, did pine,
To quit his scorne, baind other Fooles alike vain-glorious fine,
By smoothing them, is *Nasoes* tale, no purpose here of mine.
But how *Narcissus* shadow and this *Eccheos* voyce (though they
Haue long bene dead) haunt now the World, is it we meane to say.

PLuto, *Minos*, *Radamant*, and all th'infernall States,
Did pytch a Seſſion, to correct Remiſnes in debates,
Deuiſing Orders that on Earth might more Diſorders be.
Tiſiphone, *Alecto*, and *Megæra*, theſe ſame three
Weare ſhrewdly checkt, becauſe it was obiected, though vntruely,
That they weare ydle, Hell lackt Gueſts, and men on Earth waxt ruly.
The helliſh Potentates therefore a new Commiſſion framed,
Narciſſus ghoſt and *Ecchos* voice therein of *Quorum* named.
Theſe twayne and thoſe three *Furies* thus, Copattentees, leaue Hell,
And diuerſly throughout the Earth to Soule-infecting fell.
Leaue we thoſe others, labouring their Miſchiefes farre and neere,
Whil'ſt *Eccho* and *Narciſſus* are more badly buſie heere.
Crab'd *Saturne* & too-boyſtrous *Mars* direct thoſe Formers matter,
Soft *Venus* and ſmooth *Mercurie*, giue Method to theſe latter:
Thoſe *Furies* roughly doe effect their tragicke Taskes, theſe Twoe
So ſlyely worke, that ſweetely men their proper ſorrowes wowe.
Heer-hence our gold-imbaſed World in view and valew fayld,
For *Eccho* and *Narciſſus* much in many things preuayld.
Hence is it ſome of high eſtate themſelues doe ouer-like, (ſtrike.
Whilſt deadlier wound then ecchoing toongs then ſhould a foe them
Hence (whence diſhonorde) ſome of them beleeue of men belyed
Their glozing Groomes, as Tyrants ſo by them they wrong enuied.
Hence oftentimes Authoritie lookes biglier than a Bull,
With Suters poore too ſternely quicke, in helping them too dull.
Hence both in preaching, harboring, and humilitie, it is
Some Prelates ſooth, be ſoothed, leade, and they be lead amis.
Hence Lawe, ſometimes, as formde of waxe, through new refined wit
Of Iudge or Pleador, altereth ſans certaintie in it.
Hence Martialiſts in Diſcipline and ordering their war,
Leſſe happely, the auncient vſe, conceitedly, doe bar.
Hence is it that the Lawyers more affect their fluent Tayle,
Then what is right, or whom they wrong, or how they ſpeed, or fayle:
That Lawyer though who more by Art than right doth ouerthroe,

Conſents

Consents to sinne, deceiues the Iudge, wrongs Right, is Iustice foe.
Hence flattred Gentrie proudly doth degenerat at last:
And some would be beleeued such, that of no Gentrie taste.
Hence Cittizens with Courtiours so do vaine-it for the time,
That with their paper Ladders they euen stately Castels clyme:
Then proudly pricke the mounted Sers, the Harrolds (all to blame)
Will they, nyll they, vrging fees to gentellize their name. fame.
Hence countrie Loutes land lurch their Lords, & Courtiers prize the
Hence worldlings so much studie wealth that they forget the vse,
And, drudges-like, presse out the Grapes, not drinking of the iuse.
Hence arrant Preachers, humming out a common-place or two,
With bad, ill, naught, Pope, pots, play, mack, keeping a fowle adoe,
Cogging and cog'd with of a sorte of lazie knaues and queanes,
That they be Dolts and preach to Dolts will heare it by no meanes.
With those do these (who could they steale the Goose would sticke the
The *Brownist* & the *Barrowist* goe hand in hand together. (Fether)
Hence is the fashion-Founder of new lockes, lookes, bas-le-maine,
And *Iohn* Deuisor in Attire one Foole in persons twaine.
Hence more than with our selues our selues doe Flatterers preuaile,
They make vs proude of Virtues, knowne of vs in vs to fayle:
But lesse Man-slaughter hurts, than when Men-soothers say al-hayle.

Though *Eccho* and *Narcissus* haunt, and hurt, each Sex and State,
(Our States Superlatiue except, still one for right and rate)
Yeat cheefely they with women-kinde preuailed haue of late:
And thus of this two Gossips olde, together met, debate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.



THE Younger of theſe widdowes (for they both had thriſe been ſo)
Trots to the Elders Cottage, hers but little diſtance fro,
Theare, cowring ore two ſticks a-croſſe, burnt at a ſmoakie Stocke,
They chat how Young-men them in youth,& they did young-men mocke,
And how ſince three-ſcore yeeres a-goe(they aged foure-ſcore now)
Men,women,and the world,weare chang,d in all,they knew not how.
When we were Maids (quoth th'one of them) was no ſuch new-found pride,
Yeat ſeru'd I Gentles,ſeeing ſtore of daintie Girles beſide.
Then wore they Shooes of eaſe,now of an inch-broad,corked hye:
Blacke karſie ſtockings,worſted now,yea ſilke of youthful'ſt dye:
Garters of Lyſtes,but now of ſilke,ſome edged deepe with gold:
With coſtlier toyes,for courſer turnes than vs'd,perhaps,of old.
Fring'd and ymbroidred Petticoats now begge: But heard you nam'd,
Till now of late,Busks,Perrewigs,Maskes,Plumes of feathers fram'd,
Supporters,Pooters,Fardingales aboue the Loynes to waire,
That be ſhe near ſo bombe-thin,yet ſhe croſſe-like ſeem's four-ſquaire:
Some Wiues, grayheaded, ſhame not lockes of youthfull borrowed haire:
Some,tyring Arte,attier their heads with onely Treſſes baire:
Some(groſſer pride than which,thinke I,no paſſed Age might ſhame)
By Arte,abuſing Nature,heads of antick't hayre do fram.
Once lack't each foreſaid Tearme, becauſe was lacking once the toy,
And lack't we all thoſe Toyes and Tearmes it were no griefe but ioy:
But lawfull weare it ſome be ſuch,ſhould all alike be coy?

Now

Now dwels ech Drossell in her Glas: when I was yong, I wot,
On Holly-dayes (for sildome els such ydell times we got)
A Tubb or Paile of water cleere stood vs in steede of Glas:
And yeat (which still I beare in mind) for it I schooled was,
Euen by an holy Fryer: Thus, quoth he, it comes to pas,
Yong Damsels, and too oftentimes old Dotards, vnawaer,
Doe thus offend, whilst thus they seeme vpon themselues to staer:
But what they see is not themselues. A tayle then did he tell
How *Eccho* and *Narcissus* weare aucthorised from Hell,
That egging & This acting pride in Worldlings hearts to dwell:
And either oft in Mirrors and in Waters beautious seeme,
To curious Gazers inn, who those to be themselues do deeme:
Flye glas and water-tooting, Girle, *Narcissus* fall extreeme,
Feare flattrie too, for Men to Maides be *Ecchos* to subdewe,
The Fryer sayd, and all too soone I found his sayings trewe.
My Parents they weare wealthy, and my selfe in wanton youth
Was fayre enough, but proude enough, so Foole-enough in truth.
I might haue had good Husbands, which my desteny withstood:
Of three now dead (ah, griefe is drye, Gossyp, this Ale is good)
In faith not one of them was so: for by this drinke I sweare,
(Requarrelling the Cup) we and her lippes vnparted weare,
When th'other Beldamme, great with chat (for talkatiue be Cups)
The formers Prate, nor worth the while, thus fondly interrups.
When I (quoth she) the Countrie left to be a *London* Las,
I was not fayrer than my selfe beleeued faire I was.
Good God, how formall, prankt, and peart became I in a trice,
As if vnto the Place it weare a Nature to be Nice.
Scarce entred I the Teenes, but that to Wed my will was hot:
Yee that be married, and intend to marrie, well I wot,
The Priest no sooner sayde, but I vpon my tip-toes stand,
As if that Lesson had concernd my selfe, euen out of hand.
The same proportion with my heart my groeth nor age did hold:

Dayes

Dayes seeming yeares, when I, Vn-wead, was sixteene winters olde.
And growing was the greene Disease, which men in Maides doe cure,
When came a Louer, I (for-sooth) becomming full demure.
For earst I had obseru'd this Arte, Delay giues men Desier:
Yeat lothe to hurt my haste, and least the Hansel should retyer,
I was not ouer coye, nor he to warme him at my Fier.
I'le blab (for why? for it and more that I in youth did doe,
Long since I passed ghostly shriftes, pennance, and pardons too)
Such match we made, that Maide, nor Wife, nor Widowe left he me,
But with my Maiden-head he crost the Seas, and farewell he,
For from my fault could not, as chan'st, the Somner prole a fee:
My belly did not blab, so I was still a Mayde, and free.
It comfort should in losse to thinke we had not once to lose,
And what we haue as euer to be hild should none suppose:
But not in me this sentence hild, more eagerly than earst
I on the brydell byte, as loath to fast that late did feaste.
Swift gallops tier both man and horse, soone-hot is soone-cold loue,
No Man (I meane, Loue hot as mine) loues as the Turtell Doue,
Then, in good soothe, a Sott is she that cog'd-with cannot cogge,
As readily my Loue did gad, as did my Louer iogge.
Tush, in those times weare no such toyes as Gagate stones to trie,
By foysting them in Potions, if a Maide had trode awrie:
But this was rather currant, yea each holy Fathers lore,
That therefore Nature sweetneth Loue that it the world might store.
Which made me thinke it then a sinne (so tender hearted I,)
Beloued not to Loue againe, indangring men to die,
For so they swore they would, nor then beleeu'd I men would lye,
Whom now I know Camelions whil'st to pray on vs they plye.
Yeat better times were those than these for our auayle, for why?
Euen for good-fellowship at least then went they roundly to it,
Now eare they loue (if euer loue) sententiously they doe it:

Who

Who loues not for the Perſon but the Portion loues no whit,
But he that loues for onely Loue doth reaſon quite forgit,
Say men, and article the Matchleſſe by trew Loue than Wit.
Vngratefull men, what would yee more than Loue for Loue, than we
Be cloſe, neate, bountious, buckſome, and our bodies Maſters yee?
Too curious, pettiſh, jelous, too imperious, too vnſtable
Are Men, ſay Women: but to beat ſuch fooles with their own bable,
As when that I was yoong, our Sex is now, troe I, as able.
Old doting Foole, one foote in graue, what prattle I of youth,
Contrition, not Shrift-pennance cure, if preach our Vicar truth?
Heere, after little pauſe, they prate confuſedly, I wot,
Whoſe talke had often ended, had the Period been the Pot.
They tould how forward Maidens weare, how proude if in requeſt,
How brybed, prayſed, promiſd fayre, men baddeſt out the beſt:
They talked of a widowes teares, her haſte againe to weade,
He gone forgot, his Orphant wrong'd, ſhe ſpoyld, an Vnthrift ſpeade:
They taik't of times when Beaſtes could ſpeake, of Foxes, and of Apes,
Much needles prattel, what through Drinke and Dotage, them eſcapes.
Yeat *Ecchos* and *Narciſſus* Voice and Shadowe (now as then,
Working againſt humilitie, of wants the worſt in men)
Caus'd them as thus ro vſe their prate, and me of this my pen:
To theſe next haughtie Follies too thoſe Furies ſay Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

THE Monarch of that Continent that doth, in one, contayne
Fiue ancient Scepters (for he wrought that al the world weare *Spayne*)
As *Caſtile*, *Aragon*, *Nauarr*, *Granado*, *Portugaile*
Be newly nam'd, yea *India* wheare *Caſtillian* Powres preuaile:
Theſe, States in *Affricke*, *Lumbardie*, *Peru*, *Aſſores*, *and*
Both *Cicells*, *Auſtra*, *Barbarie*, *Naples*, with *Netherland*,
And many other Prouinces, by ſuch ambition got,
As giueth his *Impreſſa* life to verefie the Mot,
Him not ſufficing (for it ſaith, *the World ſufficeth not*)
Euen he, I ſay, affecting Raygne in *England*, *Almaine*, *Fraunce*,
And all *Europa*, lately did an holy League aduaunce:
The Pope, Him-ſelfe, *Sauoy*, and *Guiſe*, therein Confedrates cheefe.
Rome wroght by Bulls, *Sauoy* by Sword, *Spayne* yeilded *Guiſe* releefe,
Guiſe did religious Treaſon act: but all did fayle, in briefe.
Geneua is vnſacked, *Fraunce* yeilds *Rome* ſmall profit, *Spayne*
By coſte hath loſte, *England*, through God, tryumphant doth remayne,
Nauar hath meanes to haue *Nauar*: and, when ſhall God ſo pleaſe,
The rightfull heire of *Portugale* his Empyre ſhall re-ſeaze.
Ye Chriſtian Princes, pittie him, in puniſhing his Fo,
That now afflicteth him, and would on you tyrannize ſo:
If one ſelfe-ſame Religion (ſuch as Spaniſh *Romiſtes* haue)
If Natures Line, or Natiue Lawes, the Pope that ſo did craue,
If to haue had poſſeſt the Crowne, with *Portugales* applauſe,

Might

Might haue preuailed, these and more had helpt *Antonios* cause.
But brybed Traytors, fraude, and force, haue made the *Spanyard* such,
That *Castile*, from a Cronet leapt, thinks many Crownes not much.
The great *Nauarrois*, Sampson, stauld the first *Castilian* King:
But badly *Castile* quits his loue whence did that honor spring,
And from his Line by trecherie the Diademe doth wring.
So, by what right or wrong so-eare, *Spayne* clouteth Crownes together
And aimeth, euen from *Portugale*, as is supposed, hether,
Not wanting *English*, willing to be holped in that Teither.
But Traytors, Fooles, & Fugitiues, Whom prouendor doth pricke,
Ensew your proper sorow, leane vpon that rotten sticke,
Your kindnes shall not mis, at least, this kindly *Spanish* Tricke.

WHen *Spaniards* & their Partizens eare-while should vs inuaide,
In plotting of that Stratageme in Councell much was said:
Some of our Queene to be destroyde, of murthring vs some spake,
Some this, some that, but all of all an altred World to make:
Least *English* Papistes, then shut vp in *Elie* and elf-wheare,
Meane time by vs might lose their liues, some One, by chãce did feare.
Which scruple was remoued soone by one, that well did know,
Not for religion, but a Realme, did *Spayne* that cost bestow.
Our drift (quoth he) a Conquest is, the Profit meant to *Spaine*,
Not that the *English* Papists should be Sharers of the gaine.
So hope they, but (so helpe me God) our pollicie wear small
That they should flourish, nay, should liue, could we procure their fall.
Theare be they great alreadie, wheare we only great must be,
Whom, should they equall, woe to vs when we shall disagree:
Now that therefore which we cannot with honestie contriue,
Our Foes shall finish, if of them they leaue not one aliue.
Thus said he, not gaine-saide, for hang who shall, so they may thriue.
This *Maxime* hath hild, and good, wheare they haue ouerthrone
By trecherous Agents, of the same they haue not trusted one:
Adde, than the *Spaniard*, prouder and more cruell People none.

Euen

Euen *Cortes* that, with coſt and payne, rich *India* did ſubdew,
And gaue to *Spayne* his Conqueſt, found falſe Meede for Seruice trew.
So they that wonne them *Portugale* and *Naples* ſpead, in few:
And too imperiouſly doe they, oppreſſe their Conqueſts new:
Yeat boaſt not perpetuitie, but (*Spayne*) this Patterne vew.
Caldea priz'd *Aſſiria*, and *Aſſria* priz'd the ſame,
The *Medes* and *Perſians* both, and them the *Macedons* orecame,
The *Romaines* then, that Empier next had *France*, the *Germaines* now,
Which onely Title hardly doe the *Spanyards* them alowe,
Spayne hath *Nauarre*, that once had *Spayne*, wheare once crown'd wee (their King,
And once did *Spaniſh-Iriſh-Scots* vs to ſubiection bring,
We *Scots*, *French*, *Iriſh*: too and fro thus often Scepters flye,
Yea to Poſteries old names of Lands and Peoples dye:
Sicambries, *Gawles*, *Picts*, *Vandels*, *Gothes*, and *Aſtrogothes*, known late
In *Europ* by thoſe names, haue chang'd thoſe names and *Europs* Sate,
And with the *Spanyards*, part of thoſe, may alter in like rate.
Each Birde ſhal then remaunde her Plumes, and naked leaue your Iaye,
At leaſt when *Phillip* ſhall deceaſe: and why not eare that daye?
For power and prowſe lackt *Turnus* Peere, yeat when his Fates with-
Iuturna, no not *Iunos*-ſelfe, could doe him any good. (ſtoode,
But Godhoode none in *Indian* Golde, & pope-buld hopes ſhall mis,
Nor *Macedonian Phillips* Sonne *Caſtilian Phillip* is,
But one who, whil'ſt he warres for ours, hath loſt euen part of his.
Not onely *Spayne* thinke deſtinate in Pompe not to impaier,
Or liued long, that breathes, enuied, not els but odious Ayer:
And (which is monſtrouſly too trew) Religion is pretext, (vext:
Where through the *Spanyard* and the Pope all Chriſtendome haue
Witnes their Powers, by Land and Seas, that threatned vs er'while:
Of it a word, and note how God did patronize our Ile.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

THe *Spanyards* long time Care and Coſte, inuincible ſurnam'd,
Was now a flote, whilſt *Parma* too from *Flanders* hether aim'd,
Like Fleete, of eightſcore Ships, and old, the *Ocean* neuer bore,
So huge, ſo ſtrong, and ſo compleate, in euery Strength and Store:
Carikes, Gallions, Argoſies, and Galliaſſes, ſuch
That ſeem'd ſo many Caſtels, and their tops the cloudes to tuch.
Theſe on the *Lizardes* ſhewe themſelues, and threaten *Englands* fall:
But theare with Fiftie Shippes of ours that Fleete was fought withall.
Howbeit of a greater ſorte our Nauie did conſiſt,
But parte kept Dyet in the Porte, that might of health haue miſte,
Had *Spayns* Armada of our wants in *Plimmouths* Hauen wiſte.
The reſt had eye on *Parma*, that from *Flanders* armour threates:
Meane while Lord *Charles* our Admiral, and *Drake*, did worthy Feats:
Whoſe feareles fiftie Moole-hils bod their trypeld Mountaines bace,
And euen at firſt (ſo pleas'd it God) purſewde as if in chace.
By this (for ouer-idle ſeemd to *Engliſh* hearts the Shore)
Our Gallants did imbarke each-wheare, and made our Forces more.
But in ſuch warlike Order then their Shippes at Anker laye,
That we, vnles we them diſperſe, on bootles labor ſtaye:
Nor lacked Pollicie that to that purpoſe made vs waye.
Ours fyred diuers Shippes, that downe the Currant ſent, ſo skaerd,
That Cables cut, and Ankers loſt, the *Spanyards* badly faerd.
Diſperſed thus, we ſpare not ſhot, and part of them we ſinke,
And part we boord, the reſt did flye, not faſt enough they thinke.
Well guided little Axes ſo force talleſt Okes to fall,
So noumbrous Heards of ſtately Hearts, flye Beagles few and ſmal.
Nine dayes together cha'ſte we them, not actious, ſaue in flight:

About Eight thowſands periſhed by famine,ſea,and fight.
For Treaſure,Shippes,and Carrages,loſt Honor,Priſners tayne,
The *Spaniards*, hardly ſcaping hence, ſcapt not rebukes in *Spaine*.
Well might thus much(as much it did) cheere *England*, but much
Concurrancie from one to all to ſtop that common Sore. (more
Euen Catholiques(that erred name doth pleaſe the Papiſts)waer
As forward in this Quarrell as the formoſt Armes to bear:
Recuſants and Suſpects of note: Of others was no caer.
And had not our God-guided Fight on Seas preuailed,yet
The *Spaniards*,land whereſo they could,had with our Armies met.
Our common courage wiſht no leſſe,ſo lightly feard we Foes,
Such hope in God,ſuch hate of them,ſuch hearts to barter bloes.
Heere flam'd the *Cyclops* Forges,*Mars* his Armorie was heere,
Himſelfe he ſheads in vs,and with our Cauſe our ſelues we cheere.
But(which had ſcarreſide our wounds,if wounded,with the Balme
Of her ſweete Preſence,ſo applaus'd as in Sea-ſtormes a calme)
Her royall-ſelfe,*Elizabeth* our Soueraigne gracious Queene,
In magnanimious Maieſtie amidſt her Troupes was ſeene.
Which made vs weepe for ioy: nor was her kindnes leſſe to vs.
Thinke nothing letting then that might the common cauſe diſcus,
Wheare Prince and People haue in Loue a *Sympathie* as thus.
Howbeit Force,nor Policie,but Gods ſole prouidence,
Did cleare fore-boſted Conqueſt and behighted Thraldome hence.
He in *Saneherib* his noſe did put his hooke,and brought
Him backe againe the way he came,without performing ought:
He fought for vs,Alonely we did ſhout and Trumpets ſound,
When as the walles of *Iericho* fell flat vnto the ground.
Yea leaſt(for earſt did neuer heere like ſtrong Supplies befall,
Like loyall hearts in euerie one,like warlike mindes in all,
Leſſe ſpaer of Purſes,more Fore-ſight,and valiant Guides to act,
As ſhewde our hardie little Fleete that battell neuer ſlackt)
Leaſt theſe,I ſay,might haue been ſaid the cauſe that we ſubdew'de,
Euen God,to Glorifie himſelfe,our gayned cauſe purſew'de,

Without our losse of Man, or Mast, or Foe once touching Shore,
Saue such as wrackt, weare Prisnors, or but landing, liu'd not more.
And as in publique Praiers we did his defence implore,
So being Victors, publiquely, we yeelded thanks therefore.
Her Highnes-selfe (good cause she had) in viewe of euerie Eie,
On humbled Knees did giue him thanks that gaue her Victorie.
Remaineth, what she wonne, what *Spaine* & *Rome* did lose in fame:
Remaineth, Popes vse Potentates but to retriue their Game.

CHAP. L.

IF not with minds preiudicate, but holding in suspence
A while the Papacie, that takes and giues so much Offence,
With single harts, and Eies, and Eares, al christian Princes would
Peruse the sacred Scriptures (as in verie deede they should)
Then might they iustly censure, how in Lowlines, or Pryde,
In Charitie, or Crueltie, how straite to God, or wide,
In Doctrine, and in Discipline, *Rome* hath, and now doth guide,
With still Prouisoes from the Laie the Scriptures light to hide,
Least should (as would, and cleerely doth) their Cosning be espide:
Whereby, euen *ipso facto*, is their Cause against them tride.
The sinne of Pride made *Lucifer* gainst God him selfe rebell,
And through that sinne, he so seduc't, that *Adam* also fell.
Then plaid he *Rex* ore all the Earth, except a faithfull Fewe:
Till Christ, incarnate, on the Crosse *Synns* Kingdome did subdewe.
Then Christ, was powrefull in the world, for Faith had practice right:

And what could more our Ghostly Foe then Faith & Practice spight?
His auncient Stratageme therefore to plant he casts anew,
And by the pride of only Workes from Faith a many drew. (time)
Then were such Honours heapt on Popes, (Worlds-Abiects ere that
That *Lucifer* himselfe than they presum'd not more to clyme.
Their golden Legend, though not it autentike be in aught,
To vs doth teach a Storie that to them might now be taught.

THeare was a Man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde,
For serue he would, yet One thã whõ he greater none might find.
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,
Came to his Court, was interraynd, and, seruing him at meate,
It chanc't the Diuell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor him blest:
When as, vntill he knew the cause, the Pagane would not rest.
But when he heard his Lord to feare the Diuell his ghostly Foe,
He left his Seruice, and to seeke and serue the Diuell did goe:
Of heauen, or hell, God, or the Diuell, he earst nor heard nor carde,
Alone he sought to serue the same that would by none be darde.
He met (Who soone is met) the Diuell, was intertayn'd, they walke,
Till, comming to a Crosse, the Diuell did fearfully it balke:
The Seruant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare:
One Christ, quoth he, with dread, I mind when doth a crosse appeare:
Then serue thy selfe, the Gyant said, that Christ to serue I'le seeke.
For him he askt an Hermit, who aduisde him to be meeke, (found,
By which, by Faith, and workes of Almes, would sought-for Christ be
And how and where to practice these he gaue Directions sound.
Then he, that skornd his Seruice late to greatest Potentates,
Euen at a common Ferry now to carrie all awaites.
Thus doing long, as with a Child he ouer once did waide,
Vnder his Loode midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,
As on his Shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,
So through Humilitie his Soule to Christ was reconcilde,

And,

And, of his Carrage, *Christo-fer* should thenceforth be his name.
Then lett this popish Scripture, Popes, at least you Conuerts frame:
Of which Conuerting, *Christo-fers* yee thenceforth shalbe said:
If not, apply and perish in your *Luciferring* Traid.
Ye know, I know, that but in Christ may no Redemption be:
So your great friend, our *Gardner*, on his death-bed could agree:
But to the Vulgars open not, gainst *Rome*, that gap, quoth he.
So miserable is your state who, seeing, will not see,
That *Christofer*, eare *Christo-fer*, was Atheist lesse than yee.
Well answered once a King of ours the Pope, that bod him free
Two Prelates, terming them his Sonnes: The King seem'd to agree,
But sent their compleat Armor: looke are these thy Sonnes, quoth he.
False *Hesket* too not falsely spake, reporting lately this,
That such as Papists would seduce, and of seducing mis,
Are marked dead: For he to whom he so did say, feare I,
Earle *Ferdinando Stanley*, so dissenting, so did trie,
As other Peeres, heere, and elsewhere, haue found the like no lye.
Nor preached he the Pope amis, that did to him applie
This Tex, to witt: *This is the Heire, come on and let him die,*
Th' Inheritance let vs inioye: Nought seeke they els, for why?
Those bad be good that giue, those good be bad that Giftes deny,
From *Annanias* literall fault they Consciences would tye:
These death-eide Basiliskes therefore in euerie Sense doe flie.
Be of Religion iumpe with them, in all their Toyes affie,
A *Peter*-Penny, if with hild, knocks all the rest awrye.
Hell, Heauen, Bulls, Pardons, Pope, and to be Pope, doth mony buy:
Yea, too blasphemous, they incroch vpon the Deitie,
Though of these *Lucifers* haue been that perish through a Flie.
Each sinne gainst God, how vile so-eare, will Popes, with Pardons fit:
Crosse but the Pope, pardon thou him, he will not pardon it.
For Faith his common Plea is sword and fire against his foes:
But who, but fooles, beleeue that Faith exacted is by bloes?
Than those three Mightie Emperors, Fift *Charles*, with *Ferdinand*,

And *Maximilian*, with the Pope did none more partiall ſtand:
Yeat ſuffred they the Conſciences of Proteſtants in peace.
But *Philip*, nor the Pope will now their *Inquiſition* ceaſe:
Though Either ſuffer *Iewes*, and Strewes, becauſe of Gaines increaſe.

CHAP. LI.

THis *Spaniſh Inquiſition* is a Trappe, ſo ſlyelie ſett,
As into it Wiſe, Godly, Rich, by Blanchers bace as fett.
Direct or indirectly then to anſweare all is one,
From thoſe *Inquiſitors* eſcape but verie fewe or none.
Euen ſo by racking out the ioynts, or chopping off the heade,
Procuſtes fitted all his Gueſts vnto his iron beade.
Aue Maria, Credo, and the *Pater noſter* ſay
In Latin, els they pennance thee, and take thy goods away.
Nay, theſe though ſaid, both ſay and doe as they, yeat all for nought,
They will exact by Torture what thou thinkeſt, and haſt thought
Of Maſſe, the Pope, and Popiſh points, til in the Lapſe thou fall:
Then, Mercie God, amongſt thoſe men no mercie is at all:
A bloodier Law vſde bloodierly was neuer heard or ſhall:
Tormenting men vntill they geſſe by whom they are acus'de,
Which geſſed, it againſt themſelues for Euidence is vs'de:
As who would ſay, ſo be it muſt, becauſe it ſo is mus'de.
Phillip, abuſiuely ſeduc't, and World-deceiuing Pope,
Peruſe all Lawes, euen *Paganizme*, paſt vnder heauens coope,
And rightly pondring thoſe with this, thē ſpeak your thoughts indeed,
Was

Was not your *Draco* Sathan that himselfe could thus exceed?
Here adde for badde we might your League, if That of This had neede.
O happie and thrise happie Realme of ours, and other Lands,
Wheare, touching death by Clergie doomes, the Pollicy withstands.

THen freated *Paule*, Pope *Paule* the Third, whē *Peter* came in Plea:
No Maruell, *Luther* preached gold and glorie from his Sea.
But, see an helpe: *Ignatius* then conceited had his Sect,
And crau'd Confirmance of the Pope, which *Paule* did then reiect.
But when he heard that Orders vowe might cheefly him auayle,
Them *Iesuistes* he incorporates, nor they his Pope-ship fayle:
But for his onely Doctrine are Apostles, and as trew
As to the Diuell the deadly-Sinnes to Popes this Order new.
Yeat these be those are vnder-hand deceiu'd whilst they deceaue:
Witnes the Gallowes, wheare for most they end those webbes they weaue.
For vnaduise I are, me thinks, our *Iesuistes* in this,
In Cell-life since so strict, and here they hanging seldome mis,
That, for applause at least (although euen so weare bacely badde)
They change not teachers vnto them to whom from vs they gadde.
But better course then either weare secure at home to staye,
And theare with loyall hearts attend what Subiects should obaye,
Wheare no tyrannizing is ore the Conscience, though it straye:
And Men of ciuill carriage, though in bodies not imployde,
Win good report, they shiftles shame that wish their Home destroyd.
Yoong Englishe Fooles, for cause too trew, we pittie you indeed:
Firste for ye are our Countriemen, then for that ye proceede
Gainst Scripture, Lawe, and Nature, and Fooles palpable, in that
Ye note not how your follies make our Englishe Foxes fat:
Allen at *Rome*, Others elsewheare, that liue hand-ouer heade,
By tasking you to broach those faults for which themselues be feade.
Whilst these lie burrowed, safe frō skath, mongst you adoptiue Cubs,
They doe obserue the pregnanst wit, whom Discontentment rubs,
Of Atheist, factious, desprate, or vaine-glorious, him they schoole,

And then transport to *England*, thear to play the dangerous Foole:
Seducingly insisting on performance of their vow,
That doth Rebellion, Regecide, and breach of Othes allow.
Though *Dauid* knew his Soueraigne *Saul* disfauored of God,
And might haue kild, and then bin crownd, such sin his soule for-bod.
Which of the Patriarks, Prophets, or Gods People, whilst they saru'd
Euen *Ethnicks* traytrously vnto their owne Affections caru'd.
But thus do ye, nay worse, for your Darnell giddieth so,
As Gods Annoynted and Belou'd ye censure for his Foe:
But woorst of all, by murthring her to merite Heauen ye troe.

Put case the diuilish Act were done, to scape yeat lacks your Charter,
And ye with Torments dead, the cause not paine doth make the Marter
Say that the Pope lacks Malice, Say your selues doe loue the State,
Too grosly yeat your Doctrine faults in things of greatest wate.
Which your Absurdities do our Diuines confute, I wot:
Ye say his Popeship cannot erre, We proue ye erre in, Not.
Nor in the Sacrament that Christ is really we hold.
Your Transubstantiation we iustly haue controld.
Yours for the Liuing and Deceast Propitiatorie Masses,
And Purgatorie, should we graunt, ye might conclude vs Asses.
Your Worshipping of Images, and Inuocating Saints,
And Supererogation, vs with your Defects acquaints.
Besides the Supper of our Lord, and Baptisme, we reiect
Moe Sacraments: Howbeit ye Fiue other doe erect:
As Confirmation, Penance, with Priest-Order, Marrage too,
And extreame Vnction. Ouer more too much applause yee doe
Workes Meritorious. Of the Cup the Laye ye do bereaue:
And of translated Scriptures, so, vnspied, to deceaue.
Dirges, Vowes, Indulgences, Confession in the eare,
Dissoluing Subiects from the Faith they should their Princes beare,
Dispensing with the Scriptures, for Reuenge, to please, or gaine,
Your Pardons, Pilgrimages, and your halowed Paltries vaine,
Pope, and what-so is, Papistrie, well may we call profaine.

Ambitious

Ambitious *Rome*, that for thy Pompe not spar'st Soules to baine,
Once weart thou truly Catholique, corrupted fouly now,
Not outed quite the Church, A sparke in her we thee allow:
And wish thou weart, as then thou weart, when as the Fathers good,
As touching Anti-christ, and whence, in both mis-vnderstood.
No Maruell, euen to *Daniels*-selfe in Mysterie it was:
And dye did those good Fathers ere that Scripture came to pas.
But now, who-so can Anti-christ but etymologize,
And knowes the Pope and *Rome*, the Place and Man of sinne descries.
Sheep-clothed Wolues, Christs *Pro contra*, the Popes haue bin and be:
No place but *Rome* for Anti-christ, none but the Pope is he.

CHAP. LII.

BVt humaine Purenes none is such, but it to erre is knowne:
Thinke not we labour here your Faults, and ouer-leape our Owne.
For in the best of men the Flesh and Spirit combat still:
One thing the Spirit, and the Fesh the contrarie doth will:
We Vertue praise, but practise Vice: possessed weale we flye,
And tract of woe: At Heauen we ayme, but with a worldly Eye:
Our selues we loue, yeat than our selues we haue no crosser Foe:
For peace we warre, a peruerse warre that doth our selues ore-throe:
At once we burne, and are key-cold: We seeme to stand that fall:
To heale that hurt: We brag of bad: We dye ere death doth call:
We triumph while we are subdude: We blisse our proper baine:
We gladly doe subiect our selues vnto each giddie Vaine:

Our

Our gadding Thoughts conceite the Cloudes, our ſelues meane while
Our Nay is Yea, our Yea is Nay: we will and then will not: (forgot:
Our Soules like this, our Fleſh luſts that: As *Proteus* changeth, ſo
Doe our Affections: and our Thoughts be ſhifting too and fro:
Euen *Hydra*-like we fleſh our Faults: our Mindes doe wauer ſtill:
Our ſelfe-Conceits be winged: and we flie from good to ill:
Our peace with Diſcord breedes our woe: the Contrarie our Eaſe:
We neuer doe but plague our ſelues, whilſt that our ſelues we pleaſe:
We would be we, as if not we: Vs plentie maketh poore:
We partiall, blame, inable, and diſable vs eremore.
All theſe, and wilfull Sinnes beſides, to vs with you and all
Too common we confeſſe. But of our Doctrine ſpeake we ſhall.
Propitious be to vs, O God, that Faith haue practiſe too:
Which we omit as Publicanes, as Phariſies ye doe.
Our Doctrine though is Goſpell, yours Traditions but of Men:
Enough of Yours: Examine Ours by Touch of Scripture then.

VPon the onely Scriptures doth our Church Foundation lay:
Let Patriarchs, Prophets, Goſpell, and th'Apoſtles for vs ſay:
For Soule and Body we affirme are all ſufficient thay:
Yeat ye adde Canons, part corrupt, ſome Bookes ye quite denay.
We by the Hebrew, and the Greeke (their primer Pennes) expound
Each Scripture, by the eldeſt Clarks, when doubtful Textes be found:
Not by the Latin onely, as ye would that all weare bound:
So farforth yeat the Fathers and the Councels we approue,
As doe their Expoſitions tende to ſincere Faith and Loue.
Els fully Scriptures, in themſelues, explaine themſelues, ſay we,
If ſearched with that humble Spirit by which they written be:
Through which is ofte from literall ſpeech a ſpirituall ſenſe fet free;
Vpon which ſenſe the Catholike Church did, doth, and muſt agree.
Nor doth our Church admit, at leaſt allow, of thoſe in her,
That teach not Faith ſincerely, winne to Heauen, from Hell deter,
That with new Glozes tainte the Text, or ſuch as be vnreade:

In

In that sweete Promise of the Seede should broose the Serpents head,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all Scriptures, and whereby
Of grace, through faith in Christ, our Soules reuiue, and Sin doth die:
Our Church affects, how so effects, such pure Theologie,
And Guides, and to our Naturall Prince, graunts sole Supremacie.
Gods Cou'nant with the Patriarchs, and extending to their Seede,
Vs Gentiles to coequall is a Primate in our Creede:
And Christ we know the end of it: In Circumcisions place
Is Baptisme: And intirely we the Tables Two imbrace
Which God himselfe in *Synai* wrote, and gaue to *Moses* then,
To publish to the people, Two Commandements in Ten:
Scriptures *Idea*, couched in our Loue to God and men.
Th'Apostles, *Athanasian*, *Nice*, and *Bizain* Creeds we hold
Autentick, by the holy Spirit in sacred Writ inrold.
One Godhead of three Persons, in coequall Maiestie,
Doe we beleeue: of whom the Sonne did for Beleeuers die,
The onely ransome that redeemes from *Sathans* Tyrannie:
Euen Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life, not crooked, glozed, fraile:
But right for Rule; in Promise firme, in Guerdon near to faile:
Who to reproone the bad, approoue the good, and to assure
The Wau'ring, and against the Diuell our safetie to procure,
Did, giltles, die, that we, lost Soules, might liue: naught els did make
That he, his Deitie adiorn'd, did humaine Nature take:
Nor, glorifide, disclaimes he vs, vnles we him forsake.
And what is fruitles Faith, but such *Apostasie*? and what
Ensues *Apostasie* but to be doomed Dam'd for that?
No Doctrine, or Traditions we hold currant, saue the same
The Gospell, or th'Apostles Acts, or Pennes include or name.
Baptisme, incorporating vs in Christ, and vs in one,
Christs misticall last Supper, wheare in Signe his death is knowne,
Be Sacraments, except which twaine, do we accept of none.

By only Christ our Aduocate we to the Father pray,
Nor thinke we Saints deceased can our Sutes to him conuay:
Howbeit still most reuerently of Saints we think and say.
Vnnecessarie Burthens, on our Christian Freedome laide,
Contrarie these, that but beleefe, and vertuous life perswaide:
Yea only Faith doth iustifie, say we, of Gods free grace,
By Christ: nor Faithe is idle, but doth Charitie imbrace.
Who may, but will not helpe doth hurt, we know: and curious thay
That, dribling Almes by Arte, disband wel-Meant frō wel-Dons pay:
And he that questions Ones distresse, and doth not helpe indeuour,
Than he that sees, and nothing sayes, or cares, is lesse Deceiuour.
Then hope we health when sinne is felt repentantly in heart:
Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to vs conuart:
Thus *Peter* vsde his Keyes, not thus play Popes S. *Peters* part.
For Cleargie-men, and Laye our Church hath godly Discipline,
Lawes worthie better than sometimes are those the Lawes define.
Our Princes in their Policies and Lawes doe we obay:
Though God his cause they seek to crosse, yeat we for them do pray,
In patience, not peruerse Attempts, for better times we stay.
Not as denide, but as deuout, we doe and should abstaine
From Meates euen meet, the prouded Flesh frō sins excesse to waine,
Which, should we skant, and yet be dronk with lust or like were vaine,
Saue also publique Policie doth publique Sparing craue,
In Fasts or diffrences of Meates no other keepe wee haue.
Almes deedes, and workes of Charitie we practiuely professe,
And follow Saints as they did Christ, & leaue whear they trāsgresse:
Such, and so much, as sayd, are we: forgiue vs, God, if lesse.
For godly though Religion, Prince, and Policie they are,
Yeat things, that of thémselues be good, abuse brings out of square,
And sundrie Faults in sundrie Folks we sometimes must forbare:
Howbeit with best gouernd States our State may now compare.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

A Wise man liuing like a Drone, an old-man not deuout,
Youth disobedient, Rich-men that are Charitie without,
A shameles Woman, vitious Lords, a Poore man proudly stout,
Contentious Christians, Pastors that their Functions doe neglect,
A wicked King, no Discipline, no Lawes men to direct,
Are Twelue the fouleſt Faults that do all Common-wealths infect.
In most of all which twelue erres not, or much in any one,
Our State, respecting this, of some, Lawes not abused none.
Our God-blest Queene, *Palladium* of our happie publique Weale,
For worth so farre beyond all words, we onely touch in zeale.
No Realme than ours hath wiser Lawes, for euery Right & Wrong:
Nor is through Meed, or Meanes, the weake betraied to the strong,
At least god theeld they sing more sooth that sing another song.
For who the Person, not the Cause respecteth, hath forgot
The Creator of Persons, who and Iustice differ not.
A Councell watchfull for the State: Our Benches euery wheare
Supplide with Iudges learned, iust, and such as God doe feare.
Winke here and there at Auarice, Incharitie, and Pride,
And better Cleargie than is ours not *Europe* hath beside.
Say me, who can, whether Extreame hath harm'd Religion more,
That old of theirs too prodigall, or This of ours too poore?
Then Giuing gaue to slacke a Raine, now-Gleaning curbs too sore.
By Slauerie and by Symonie now Church-Preferment comes:
Like *Nabal* and to *Helies* Sonnes get Church-men vp their crommes:

Too

Too much,too little,or a meane,sort out alike,we see,
House keeping,nor Humilitie,in any of the three.
Be hospitalious,Churchmen: Laye,cease sacrilegious sin, (win,
Your Soules-sore,but their Stores-salue,whence euen whiningly, they
By pinching from the Pulpet,and their Purses,with this note,
Scarse will their Studies stipend them,their wiues,and Children cote.
And verely it is a fault,and maimed Learnings Foe,
That Church-Possessions should amongst the Laye be shared so:
And verely it is a fault,if so the Cleargie liue,
As theirs to take be thought no sinne,nor Meede to them giue.
Almightie euerlasting God,which only work'st great wonders,
Amend such Pastors,and vnite thy Flocke that *Sathan* sunders.
No one thing quailes Religion more than foundring Presbytrie:
Each Sot,impugning Order,saieth,and doth his Fantasie.
Our Booke of Common prayer,though most sound Diuinitie,
They will not reade,nor can they preach,yeat vp the Pulpet towre,
Theare making teadious Preachments,of no edifying powre,
O learned Seers,whose good liues and Doctrine do agree,
(Not barren is our Land of such)heer-hence vn-meant are yee:
To you,in Reuerence and Reward,may nothing wanting be. (free:
T'is onely wisht your work from Dolts,your Hiues from Drones were
T'is wisht in These,in Fugitiues,in Papists,and (more bad,
Whom to perswade to reason,were with reason to be mad)
In *Calophantick* Puritaines,amisse amendment had.

THese Hypocrites,for these three Gifts to their *Lauerna* pray,
Iust to be thought,all to beguile, That none their Guiles bewray:
Their Arte is fayning good they want,and hiding bad they haue:
Their Practise is selfe-praise,of praise all others to depraue.
On Loue,say some,waites Ielosie,but Ielosie wants loue,
When curiously it ouer-plus doth idle Quarrels moue:
Best Puritaines are so ore-zeal'd.But should I terme the rest:
Inhospitalious,Mutinous,and Hypocrites the best,

Insociable,

Insociable, Maleparte, foxing their priuate good,
Exiling hence wel-neere al Troth, meete Sports, & Neighbourhood,
Learnings Foes, contemptuously by them be Lawes withstood,
Selfe-pleasers, Skorners, Harlots, Drones, against the Haire in all:
Of their extreame, whence Atheisme breeds, be warning *Hackers* fall.
If euer *England* will in ought preuent her owne Mishap,
Against these Skommes (no terme too grosse) let *England* shut the gap.
Their giddie heds gaue colour first that *Spaine* gainst *Flanders* arm'd,
And thē their Coūtries Foes they helpt, & most their Coūtry harm'd.
If Hypocrites why Puritaines we terme be ask't, in breefe,
T'is but an *Ironized* Tearme, good-Fellow so spels Theefe.
Well-working single-hearted Men in silence (such be some)
Will not apply, but faintish, not in Deede, but by the Dromme.
To Vnion that our stablisht Lawes for publike Prayer ties
Not all, is wondred, and offends obedient Eares and Eyes:
The rather, for knowne Humorists, Sots, noted Mal-Contents,
Here innouate, and each one to a diuers Sect conuents,
Too much irreu'rent, in, and to the Church and Sacraments.
But leauing these, retier we to ill-drifting *Rome* and *Spaine*,
Whom doth our Queene, next vnder God, frō *Europs* Spoile detayne.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LIIII.

IN *Scotland*, *France*, and *Netherland* whilst *Philip* and the Pope
Did Swordes and ciuill Tumults broach, of prizing them in hope,
Her Highnes, through the higheſt Power, inabled was to ayde
Thoſe Countries, to defend her owne, and *Phillips* to inuayde.
Of *Scotland* firſt, and then of *France*, and *Belgike* ſhall be ſaide:
When firſt of other things ſhall be this ſhort Remembrance made.
It is a ſaying auncient (not autenticall, I win)
That who-ſo *England* will ſubdew, with *Ireland* muſt begin.
Imagine *Stukelies* onely name includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our State Maleuolent in will,
Of bounteous Penſions was therefore poſſeſt in *Spayne* long while,
Vntill (for it a Nature was in *Stukelie* to begile)
The King, whom he had cozen'd long, him purpos'd to exile.
Then for the Pope the Fugitiue a welcome Agent was:
(For nothing ill, might worke vs ill, hath *Spaine* and *Rome* let pas)

Of

Of him he had an Armie, that for *Irelands* Conqueſt ſayles:
When through a ſight in *Barbarie* that expedition fayles.
But how had guiltles *England* then deſeru'd ſuch hoſtile Spight?
Her Rebell why relieued they? why arm'd they him to fight?
Why did? (why doe I aske that know the *Spaniard* ſo ambitious,
The *Romaine* Prelate pompious, and, which more is, auaricious?)
Why did, I ſay, Pope *Pius* Bull, and *Gregories* Calfe diſqueate
Our Sou'raigne, and her Subiects, that did neuer them miſ-treate?
Vnles for Princes to giue Lawes to theirs be to offend
Proud *Spayne*, and *Rome*: if ſo, as ſo, let God the Quarrell end.
What elſe had *England* done, when they did foſter there, with more,
Our Traytor *Mooreton*, ſent from them to ſtirre an here-Vprore,
Which coſt the North, two northerne Earles, and their Conſorts ful-
He whiſpring, how that Bull had made *Anathema* our Queene, (ſore?
Depriu'd her all Authoritie, diſcharg'd her Subiects cleene,
Bleſt all her Foes, curſt all her Friends, left *England* Anies praye,
And all for damned that did ayde or her in ought obaye.
So arrogant, malitious, and miſchieuous is that Bull,
That *Belzebub*, the Prince of hell, appeares in it at full.
Why ſent they it by *Felton* to be biſhoped at *Paules*?
Why fee'd they *Fitz-Morice*, that in *Ireland* marſhal'd Brawles?
Saunders, that falſe ſeditious Prieſt that fortified theare, (beare?
Why march't he with their Enſignes? Why did they thoſe charges
They ſhooke our Hiue, & forſt vs forth to ſting thē when they fee'd
Falſe *Deſmond*, and the Rebell now, that as the reſt ſhall ſpeed,
For God againſt all Traytors hath aſſured wrath decreed.
Theſe Sturres, and more in *Ireland* and a many Treaſons heere,
Haue they abetted, to the King of Catholikes full deere.
More than his paper Pellets to the Pope hath beene at coſt:
His Alchumie, a dram to win, a pound of Gold hath loſt.
Was it for loue they did erect Receptacles for Ours?
Or ſo by ſchooled Treacheries to adde vnto their Powrs?

Their *Ieſuiſtes*, our *Iudaſſes*, act ſo remote from Loue,
As Faiths Relaps, Rebellion, and to Regecide they moue.
Story, inſatiate of the blood of Martyrs, and a many
Blood-thirſtie Prieſts, bloodier than whom nor hath nor might be any,
Tutring their Naturall Princes death, and Ruine of our State
Doe they, and then did nouriſh when twixt vs ſeem'd no debate,
That *Spaniſh-Iewiſh*, *Atheiſt*, and Lop-heauie-headed Leach,
(Vnworthy a Phyſitions name) fowle *Lopas*, we impeach,
And *Parret* that aſpiring Knight, hence bryb'd for duties breach.
Hence haue beene poyſned of our Peeres, whom Bribes could not ore-reach.
But what are theſe, and more than theſe, to it the *Guizian Scot*,
Fatall to Seas of blood, and to her owne by earned lot,
Did with our Foes againſt our State and Soueraignes life complot?
Wherein King *Phillip* and the Pope eſpecially weare hot.
Here, but in Reuerence of her Sonne, an happie Prince in all,
Religion, Peace, his Subiects Loue, of Emperie not ſmall,
Precelling his Progenitors, a Iuſticer vpright,
Yea ouer-long it weare we ſhould Particulars reſight,
How Nature, Wit, and Virtue, decke his body, words, and minde,
Or, if his Fames Deminatiue in any thing we finde,
It is but part of Maieſtie, through Purantizme declynde,
Yea, if for him, whom (and deſeru'd) we haue ſo firme a frend,
It might, I ſay, be ſpoke, not thus of *Marie* ſhould we end.
Her Fauours vnto *Dauid Rize*, offenſiue to the King
His Highnes Father, but for him in Storie would we bring,
With hers, and *Bothuels* double wrong to Eithers married Bead,
How they wrought *Paricidie*, how the treacherous Couple wead,
How, odious to their Owne, with hard eſcape of liues they ſtead,
How, ſince our Priſnor, blood ſhe ſought, and much through her was ſhead,
Yea all that *Buchanã* doth wright ſhould largely here be read.
Yeat not her Infancie ſhould be vpbraided with the blood
Of many thouſand ſlaughtred Soules, when periur'd *Scots* withſtood

He

Her Marriage with Prince *Edward*, which Eight *Henrie* ſwore them to,
When they eſteem'd vs Hereticks (ſo Papiſts Oathes vn-doe.)
But, for th'aforeſaid Reuerence, touch we but Hers, and Her,
That, indirectly, heer did her abortiue Clame prefer.

CHAP. LV.

KIng *Iames* the fourth, that fayld his faith, and loſt for it his life,
Had *Iames* the Fift, by *Margaret*, our Daughter, and his Wife:
Fift *Iames*, through Melancholy ends, for Ours gainſt him good chance,
And left this *Marie*, whom the *Scots*, an Infant, wead to *France*:
Thus, from Seuenth *Henries* Daughter, ſhe her Title did aduance.
But howſoere by blood, or by our Lawes, ſhe here could clame,
T'is ſure, too ſoone and treacherouſly ſhe did preferre the ſame,
And firſt and laſt vnto our Queene her ſelfe a Foe did frame.
Our *Marie* was no ſooner dead, but that her *Guizards* arme,
And into *Scotland* Locuſts-like in her Pretext did ſwarme,
Whilſt ſhe, in *France*, did vndertake our royall Armes and Stile:
Behoou'd therfore our Queene to ſtand vpon her Guard meane while.
Lord *William Graie*, our *Engliſh Mars*, not Martiall more than wiſe,
Did with an Armie hence pack thēce our dāgerous Neighbour *Guiſe*:
Nor died few of Either part, whilſt *Marie* thus would riſe: (miſe.
Since when the League did oft her Right, with wrong too much, ſur-
Of Cōqueſts *Spaine*, of Cōuerts *Rome* our Queene doth cheefly barr,
Gainſt her therefore they chiefely wrought Conſpiracies and Warre:

And not for *Maries* Title, or her any virtuous Giftes,
Thinke that they her inleagued, but from her to plot their Driftes.
Her ſelfe meane while, falſe-Paradi'zd, beſybbing *AEſops* Croe,
Vain-glorious through the Foxes gloze, did ende her ſong in woe.
Sufficeth what is ſaid before, to ſhew wherefore ſhe flead:
Here was ſhe taken, whom if *Scots* had taken, had been dead:
Put vnder Guarde: and ſo was meete ſhould one that quarreld Ours,
And not her ſelfe alone, but had Abbettors forren Powrs.
Yeat Princely her Allowance, and more ſtately, as is ſayde,
Than had ſhe been in *Scotland*: nor was Libertie denayde
Of Hauking, Hunting, and Diſports: that, had ſhe been content,
Her merrieſt and ſecureſt daies a Priſoner ſhe ſpent.
Scotland, though labourd of our Queene, would not receiue her, and
Such Treacher, though impriſon'd here, prou'd ſhe to either Land,
That death awaited her at Home, and, had we let her goe, (throe.
She was the Leagues ſhot-Anchor might our Queene and State o're-
Percie and *Neuell*, auncient Earles, This yet in *Spaniſh* paye,
(Though bacely ill, too well for him his Countrie would betray)
That other headed, both her Wreckes, wee touch but by the way:
With that ſucceeding County, who concurring with his brother,
Once pardon'd, ſtill conſpyred, and (Lawes Progreſſe ſo to ſmother)
Diſpatcht himſelfe: *Pager* and moe, like guiltie as thoſe other, (ther,
Whoſe faultes & falls had *Rome* and *Spayne* their Father, her their Mo-
Omit we *Norfolks* Houſe, from firſt of *Howards* made a Prince,
Though fauor'd of the Commons, haue defected euer ſince.
As *Abſolom* vs'd Curteſie but as Ambitions ſmoake,
Laſt *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolke* ſo did his aſpyring cloke,
Whom promis'd faith once free'd, but that promiſe ſoone he broke.
Him for Confedrate with thoſe Earles, rebelling, Proofes did touch:
And with this *Scottiſh* Queene that he Intelligence had much:
Her Marriage that he cloſely ſought, and her Eſcape pretended, (ded:
And in her Right, had fadg'd their wrong, her Highnes Raine had en-

Of

Of Rising neer to *London*, and to take it Plots they layde:
From *Netherland* the *Spanish* King had promised them ayde:
From *Scotland* into *Spayne* should be the Infant-King betrayde:
Ireland meane-while with aduerse Armes should also be ore-layde:
And hereof, to and fro the Pope, weare Letters still conuayde,
All which, and more directly prou'd he, pitied, lost his head:
Nor ought his death, from being such, did stand his Sonne in steade.
So hardly finde we Great-men in their Greatnes satisfide,
Or for their Greatnes, not to be of other men enuide.
But what is All to those haue All, when but in Trifles crost,
Disgrace, or greefe, or Grudge vn-queat no lesse than all weare lost?
Conclude we then; all Riches, Forme, Pompe, Worlds-Applause, but
Conclude we then, to Monarchize is to cõmand the minde. (Winde:
Throckmorton yeat, more priuie and more practising than those,
With her, *Mendoza*, Papists here, forren, and Land-leapt Foes,
Did Mischiefes that imported more our practiz'd State disclose.
But when of *Parry*, *Babington*, and their Attempts I thinke,
With whome this *Scottish* Lady in their bloody hopes did linke,
All foresaid Practises seeme then Epitomies to it
Whereto these folliall Traytors did themselues and Senses fit.
Our Centinels, almost too late, the Larum bell did ring,
Yeat hardly then to arme her selfe our Generall they bring:
The Queene of *Scots* frõ Ours almost her Crowne & life had priz'de,
Eare to preuent the same she would, by audience, be aduis'de.
When gentle Durance might not salue that Daunger, did remaine,
(Which God, and Nature tolerate) slea rather than be slaine:
To which our Parliament aduis'd our Queene, but long in vaine,
So far was she from fooing her that sought her life and Rayne.

CHAP. LVI.

NOw thirtie sixe our greateſt Peeres and States had power to heare,
And to determine, and, as found, her to condemne or cleare,
By Statute paſſed in our Queene her ſeuen and twentith yeare.
Theſe Noble Tryers, iuſtly then examining the Cauſe,
With reuerent Note of her, who heard and ſpoke to euery Clauſe,
Did, after diuers Daies ſo ſpent, adiudge, by Verdict trew,
Her guiltie of moſt trayterous Conſpiracies not fewe:
And then from *Fotheringhaye* themſelues to Parliament with-drewe,
Of this Infection, that our Peers and People had, and would
Remediles impoyſon, if not medcine it we ſhould,
By ſone deciſion of the Lymme whence all the bayne did floe,
Our Publike Weales Phiſitions much did argue to and froe.
Did neuer Engliſh Parliament, fully conuented then,
Conſiſt of Noblier, Learneder, Wiſer, and worthier men:
By theſe it was debated how this common Foe might liue,
Without her death whom God to vs a common Bliſſe doth giue.
Much was it labord, wiſhed much ſome Courſe herein might holde,
But to reſolue of any none had reaſon to be bolde.
Here ſtill obdurate Malice to her Maieſtie was cleere:
If ſhe preuaild, Religion was aſſurd an Altring heere:
Our Nobles Crocodile, at home, and hence, our Foe-hop't Head:
Then muſt our Queene, Religion, Realme, or She for them be dead.

Wherefore

Wherefore from Either Houſe were ſent the chiefeſt men to craue
Her Highnes that the paſſed Doome might Execution haue:
Whereof She askt to be aduiſde,and(earneſt her to ſaue)
Diſmiſſed them with louing words,and biddeth them expect
Her anſwer ſhortly,nor did She the ſending it neglect:
Though contrarie to it that all did,hopingly,affect.
For ſhe,perplexed in that caſe,did laſtly them direct
To ſtudie meanes how both might liue,the Perill ouer-paſt,
Which much amaz'd: yeat ſolemnly they handell it at laſt.
Mercie to her Malice in her might happily preuent,
Was ſaid,but not reſolu'd,for oft ſhe Mercy vnder-went,
When roſe the Earles,and other times,yeat neuer did repent,
But of our Queene to be deſtroyd had made her Teſtament.
A ſtraiter Garde,Bonds,Hoſtages, were alſo nam'd in vaine:
For,ſhould ſhe prize our Queene, who then durſt her or thē detaine?
Or what were theſe to recompence the Loſſe we ſhould ſuſtaine?
For Loyaltie to take her Oth,was thought to purpoſe ſmall:
Such Othes ſhe oft had falſifide,nor thought it ſinne at all
To breake them to an Heretike(our Queene ſo Papiſts call.)
To baniſh her,were to poſſeſſe our Foes of their deſier,
For vs to rid away the ſmoake,and runne into the fier,
To ſet her free to make a Head for them againſt our Queene:
In few,no ſafetie for vs,but in her death was ſeene:
So wholly by the Parliament concluded was, and ſo
Reported to her Maieſtie,ſtill pittying her Foe.
In more ſententious,learned,and delibrate ſort,than I
Can ſet it downe, paſt all toucht heer: So did her Maieſtie
In anſwering earſt,and now to them her Aunſwer Aunſwer-leſſe
Sweet Adumbrations of her Zeale,Mercie, and Wit expreſſe.
But with her Oracle that bod them do,and doe it not,
Play'd they as *Alexander* did with King *Gordians* Knot.

OF *Spayns* huge Nauy, toucht before, great rumor now was spread,
And that th'Inuaders meant to make this *Scottish* Queene a head:
For which continued doubt of her in Englisn hearts was shead.
Not in the Vulgars only, but some Nobles of this Land,
Who had (not knowing it our Queene) then got into their hand
The Writ of Execution, that her Heading did purport:
The which was executed soone, and in a solemne sort.
This nature-frended Lady (had she bin as wise as wittie,
Who by the Massacres in *France* had learnt to leaue of Pittie,
Made there too apt for bloody Acts, the Pope for it to blame)
To take her death, too much deseru'd, her selfe did meekely frame.
She bids commend her to her Sonne, and will him to eschew
Ill Practises and Policies, for thence her Sorowes grew:
True *Romish*, *Scottish*, and true *French*, tell all my Friends I die.
When *Melvin* (vnto whom she spake) did, weeping, thus replie,
The wofulst Message, Madame, this that euer me befell,
When of my Queene and Mistresse Death I shall the tidings tell,
She, kissing him, sayes pray for me, and bids him so farewell.
Then of a debt was due from her she did the payment craue,
And that her Seruants might enioy those legacies she gaue,
And to attend her at her death some of her owne to haue.
All which the Earles commissioned did yeeld vnto, and so
She to the black-clad Scaffold, there to take her death, did go.
Now *Mary Stewards* Troubles shall haue ending once or twise
She said, and not to mone for her did giue to Hers aduise:
And whilst the Writ in reading was no more regarded it,
Then if it had secured or concerned her no whit.
Beades at her Girdle hung, at end of them a Medall, and
An *Agnus-Dei* bout her necke, a crost-Christ in her hand.
They prayed her to set a-part those popish Toyes, and pray
In faith to Christ, in onely whom her whole Saluation lay,
And, offring then to pray with her, that Offer she withstood,

Alleaging

Alleaging that our Prayers can doe Catholiques no good.
So doth the Popes falſe Calendar of Saints of Senſe bereaue
Our Traytors, who dye Papiſts that therein it them receaue.
Was neuer yet Religion heard ſo peſtilent as this,
Their murdring vs, for Lawfull, of their Creed a portion is:
So had they ſchooled her, and that her bloodie Miſchiefs paſt
Were meritorious, which the Pope would honor ſo at laſt.
That, euen then, the Goſpels Light illuminate her heart
Was prayd of Ours, whilſt ſhe with hers prayd, as pleaſde her, a-part.
Then to her wofull Seruants did ſhe paſſe a kinde a-dew:
And kiſſing of her Crucifix, vnto the Block her drew,
And feareles, as if glad to dye, did dye to Papiſme trew.
Which, and her other Errors (who in much did euer erre)
Vnto the Iudge of Mercie and of Iuſtice we referre.
If euer ſuch Conſpirator, of it impenitent,
If euer Soule, Pope-ſchooled ſo, that Sea to Heauen ſent,
If euer one, ill-liu'd, did dye a Papiſt God-wards bent,
Then happie ſhe. But ſo, or not, it happie is for vs
That of ſo dangerous a Foe we are deliuer'd thus.

The brauely mannag'd Iorney of the Countie *Suſſex*, who
Did merit praiſe beyond my Penne, Sir *William Druries* too
Made into *Scotland*, added to Lord *Greis* ſaid Proweſſe theare,
Did leſſer rid our Queene and Realme their Realme & King of feare,
Than *Maries* end: Who of her ſelfe all Treaſons did prefer,
Gainſt either State, our forraine Foes deriu'd Pretexts from her.
But thus *Elizabeth* hath ſalu'd Ours and *Scotch* Troubles: Now
Enſues we ſhew her aids to *France*, who wrought their Broyles & how.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

IT by a Polititian, a *Germaine*, (to whose lore,
Haue *Machiuilian French*-Euents since sorted euermore)
Before Queene-Mother, *Charles* the King, and others priuate, was
Aduisde a Monarch absolute in *France* to bring to pas.
Aristocratick gouernmēt, nor *Democratick* pleasd,
But where to one Mans Emperie is *Monarchia* seasde.
He told his Trauels, and in States his Obseruations: how,
Besides the onely *Turke*, he none a Monarch did allow:
Who suffreth none by Might, by Wealth, or Blood, to ouer-top:
Himselfe giues all Preferment, and whom listeth him doth lop:
His Bands of *Ianizaries*, who are form'd and nourisht still
From Childhood his owne Creatures, hold all at his owne will:
He out of these his Captaines, and his Bassies doth elect:
They, to deserue their Founders trust, his only Weale affect:
The rather, for their Dignities, and all that All possesse
Determine at his will, behooues therefore not to transgresse.
Saue his Religion, none is vsde, vnlesse in Conquests late,
And that of Policie, thereby to adde vnto his State,
Nor euen there permits he of Religion to debate.
Nor walled Townes, nor Fortresses, his Empire doth digest,
Except vpon the Frontires, for securing of the rest.
His Subiects thus, Theirs, and the whole, at his Deuotion, needs
No Imposts, Taxes, or the like, whence Tumult often breeds.

Discourst

Discourst of his Experience thus, he then descends to it,
Whereby of *Monarchia* might himselfe the *French* King fit.
Whereas (quoth he) *French* Policie consists of Three Estates,
The Princes, Nobles, Commons, and each one of th'other wates
For hearts and helpes, and oft the King is bridled of those Three,
Himselfe therefore, such Lets remou'd, sole Monarch thus might bee.
Of ancient Peeres, of valiant Men, great Lords, and Wisemen all,
By forced Warre, or fraudfull peace, to temporize the fall:
Whereto Religions quarrell then presented meane not small.
Meane while, vntill of them by turnes weare Riddance, did behoue
To worke them Mal-contents, the King to labor vulgar Loue.
Immediately, euen from himselfe, No whit at their Request,
To passe preferments, not to them, but els as likes him best:
And but of Peeces ruinous the Great-Ones to possesse.
And when his Creatures shall grow to more, those Great to lesse,
To quarrell then those Nobles, when in them great hearts would lurke,
That for the Souldier, or the sword of Iustice, should make worke.
So to prouide that of the States be no Conuention nam'd:
Religion not disputed of: Strong Townes, which oft haue tam'd
The *French* Kings, be dismantled: And when things as thus be fram'd,
His Maiestie (quoth he) shall hit the Marke whereat is aim'd.

WHen this, & worse than thus, this worse than *Machiuel* had said,
With that Conuenticles Applause, so working was not staid.
For hence, if Accidents we shall obserue, may be collected
The ciuill Warres and Butcheries in *France* to haue effected.
Religion gaue the colour, whear, though infinite were slaine,
The Church reform'd did not resist, yeat still by losse did gaine:
For blood of Martyrs well is said to be the Churches Seede,
Where Massacres haue plashed there is spread a triple Breede.
In Sense it seem'd a sillie Spring, should *Europe* ouer-floe,
Whence *Luther* his occasion tooke against the Gospels Foe:
As *Scotlands* foresaid *Guizian* Broyles, euen *France* her Tumults so,

From

From other then Religions cauſe did at beginning groe.
So *Ioſeph* ſold, and Chriſt betrayd, was meeter than was ment
Of *Ben-Iameſts*, or by the falſe *Iſcarots* foule Intent:
But howſoeuer ill haps well, Woe ſtayes whence ill is ſent.
French ſecond *Henries* Fauorites, the Conſtable, and *Guize*,
The one of them ambitiouſly the others Hight enuies:
Each growing croſſe, and croſſing, it to Factions grew at length,
Poore *Hugenotz* vndoubted then, nor dreamed they of ſtrength:
Alone in *Henries*, *Francis*, and ninth *Charles* their Raignes, of them
French Papiſts, as our *Maries*, did to Martyrdome condemne.
But by ſuch Law as Wolues doe Lambes, thoſe Innocents for moſt
Were ſlaughtered, whole Townes ſomtimes with theſe in them they
And like now threatned *Guize* againſt the Saints in euery Coſt. (roſt:
The *Guizians* (ſo that Faction ſhall in this Report be ſayd)
Through Nonage of the Pope-taught King, grew Mighty and obayd:
Queene-Mother (Miſchief-Miſtres) in their Pageant featly playd.
Meane while the Royals and the Peeres they Practiſe to betray:
Some in the bloodie Maſſacre at *Paris* made away.
But what offend I Chriſtian Eares with horror of that deede?
From *Sarazens*, nor *Sauages* did euer like proceede.
Let that blacke Marrage-Feaſt, when were ſo many Thouſands ſlaine
Of Saints, at peace with God and men, be neuer nam'd againe:
Let be a Law in euery Land, to puniſh ſuch as ſpeake
That Chriſtians ſhould, like Hel-houds, ſo with God & Nature breake:
Farre be it that Poſterities ſhould heare, that *Charles* the King
For ſuch foule Murthers bon-fiers bod, and cauſed Bels to ring.
Yeat tell the Popes Proceſſion, and his Iubilee for this:
For Popes be impudent, and bads their bleſſings neuer mis,
To haue them Fathers of thoſe Acts no Newes at all it is.

But more than twiſe ſixe yeares ere this the ciuill Warres begun,
When on the Lambes of *Vaſſie* did the *Guizian* Butchers run:
Euen when the Edict had giuen Peace vnto the Church reform'd,
And odious to the Papiſts ſeem'd that Peace, who therefore ſtorm'd,

And

Euen then the Duke of *Guize*, who earſt had figur'd for the Crowne,
Hence calculating hopes, did ſet his bad Deſignements downe:
Alonly quarrelling, till then, the Princes of the blood,
Who, partly quail'd, were yet vnkild, and to their tackling ſtood.
So with the Papiſts bands the Duke himſelfe, not for deuotion,
But aduantagious ſeem'd that Meane for blood-drifts and Promotion.
This faction thus had Heart and Head, the other yet vnborne,
Till to the Prince of *Condie* flockt the *Hugenotz*, forlorne,
And told the ſauage Butcheries at *Vaſſie* newly made,
By ruthles and ſeditious *Guize* on Thouſands, whilſt they prayde.
Like skathed Sheepe, eſcaped from blood-ſucking dogs, they quake,
Imploring his protection, which he then did vndertake.
Thus, through Neceſſitie, this Part had alſo Heart and Head:
Euen after hundreds thouſands ſuch good Chriſtians ſo were dead.
This knowne, to him from euery Part the Perſecuted flie,
So was the Prince of vertuous Troopes poſſeſſed by and by.

CHAP. LVIII.

NOt *Spayne* this while, that held from *France* great Signories, did ſleepe,
But through the Fingers into It, with luſting Eies, did peepe:
At leaſt, by nouriſhing thoſe Broyles, all got She hopes to keepe.
For It (whoſe Scituation ſo *Spaynes* ſcattred Realmes diſioynes)
Her Teeth had watred long, and now, to weaken *France* her Loynes,
Gainſt *France* ſhe *Frãce* doth ſtrengthẽ with the Smother of her gold,
And for that Purchace to the Diuell, is fear'd, her Soule is ſold.

Directions

Directions also came from *Rome*, that setteth all on fier:
That, by what Right or wrong so ere, the *Guize* should still aspier:
To send the royall Bloods to Heauen or Hell, it skils not how:
Were Pardons sent for Murthers: Buls to cleare Alleageance vow:
That, on Damnation, none perswade, much lesse of Peace allow.
And not alone gainst *France* this League was halowed, but gainst all
That worke the Gospell to erect, wherby the Pope might fall.
Was more than time, troe we, to goe, should not the Church vs call.
But call did they, and come did we, and to their labors fall,
When were their townes demolished, with slaughters thear not final.

This busie Head of that bad League (for yet the monstrous Beath
Of *Sextus Quintus* and the Diuell, the grand League, had not breath)
This *Guize* bereft vs *Calice*, and in *France* our Peeces all:
Then fell in hand with *Scotland*, thence with vs in hand to fall:
This, in his Neece the *Scottish* Queene her claime, did all he might
To dispossesse *Elizabeth* our Queene of regall right:
This on the infant-Person of his naturall King had seazde:
And prosecuted now in *France* what violence him pleasde:
The Popes sworne Butcher, and proud *Spains* fore-Runner, to prepare
Her waies for *France* and *England*, which their Owners cannot spare:
This with the blood of Innocents made Channels ouer-floe:
Against this *Cham*, and his Beau-Peeres, inuited *Englishe* goe.
Els, saue that God [illegible] all, was feard Religion should haue quaild,
And *Spanyards*, nestling ouer neere, had easlier vs assaild:
For on the The[illegible] of *France*, the Tragedie was ment
Of *England* too: Wherefore our Queene her interruptors sent.

How *Ambrose*, Earle of *Warwick*, did in *France* high feates not few,
How bloodie *Claudie*, Duke of *Guize*, a common Souldier slew,
How *Francis*, sonne of that same *Guize*, did ciuill Broyles renew,
The persecuting *Francis*, *Charles*, and *Henries* hence a-dew, (plaid,
How these said Kings, to worke themselues *French* Monarchs Atheists
And doting ouermuch on *Rome*, their Realme and selues betraid,
The skarlet *Borbone*, whom the *Guize* a painted *French* King made,

Salceda

Effecting now,is only it whereto our Pen shall pas:
Thamar, *Ammon*, *Absolom*, *Adoniah* also wrought
Vnto their Father woe enough,let these on Stage be brought.
Now to the Tribes was *Dauid* as the Zodiack to the Signes,
Euen Signifer to euery Prince that circled his Confines:
A Monarche great,in Acts and Fame more great,but great'st of all,
In that he was belou'd of God,nor ceast on him to call,
Who raisd him,often falling,for his Crosses weare not small.
Loue-worth *Maacha*, *Thalmai* King of *Geshurs* Daughter,baire
To *Dauid* featred *Absolom*,and *Thamar* peereles faire.
Nor fairer yeat than virtuous, though disastrously she speade:
Such is admyred Bewtie that hath Worlds of Mischiefes breade.
Ammon,whom *Ahinoam* bore to *Dauid*,was the cause
Of hers and his owne griefe,in that he gaue his Eyes no lawes.
For Loue is but a Terme,like as is *Eccho* but a Voyce,
That This doth babble That doth breed or not is ours the choyce.
Trewe Virtue curbs Affection,and for Conscience flyeth sinne,
To leaue for imperfection,feare,or shame no praise doth winne.
But not so happy he,as feare,or shame,or ought might stay
His rankled thoughts,but sicke,luste sicke,for *Thamar* *Ammon* lay,
Till subtell *Ionadabs* Aduise did her to him betray.
For neuer was Pretence so fowle but some would flatter it,
Nor any thing so pestilent as mis-applied Wit.
Seeme feeble sicke,and when the King thy Father visits thee,
Then faine an Appetite to Meate by *Thamar* dresst (quoth he:)
Aske that she dresse it in thy sight,and of her hand to take it,
When priuate so,thy Market bee as thou doest mar or make it.
Well pleasde this Counsell: *Ammon* askes,and *Dauid* yeelds anon.
Nor readier *Dauid* to bid goe than *Thamar* to be gon.
Like *Philomela*,flattering *Pandeon* she might go
With *Tereus* that prepos'd her shame,was *Thamar* forward so:
When either Virgin was surprisde wheare least they look't a Foe.
So gratious,portly,fresh,and faire,and (which no lesse attract)

So modeſt,wittie,affable,had Nature her compact,
That ſuch as in his Canticles her Brother hath purtrayde
His Loues *Idea*,litrally might *Thamar* ſuch be ſaide.
Goodly thus,and gladly then,and not ſuſpecting harme,
She,entring wheare he lodged,did afreſh the Leacher warme.
His leaſing Sicknes then to acte by Arte was more than neede,
For,ſeeing her,imagine all his Senſes ſicke in deede.
More could ſhe not,more ſhould ſhe not,than ſhe in kindnes did:
All adding Fewell to the Fier,which yet from her lay hid.
Now,ſaue of him and her,the Roome was cleard by his deuiſe,
When he did aske to eate,which ſhe did bring him in a triſe:
Full glad (good Soule) her Cookerie might pleaſe him any whit,
When not her Cookrie,but her ſelfe,his appetite did fit:
Concerning which he breakes with her,indeuoring her conſent:
Whereto amaiz'de,ſhe counter-works,nor would for ought relent.
How pretious her Virginitie,what ſinne it to defile,
How for their Fathers Luſte much woe was propheſied ere-while,
How Inceſt was much more a ſinne ſhe wiſhed him to way,
How permanent the Shame to both: Enough did *Thamar* ſay,
To haue preſeru'd Virginitie,if luſt had brook't a Nay.
But pleading teares and words lackt waite,by force he rauiſht her,
And hauing forſt,he forced not to hide how he did erre:
Nor more he loued her ere while but hates her now as much:
Of Luſt and vnchaſt Coiture ſtill is the Sequell ſuch.
Her now vn-virgin'd Eyes did ſhame to view the common Light,
She therefore would haue ſtayd,at leaſt not come in cõmon Sight,
Suppoſing,by her Bluſhings,all would ayme her altred Plight,
But out his Doores by violence he ſhutteth her,wherefore
Aloude ſhe cride with bitter teares,her faire attier ſhe tore,
And did all Signes of ſorrow,whilſt the cauſe admired was.
But when her Brother *Abſolom* found how had come to pas,
He comforts her in all he might,and to his houſe conuaies
His wofull Siſter,wheare thenceforth,as deſolate,ſhe ſtaies:

Like

Like *Prognes* ſiſter penſiue, but her moodes weare milder ſtill,
This wanting will not ſpeech to rayle, That wanting ſpeech not will.
Contrary-wiſe thought *Abſolom* of nothing but Reuenge,
And with his choler thinke yee him theſe thoughts among to menge.
Did *Cadmus*, for his Siſter rapt'e, ſo many Countries rome?
And ſhall I ſleepe my Siſters Rape, that may be quit at home?
For Rape of one, ſcarce honeſt, was at *Troy* ſuch tenne-years Fight,
And ſhall one eaſie bloe ſeeme much ſweet *Thamars* wrong to right?
Simeon and *Leui*, worthy Sonnes of *Iſrael* our grand-Sier,
Yee in reuenging *Dinas* Rape haue ſet mine heart on fier,
Euen mine, that for a greater wrong ſhould greater things acquier.
Poore *Sychem*, thou didſt loue in deede and Marriage Rites affect,
Lewde *Ammon*, thou did'ſt luſt in deede, and then thy Rape reiect:
Poore *Sichem*, ſhe a ſtranger was whom thou ſo much didſt wowe,
Lewde *Ammon*, ſhe thy Siſter was with whome thou hadſt to doe:
Poore *Sichem*, thou to prize thy loue didſt leaue thy Godes for hers,
Lewde *Ammon*, thou to pleaſe thy luſte no God at all prefers:
But howſoeare in theſe in this no diffrence ſhall remaine,
Poore *Sichem* he was ſlaughtred, lewd *Ammon* ſhall be ſlaine.
Not more *Maachas* goodly Sonne in ſtomaking did threate,
Then did this Newes his Father now offenſiuely diſqueate:
At poynt almoſt to act as much as *Abſolom* did plot,
Euen *Ammons* death, had not he been his Iſſue firſt-begot:
For which he earſt had hild him Deare, and preſent Nature wrought,
And that himſelfe had amorous Slyps, is likely too, he thought.
But howſoeare, in woe enough he ouerpaſſeth it,
Which *Abſolom* in wroth enough nor could, nor would forgit:
Two yeares in ſilence, neartheles, he labord of that fit.
To his Sheep-ſhearing *Dauid* and his Brethren he inuites,
(Such as our Wakes, conuenting Kinnes to Feaſtings and Delightes)
Now liſten what *Cataſtropha* this Stratagem behightes.
The King excus'd his comming, whome his Sonne importunes ſo,
As *Ammon* and his other Sonnes had leaue and will to goe.

Vnwilling though(by what Preſage I wot not) *Dauid* ſeem'd
Of *Ammons* going(but what Fate ordain'd hath none redeem'd)
Go did he,wheare full merily he frollicked that tyde,
When, by his Oſtes Attendants theare of ſudden Wounds he dyde,
(Which after-Banquet did their Lord for onely him prouide.)
More skar'd than hurt the other Sonnes of *Dauid* flead with ſpeede,
Yeat eare their home-returne the King had notice of the deede,
And feared much their ſafetie,till them he ſaw,and then
Was ſuch confuſed ſorrow,more was neuer ſeene mong'ſt Men.
To *Geſhur Abſolom* eſcapes,three yeares an Exile thear,
Till *Dauids* kinde relenting heart to *Ioab* did appeare,
By meanes of whome,recalled home,he laſtly purchaſt Grace,
Yea well-appay'd was *Dauid* if weare *Abſolom* in place.

Lou'd neuer Father more a Sonne than him his Father lou'd,
Prou'd neuer Sonne vngratefull more than he vngratfull prou'd:
For hauing ſtolne the Peoples hearts,by affable Pretexts,
He faines his vowes at *Hebron*, but the Diadem affects,
And,by collected Forces theare diſtreſſed *Dauid* more
Than *Saule* the *Cananites*,or all hap't after or before:
Enforcing him to flie the Land.But dwell we not of this,
God neuer fauor'd ſuch Attempts,or euer fayled His.
When *Dauid* ſeem'd,in common Sence,already on the hip,
Was *Abſolom* himſelfe ore-throne,whom God made ouer-ſlip,
What politicke *Achitophel* had counſeld him to doe,
Whoſe Counſell not receau'd, he hong himſelfe,and worthie too.
Ambitious *Abſolom*,now foyl'd,as on his Mule he flead,
Was carried vnderneath an Oke wheare caught vp by the head,
(Euen by thoſe bewtious Locks of which & him ſuch praiſe is read)
He ſighte(and cauſe he had)and ſaid(or ſay he might)that All
Which ſo vniuſtly ſeeke to clime,moſt iuſtly ſo doe fall.
But whatſoere he thought or ſpake,this holds autenticall:
We thinke no greater bliſſe than ſuch to be as be we would,
When bleſſed none,but ſuch as be the ſame that be they ſhould.

Had

Had one Man all that all Men haue he nothing had, vnleſſe
He alſo had a Soule that All as nothing did poſſeſſe.
Natures Mynion, Eyes Admier, and now in-ayred Earth,
(For, hanging, *Ioabs* ruthles ſpeare had vented vitall breath,
Although the King his counter-maunde ſhould haue contraried ſo)
Effected had his Fathers heart no Subſtance elſe but woe:
So kinde and ouer-kinde was he in moning ſuch a Foe.
But thus of this, and thus to him this following Croſſe did groe.
To epilogue our Tragedie, now *Adoniah* acts,
With whom, old *Dauid* to depoſe, euen *Ioabs*-ſelfe compacts:
Yea diuers Captaines did reuolt, and with the Sonne rebell,
Which not a little greeu'd the King, that lou'd the young-man well,
Who, next his brother, did for forme and ſoly now excell.
Remayn'd but *Salomon* and he, and he the elder Sonne.
Too forward yeat to practiſe Rule eare *Dauids* Raigne was donne.
But what God meaneth is, Amen: The Scepter was behight
To *Salomon*, and *Nathan* mou'd the King to doe him right.
Who, aged, caus'd his Diadem to Roialize the head
Of *Salomon*, annoynted now: which heard, the Rebel flead.
So haue we ſeene, not yeares farre-paſt, long-Plottings ouerthrone,
Euen in a triſe, to day a Queeue, to morrow leſſe than none:
Such was her Fate, but not her Fault, that ſtoode for *Maries* Throne
Nor cite I this A Noueltie, like Pul-backs many an one.
Repentant *Adoniah* now vnto the Altar flies,
And holdeth faſt the Hornes thereof: which one, that it eſpies,
Reporteth vnto *Salomon*, that ſent to fetch him Thence:
Which would not be, till ſwore the King to pardon his offence:
Whom leaue we now ſo pardoned, or rather in ſuſpence.
For though a Kings Competitor in one ſame Land may liue,
Yeat take he heed, the ſleighteſt cauſe a cauſe of death doth giue:
Which hapned him, eare hapned this inferred by the way.
Dauid decea'ſte, in *Salomon* was ſole and ſou'raigne Sway,
When *Ioab*, to prolong his life, did at the Altar ſtay.

Euen he that in ſo many Brunts for *Dauid* did preuaile,
That, ſaue for *Adoniah* now, Allegiance neare did faile,
That, ſaue for ſheaded blood of twaine, could none impeach of wrong,
Euen this grand-Captaine of the Hoſts, a luckie Knight ſo long,
Hand-faſting now the Altar, clames that priuiledge, in vaine:
For thence he would not, and the King commaunds he theare be ſlaine:
Which Warrant did *Banaiah* ſerue. And ſo this Worthie died,
For *Abner* and *Amaſas* blood, like-Worthies and as tried.

With *Adoniah* now remaines we act and ende our Sceanes,
To whō, might ſeeme, ſmall good was meant, what il ſoére he meanes:
Wheare crowned Might, and croſſed Right ſo neere together dwell,
Behooues that Forreſt-flying Feare, whereof the Fox did tell.
Our factious *Lancaſter* and *Yorke* thereof could witnes well.
Abiſag, *Dauids Hebe*, that in comfort of his Age,
Attended him at Bed and Boarde, when naturall heate did ſwage.
Howbeit ſtill a Virgin, and the goodlieſt Wenche aliue,
Enamours *Adoniah*, at the leaſt with her to Wiue
He drifteth, not detayned but for *Salomons* conſent:
Of which he moued *Bethſabe*, for which ſhe Sutor went
To *Salomon*, that thearewithall was onely not content,
But alſo tooke occaſion hence of more, perhaps, then meant.
Banaiah, by the Kings Commaund, did *Adoniah* ſlea:
For Cryme perhaps, perhaps becauſe a Crowne might come in Plea.
For *Salomon*, diuinely wiſe, could Subtellizings found:
That much the Maid knew *Dauids* mind, that Many ſhe had bound,
Whilſt gratious earſt, with Benefits: her Kinred ſtrong he found:
That *Ioab* and *Abiather* weare on his Brothers ſide:
That his aſpiring ſleepes nor muſt be ſlept the King eſpide:
Or elſe-what? *Adoniah* was diſpatched out of hand:
So ſped his ſute, ſo was confirm'd to *Salomon* the Land:
If Others otherwiſe, not I as others vnderſtand.

Nor better Meede for Merits could theſe *Dauidiſts* alleadge:
Yeat did their Father eate the Grapes that ſet their Teeth on edge.

Then

Then charitable, godly-wise, and continent weare fit
Should Parents be: So prosper they, Theirs, and whom Theirs begit.
Of *Scotland*, quieted by our Queene, and *France* by her kept *French*,
Is toucht: Of *Belgike*, long selfe-vaind, rests how the blood to stench.

CHAP. LX.

THe Inquisition threatned, wrought in *Netherlanders* feare.
And Signes of altring Regment in their ancient State appeare.
As full-fead Children with their Foode by Peace this people play,
Till, in world-matchles Wealth, did them Securitie betray.

They hearing what King *Philip* meant against their State, did minde
What in the Fables Morall of the Stock and Stork we finde:
For in the Lady Regent and her Brother *Philips* Corse,
Their hearts presag'd like diffrence as twixt rigor and remorse.
Arm'd was the Duke of *Alua*, who by warres, by wiles, by blood,
Shuld cõquer, circũuent, cõsume, those Lands, their Lords, the Good.
These to haue his sufficed not the *Spanish* King, vnlesse
He Monarchize their Land, their Lawes, and Liberties depresse.
The other Part their Consciences and Priuiledges pleades,
Nor other cause than only thus to armor Either leades. (lurch,
For There, else-Where, and euer *Spayne*, when *Spayne* would Scepters
Concludes for *Spayne*, though euer *Spayne* begins for holy-Church.
No Armie was as yet ariu'd, when as the *Belgics* send
To *Philip* their subiniſſion, and their Loyaltie defend.
If ought were done contrary to his Edicts (as indeede

Weare ſome too buſie Proteſtants did order-les proceede)
They did tranſpoſe that fault vpon thoſe Innouators rude,
Proteſting all that Subiects ſhould, and humbly too they ſude,
(Vouching his Father, Vncle, Kings, and Emperors of old,
Who let their Liege-men, diffring from their own, Religion hold)
To ſuffer Conſciences in them to God-wards vncontrold.
For which, and for their Charters did they offer Maſſes large,
And euermore to vnder-go all Truage, Taxe, and Charge.
But Theirs to alter quite in all was it that *Philip* ment:
To plague therfore thoſe ſeauenteene Shires was war-fleſht *Alua* ſent.
This, like a pleaſing poyſning Aſpe, to act as he did aime,
At firſt arriuall Pardons did for paſſed Crimes proclaime.
That tractable kind People ſo he to his bent did frame.
Who weare not then by hoſtile meanes men eaſily to tame.
He thus of them poſſeſt, did then, by ſlie Degrees, ſurpriſe
Their Townes, puts Gariſons in them, built Cittadels likewiſe,
Inducts the Inquiſition, and ſtrange Impoſts did deuiſe,
Cals pardon'd Crimes in queſtion, faines the Guiltles to offend,
And thus an Aſpe, and poyſnous more, prou'd *Alua* in the end.
For why? ambitious men ſeeke, get, poſſeſſe, and practiſe State,
With reſtles minds, by fawning Meanes, enuide, in haughtie rate.
This priuiledged Prouince, and this Paradized Earth,
Thus ſtripped of her golden Fleece, and faintly drawing breath,
Was Phiſickt of *Elizabeth*, who with her *Engliſh* Balme,
Then much the poyſnous biting of that *Spaniſh* Aſpe did calme:
Euen Pittie preaching thus to her, that Nature is reuerſt,
When as it ſelfe is not amongſt it owne Conſorts diſperſt.
She to that Countries Father, to that honorable Knight,
The Prince of *Orange* (armed then in Chriſt his cauſe to fight,
And for his Countries weale) permits firſt Voluntarie Aides,
And laſtly, when that neighbour Fier too neerly her inuaides,
And their extreame Oppreſſion did her Charitie inuite,
(By Ambaſſies *Spayne* often mou'd to do the *Belgies* right,

How-

Howbeit touching Peace in vaine) she franklier friends their Cause,
Who were inforced to defend their Faith, their Liues, and Lawes,
Against their Soules and Bodies foes, and (which might all perceaue)
Our cause was handled then in theirs, then theirs were ours to leaue,
And (which had often ayded vs in many a Field and Fleete)
In ancient Loue with *Burgundie* to breake was thought vnmeete.
How thence tyrannous *Alua* was reuoked, all too late,
When pitiously declined was their flourishing Estate:
Ere which Oppression, where the King had countles Profits thence,
Now Ownes he nothing there, not held with infinit Expence.
The Slaughters, Sackings, Mutinies, the Kings Vice-Gerents sence,
How *Horne*, & *Egmond*, Coũties braue, through *Aluas* Athisme spead,
How *Orange*, through our Soueraignes Aids preuaild, how lastly dead,
How *Antoy* also, through her Meanes, became that Peoples head,
How now her Highnes onely-selfe, next God, doth them secure,
Her valiant Warriors there, whose Laudes might speciall Pens allure,
And here mean-while should ours, saue that I cannot but deuine,
Their Chiualrie to be reseru'd for higher Muse than mine:
To which, though some we leaue, yeat (by their leaues) of some is said
Themselues they haue misgouern'd, and their Companies betrayd,
Some More regard of Tents and Trash in their Retreats haue made,
Then of our craised men, may such Conductors low be laide,
And some too ruthles, riotous, and of their Charge remisse,
Haue starued vp in number moe than Foe-slaine number is.
Thus some of some report, perhaps, not true in all as told:
But somewhat somewhere faulteth, for no fier no smoake be bold.
To be officious getteth Friends, plaine Dealing hated is,
Yeat better plainely to reproue, than fainedly to kisse:
We cannot also loue our Friends, and flatter their A-misse.
How these and thus-like passed Thear we ouer-passe it heere:
Note in our Queene Religion wrong'd it selfe did euer cheere,

And,

And,wheare the *Spanish Nimrod* hunts in Monarchie to hold
All Christendom, through God that drift she chiefly hath controld.
Nor did,nor doth,nor shall it need that thus to her be told:
Who would to God,but works no good,who seeketh fame by ease,
Comes short of both,no lesse than Mappes to very Lands and Seas.

Not onely thus,but in this while her Fleetes haue oftentimes
Set prosperously her men on shore,euen in the fartheſt Climes:
Whēce haue they brought,by fair Cōmerce, great riches to our land,
Or glorious spoyles from such as did their peace or Prowse withstand:
Of which shall be digested here the Progresse,in some parte,
Though stately be the Subiect,and too slender be our Arte.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXI.

INexplicable Nature, by the God of Nature wrought,
Makes things seeme Miracles to some by some not Wonders thought:
And euery Climates People, both as they are Men and liue,
Do differ nothing, if obseru'd, She, not admir'd doth giue.
The Workman rather than the Worke extoll we though in her,
Not curiously, and all things to his Prouidence refer.
Who reades Sir *Iohn de Mandeuil* his Trauels, and his Sights,
That wonders not? and wonder may, if all be true he wrights.
Yeat rather it beleeue (for most, now modernly approu'd)
Than this our Storie, whence suppose he was to Trauell mou'd:
Not contradicting though such Pens that write, perhaps more trew,
That Pennance him to Pilgrimage hence of Deuotion drew.
Of noble Parentage and rich was *Mandeuil* exact,
To whom nor Feature, Actiuenes, nor Peoples fauour lackt.
A Lady of the royall blood, Third *Edwards* Cozen say her,
On whom, for rarest Raritie, might Arte-spent Nature stay her,

Inamours

Inamours him: who held it ſinne, if ought he ſhould omit,
Might pleaſe and prize his Ladie coucht in Courage, Coſte, or Wit.
But quite it quail'd his hopes to thinke he ſtrain'd to reach a Starre:
Oft reaſon therefore did with Loue, Loue did with reaſon warre.
She is too high, and what of that? it hath, thinks he, bin ſeene
As High haue ſtoopt as Low: For Loue, right-labourd, wins a Queene.
And can I hope that Beautie which is Adamant to all?
Yea, Beautie, Natures Iuy-buſh, each Paſſenger doth call.
But ſhould ſhe loue (Foole that I am to hope, that ſhould deſpaire)
Such Births as ſhe not elſe muſt loue, but as they licen'ſt are.
Yeat were it *Mandeuil* ſhe lou'd (miſlike it they that liſt)
Our vertuous Loue elſe-where, as here ſhould render vs as bliſt.
O, would ſhe loue, it ſhould ſuffiſe: ſuch, not of vulgar Moulds,
Whō once ſhe bleſſeth with her Loue, for him ſhe ſooth-faſt holds:
The only vertue of which Loue all other Lacks controules.

Such were his Ebbes, & Floods, and down although in Loue he ſits,
Yeat, fearing Death and her diſdaine, his Heart deuour'd his Fits.
For, though not meanly paſſionate, he fared not as thoſe,
Whoſe melancholy Fooleries be Pylots to their Woes.
Alreadie was he gratious both with her and all the Court,
And, more to be, did exerciſe Armes, and each actiue Sport,
Nor was he ſtoicall in ought, but affable in all,
And apprehends, euen feelingly, her Humours as they fall.
If ſad were ſhe, then ſad was he, if merrie, merrie too:
His Senſes liable to all, ſhe did, or did not doe.
If her he heard to ſpeake, he ſayd *Caſſandra* ſpake leſſe trew,
If her he ſaw, hers praiſde he more than *Cytherea's* hew,
If odorifrous Sents he ſmelt, he fathers them on her,
If but her hand he toucht, that Touch did highly him prefer,
But deified ſwore he him her bed-game Sweets might taſte,
And ſwore his Thoughts: for where we loue, euen there our Soules be
His Vertues and officiouſnes to her wards ſo had wrought, (plaſte.

That

That vnto little leſſe than loue ſhe, by Degrees, was brought.
Then errant Knights, & euery Knight, yea Kings would oft defend
The Beauties of ſuch Damſels as it lik't them to commend:
And Prizes were prepoſde for ſuch whoſe Champions bore them beſt
At Tilts and Turnies, and his Choice was Soueraigne ore the reſt.
Such Iuſts, in *England* to be held, were now proclaymed, and
The Chiualrie of Chriſtendome conuented in our Land.
Three beautious forren Ladies with Sir *Iohn* his Ladie ſtood
Competitors to win the Prize, maintain'd with Champions good.
To ſhew the foure-fold March of Knights, whoſe Prowſe ſhould plead
Vnder diſtinguiſht Flags, her Forme their Fancies waited on, (anon,
Their rare Accomplements, and each Deuiſe to ſee or reede,
To ſhew the richnes of the Prize behight the Victors Meede,
The Damſels richer hew for whom ſuch Triumphs were decreede,
The Coſt, and great Concurſe was there, were ouer-long to ſay;
In few, was nothing wanting that might honor ſuch a day.
Now ſound they to the Iuſts, and now vn-horſt was many a Knight,
For Foyles were Foyles, moſt brauely all their Champerie acquite,
And almoſt grew the day to end before it could be ſeene
Who bore him beſt, when (mounted well, both Man & Horſe in greene)
A Knight appear'd: his Banner had the Picture, and in gold
King *Edwards* Cozen *Elenor* was legibly inrould.
Againſt him ranne right hardie Knights, that thundred on his Beuer,
But he vnhorſt the moſt of them, himſelfe vn-horſed neuer:
At leaſt he loſt his Stirrops that incounters him, wherefore
Of Knighthood he, and *Elenor* the Prize of Beautie bore.
The Iewels ſet for Victorie and aduerſe Banners three
Were yeelded him, whilſt *Elenor* did long her Knight to ſee.
But as they marched to depart, with Beuer ſhut, he made
To her a Conge, cloſely then he Thence himſelfe conuaide.
Much wonder all who and of whence the hardie greene-Knight was,
But ſecretly, vnknowne of all, he to his Home did pas.
A Womans Loue is Riuer-like, which, ſtopt, will ouer-flow,

But when the Currant finds no let it often fals too lowe,
Faire *Elenor* wish't nothing more than that she might him know:
Meane while the Fier of Loue in her, from sparkes to flame did grow.
But *Mandeuil* was more discreet than that, for Mens applause,
He would be known, as knowing that from Praise takes Enuie cause.
To moue the King threats death, in vaine to labor her he wist,
Since many mightie Potentates had labord her and mist.
She, he, and *England* seem'd too neere, his hopes, thought he, too farre,
He absence therefore poynts to plead vnto his Loue in barre.
Of *Ceur-de-Lion*, *Erigen*, *William* the Pylgrim, who
Wrot *Richards Syrian* Warres, *Curson*, *Glanuile*, and *Longe-spee* too,
Long-shanks eare King, his Knights, and of our *English* many moe,
That through the triple Orbs did Armes and Trauels vnder goe,
And famous thus aliue and dead Here and Abroad did groe
He cal'd to minde, resolu'd in minde his Life to finish so.
Bills of Exchange and all things els prepard for Trauell fit,
Vnto his Friends, grieu'd he would goe, he then imparteth it.
The King did giue him Letters for safe-Conducts, of the Corte,
Loth him to leaue he taketh leaue, But in more speciall sorte
Of *Elenor*, good Sadnes she thus spoke, as if in sporte:
Some discontented humor sends you hence, as I deuine,
Which, be whereso you shall, will be with you be yours as mine.
Nay, Madam, quoth Sir *Iohn*, twixt vs this difference is to finde,
I both in minde and body, you need trauell not in minde.
Yes yes, quoth she, my Minde I wot meete may you farre away,
If so, then giue to it this Ring, and that I sent it say.
So, with that Riddle and a Ring she gaue, they kindly part,
Nor knew she him the Knight she meant, nor he to him her heart:
For, second to the greene-Knight (whom she thought not him) was he
Her Fauoret, of him therefore she would remembred be.
Now let vs say the Lands, the Seas, the People, and their Lore
This Knight did see, whom, touching which, not storie shall we more:
But to our *English* Voyages, euen in our times, let's frame.

Our

(Our Muſe, and what you heare of thoſe of his the like do ame.
Yeat interlace we ſhall among the Loue of her and him:
Meane while about the World our Muſe is ſtripped now to ſwim,

CHAP. LXII.

FRom then, when firſt my Father, eare my birth,
was one of thoſe
Did through the Seas of yſie Rocks the *Muſcouites* diſcloſe,
We ſhall our *Engliſh* Voyages, the cheefe at leaſt, digeſt,
Of which in this her Highnes Raigne haue been perform'd the beſt,
Then here a while let *Mandeuill* and his beloued reſt.
To name the diuers Peoples that in *Europe* be were much,
Not but remoteſt Regions, of our Natiues ſeene, we touch.
But, Moderns, Yee (of whom are ſome haue circum-ſail'd the Earth)
Here pardon vs your Sailes, and giue your proper praiſes bearth:
Infuſe yee Penn-life too into ore taken Fames by death.
Caboto (whoſe Coſmographie and ſelfe-proofe brake the Iſe
To moſt our late Diſcouerers, Debtors to his Aduiſe)
Had vs, eare *Spayne*, poſſeſt of that which *Spanyards* now abuſe,
But, he inuiting, idely we did offred Gold refuſe:
Yeat him to ſay for moſt the Meane, it weare not vs to ſhame,
Of *Engliſh* new Diſcoueries, that yeeld vs Wealth and Fame.
Reſerue we to the Actors though (of whom loſt ſome their Wealth,
Their liues a many, all at leaſt indangered their health,
In trewer perils, and more braue Achieuements, than the Tailes

Of

(Of *Iason* and *Vlysses* of their fabled Sea-toyld Sailes)
The Glorie of the dangerous Gole: Nor let vs heere forgit
(In which I first did breath this aire) *London*, preferring it. (knowne,
Some Marchants theare of woorth did mind with Nations, then vn-
New Traffiques, and the passe thereto was by *Caboto* showne:
By his instruction at their costs three shippes were rigged out,
Hugh Willoughby the Admyrall, a Knight both wise and stoute.
Next place (whose braue performance of Imployments euer liue)
To *Chancelor*, grand Pylot for that Voyage, did they giue.
Now sayle they for the Northeast partes, *Cathayas* Shores to finde:
Incountred with huge seas of Ise, with stormie Gustes and Winde:
Shotland, *AEgeland*, *Halgland*, th'Isles of *Roste* and *Losoot* past,
Tempestiously *Arzinas* Rhode receiued Sir *Hugh* at last.
Theare he, and all of two his ships, attempting bootles shifts,
Weare in that Climate Frozen dead, shut vp with Isie Driftes:
Wheare died he and all with him (if so to die be death)
But no, saith heauen, no, saith their Fame suruiuing them on earth.
Then *Chancelor*, his onely ship remayning of that fleete,
For *Fynmarke*, at the *Wardhouse* sayles with his Consorts to meete.
Their day hath more than two months length, & *Mal-strands* Poole it
Such hidious rore, deuouring fluds, ỹ ten miles distãce shakes. (makes
Wheare, frustrate of his friends in quest, with courage not deiect,
He for the Course preposed did his ventrous sayles direct.
King *Arthur*, *Malgo*, *Edgar* once to haue subdewd are said
Orkney, *Gotland*, *Island*, and those former in that traide,
Gronland, *Wireland*, *Curland*, and cold *Scrikfyn* them obaid,
Newland, with others, and those Isles wheare men, saue eyes alone,
Are hid in hides of beastes, and beasts saue fish haue fother none:
Thence *Chancelor*, ariuing mong'st the *Laplanders* at last,
They, seeing vncouth Men and Shippes, weare wondringly agaste,
(For eare that day was heard no Shippe that churlish pole had past.)
The *Lapland* Bay wheare he arriu'd, now cald Saint *Nicholas* Bay,
Though

Though *Ruſsian*, fifteene hundred Miles from *Moſco* is away:
Theare Winterd he at *Newnox*, till ſafe conduct being ſent, (went.
Thence to their King on ſwift-drawne Sleads through frozen waies he
Not like *Sarmatian Scithians* (for the *Moſcouites* be ſo)
He found them plaine, but rather much in pompe to ouer-floe:
They neuer in the *Ruſsian* Court till then did *Engliſh* ſee,
His intertainment therefore was as ſtately as might be.
In ſundry Roomes were hundreds ſeene in Gold and Tyſſue clad,
A Maieſtie *Auguſtus*-like their King inthroned had.
Let paſſe what paſte in ſpeech betwixt our Pilot and their King,
Full well could *Chancelor* demeane himſelfe in euery thing,
Let paſſe how in *Baſilius* Court moſt royally he fead,
Suffiſe it that our Agent of his arrant thither ſpead:
That is, that ours might trade with them, of which large leaue is read.
More, not vnworthie note, hereof our purpoſe is to ſay,
But this be firſt of *Mandeuil* remembred by the way.

CHAP. LXIII.

WE left him form'd a Traueler (braue Pilgrim Knight farewell,)
And *Elenor* (ſweete Soule) in Loue, with whom ſhe could not tell:
He trauels for to leaue his Loue, not caring where he loſe it,
She for her Loue to finde it skils not whom, ſo him that Ooſe it:
The greene Knight, be whoſo he ſhall, her heart had branded hers:
Wheare is that Second She that Loue for Vertue ſo ptefers?
Her onely, ſpeed how ſo he ſhall, his heart had branded his:

Wheare liues that second He that so, by louing, betterd is?
T'is often seene, Loue works in Man a weake deiected minde,
T'is euer seene, a Womans Loue doth alter as the winde:
Example then be *Mandeuil* for Men not to be idle
In Amorous Passions: Labor is to loue, at least, a Bridle:
Example to be *Elenor*: But let vs say no more,
For Women euer alter, saith the Gospell preach't before:
Conclude we then, when *Elenor* and *Mandeuil* did die,
The Method of true louing did with them to Heauen flie,
For euer since too feruent in their Loue are Men, for most,
But, *Iris*-like, in Womens Hearts Loue too and fro doth poste.
One *Stafford* (of a Noble House, a Courtiour of good hauor,
A frind and fast to *Mandeuil*, and in the Prince his Fauor)
From *Cyprus* from his Friend receiu'd two Letters, one was his,
The other sent to *Elenor*, and that purported this,
Of you receiued I a Ring, a Token to your Minde,
If so I met it, and it is my fortune it to finde:
For if the Heart may, as it might, for Minde be vnderstood,
My Heart is yours, your Ring so mine, Hearts interchang'd were good.
More did I feare than euer in your Ladiship I found,
Disdaineful Lookes from those faire Eyes that me with loue did woũd.
Now speake I Loue, far from those Lookes so forceable to kill,
Howbeit that I loue is not to worke or wish you ill. (feard I,
Not more than this (though Princes Frownes beare death with them)
For had you lou'd, the King mislikt, what had I for't to die?
Wheare I haue beene (were blasphemie from Women to detract)
Great store of Beauties haue I seene, but none, as yours, exact)
Courts also more than stately, with faire Ladies in the same,
Which seemed common Formes to me, remembring but your name.
When in the Holly-land I prayd, euen at the holy Graue,
(Forgiue me God) a sigh for sinne, and three for Loue I gaue.
Against the fearce *Arabians* I the *Soldans* Pay did take,
When oft, as Onset, for Saint *George* Saint *Elenor* I spake.

The

The *Amazones*, thoſe luſtie Girles, beleeue me lik't me well,
But nothing in the beſt of them but doth in you excell.
I look't vpon the ſterile Lake where Heauen-fir'd *Sodom* was,
For one, thought I thear ſuch as you not ſo had come to pas,
Moſt ſweete and ſoueraigne *Balſamum* in *Indian* Fields I ſaw,
More ſoueraign ſweeter Sents, thought I, my lips frō yours could draw.
Nere *AEthiop* when the ſpice-ſweete Well of youth I ſaw, I ſaide,
My Lady lacketh not hereof, Perfection needs not Ayde.
I ſawe (nor wonder you I ſhould, who ſees you ſees as much)
The onely *Phœnix*, Foule, and Faier, but it and you none ſuch.
But, flying thus about your Blaze your Gnat doth burne his wings,
To my deſpairing Paſſion more your praiſed Beautie brings.
Not Trauell tiers my Loue a whit, but Loue doth tire one me:
Which ſhould I wiſh, me better, or you baſer of degree?
Be ſtill the ſame you are, let me exile my ſelfe for euer:
Two diffidenſes I conceit will let me hope you neuer:
The firſt my ſelfe vnworthy you, the latter, and the leaſt
The Kings Conſent: But, well I wot, Loue is a Lordly Feaſt:
Agnize (ſo ſhould you) ſo, and ſo deſpayre is part releaſt.
One comfort is, before you doome is Execution done,
My voluntary Baniſhment alredy is begon:
Which if you neuer ſhall repeale ſhall neuer end, or when
(Ah, can I hope it?) ſhould you, not for vs in *England* then.
Nor is it but our minds that make our natiue Homes our Graue,
As we to ours, Others to theirs like parciall Fancie haue:
Tranſmute we but our Mindes, and then all one an Alien is
As if a Natiue: One reſolu'd makes euery Country his.
Your Anſwer that by Pen our ſpeech to this return'd ſhall be,
Voutſafe it vnto *Stafford*, for an Other-I is he:
In perfect Friendſhip no ſuſpect, for two are one in all,
Communitie or doubling ioy, or making griefe more ſmall:
But would you to an Vnitie of hearts twixt vs incline,
Wheare Friendſhip is angelicall, our Loue ſhould proue diuine.

More write I not, blest may you liue, teares ouertake this Line.
When (*Stafford* present) *Elenor* this Letter had perus'de,
She said, as else-where shall ensew: Now is in vs infus'de
Fresh matter of Discoueries. How *Chancelor* he speade
Is said before: of *Russia* thus remaineth to be reade.

CHAP. LXIIII.

A Vaste and spatious Empire is *Moscouie*, in the same
Bee Riuers, *Tanais*, *Volga*, and *Boristhenes* of fame,
With yearely hallowed *Mosca*, which the Primate hauing blest,
(Whom to attend the Clargie, Lords, and King himselfe be prest)
He thinks himselfe an happie man may touch the yse-hewne pit,
But him in Heauen already whom the Primat sprinks with it.
Euxinus, and the *Caspian* seas do wash those frozen shores,
Which vs with fish, oyles, hony, salt, furs, and good Traffiques stores.
More temprate be the In-land Parts: They reape what they doe sowe
Within the compas of fower Moones, in all their haruest, mowe,
And house their Beasts: Thēselues keep close in Stoues vntil the spring,
And sport with their face-painted wiues, hild theere a comely thing.
In customes of the *Greeke* Church, much corrupted, are they lead:
Monkes, Friers, & Priests swarme there, not more thā in their Portesse
Nor more haue Priests, or People, than a ceremonious care, (reade:
Grosse worthippers of Images, which in their houses are:
In all too superstitiously deuoted. Though the Pope
Theare stickell not, their Primate takes as large and pompious scope.

Besides

Beſides theſe Chriſtians (for vnto themſelues they arrogate
The ſoundeſt Chriſtianitie) are ſubiect to their State
Idolators, that doe adore euen Diuels, or did of late.
Not of the *Samoeds* rude-wrought Gods, or blood-Rites will we tarry,
Or of the Stone, neere vnto which did *Willoughby* miſcarry,
To which bring Sailers white-Meats, leaſt their Ships ſhould Tempeſts (harrie,
But that ſame female Idoll cal'd *Zelotibab*, in part
Of *Ruſſia*, or the Diuell himſelfe acting in it his Arte,
Is worth the note. When ought amiſſe amongſt them doth befall,
An Inſtrument of Muſicke, and a ſiluer Toad withall
They lay before the Idoll, and before her proſtrate fall:
Then, Muſicke ſounded, he to whom the Toad ſhall come is ſlaine,
(For come it will) when preſently the man reuiues againe,
And tels the cauſe why hap't the ill, and how to pacifie
The angrie Idoll: which is done, though ſome for it ſhould die.
The King by Monarchia rules, more abſolutely none,
Great Duke of *Ruſſia* late his Stile, imperiall now his Throne.
He holds a Maieſtie not meane, and all of All his Owne,
When to imploy their goods vpon the common good is knowne.
Himſelfe, both Iudge and Iuror ends with Equitie Debates.
Armipotent in Warre, and hath ſubdewed mightie States:
An hundred thouſand leads he forth againſt his Foes to fight, (flight:
That ſcorne both hunger, thirſt, and could, wounds, yeelding, feare and
Of cloth of gold, rich Stones, & Plumes his royall Tent is pight:
Nor to his Souldiours skants he Gifts, that well themſelues acquite.
But what particulate we thus, that much in few would write?

NOw wheare we left of *Chancelor*: he, gratious with that King,
Obtayned for our Marchants, as he wiſhed, euery thing.
With Letters then of Credence for himſelfe, and Marte for them
He puts to Sea fot *England*, whom the yſe about did hem:
Yeat with vndaunted Courage, to his neuer dying Fame,
All Difficulties ouerpaſt, to *London* ſafe he came.

Thence, after some aboade, with new Consorts, an other Fleete,
And Notes digested for their new attempted Traffique meete,
He did resayle to *Russia*, there receiued as before:
Cheefe Agents *Gray*, and *Killingworth*, bearded fiue foote and more.
In all things with the King for ours did *Chancelor* preuaile,
And now our Agents knew their Homes, & where to make their Saile.
But now must end our Swan-song, now the Swan himselfe must end,
Euen he that toyld such tedious Seas his Countries weale to mend,
Returning Homeward, neere at Home, euen on the *Scottish* Cost,
Did wracke, and those aboord his Ship then perished for most:
But that he drown'd his care to saue the *Russe*, sent to vs
In his Conduct, is said the cause: but drown'd he was, and thus.
This Marte thus set a foote, was Thence for *Ob* an other sought:
Wherein not little was it that praise-worthy *Burrough* wrought:
Of him and (whom I neuer can commend with praises dew)
Of *Ienkinson* ensues: But first of *Elenor* anew.

CHAP. LXV.

YEE heard how she his Letter read, whilst *Stafford* was in place,
Which hauing read, she stoode as if astonished a space:
Her blusshing and vn-blusshing made that *Stafford* doubted whether
It pleased, or displeased: which, the troth to say, did neither
Varietie of Men to court a Woman is her pride,
Than which their Vanitie of Men is nothing lesse espide:
What are to vs, but common hurts, those common hopes they giue,

If then their loue doth die to vs when ours to them doth liue:
They *Nero*-like sing *Troy* when *Rome* by them is set on fire,
Iest at our earnest. Let vs now to *Elenor* retier.
More modest she thā such (though most in mēs behalfe might better)
And comes, quoth she, from *Mandeuill* this il-come-welcome letter?
Beleeue me, *Stafford*, ill it comes that sayes a cause in me,
That from his Native home he should thus selfe-exiled be.
If amorous Hopes, or Hopes vnheld to him from me had past,
I had indeed bin guiltie, as too forward, or not fast:
But to the Cause, Effect, and all not-guiltie doe I pleade,
His loue is Newes, mine to despaire what was it him should leade?
Our Court (I will not wrong the Man, nor flatter him a whit)
Can hardly shew another-such for Person, Prowse, and Wit.
But as for me (setting a-part my Birth, to which, or any
So borne the State is interest) what am I more than Many?
If beautious now (here let me chide his Indiscretion, who
Farre from a Meane of it so meane doth make so much adoe,
And, least perhaps he should haue glib'd, a vertue doth not note,
Whēce loue should spring, which makes me gesse he doth not loue but (dote)
If beautious, as I said, what els is Forme but vaiding aire?
Yea oft, because assaulted oft, it hurteth to be faire.
And were not my Descent, and I a Fauorite in Court,
My common Forme, vnheeded then, might passe without report.
But were my wishes mine, the Court by me should be the lesse:
So much it hath of Vanitie, and painfull Idlenesse.
Since such is he, and of my selfe my selfe but so esteeme,
Himselfe by silence me he wrong'd disdainfull me to deeme.
I could be angrie, were he here, with him for erring so,
Disdaine (the Vulgars Fault) is not in Gentrie found, I troe.
But feare he did, and wisely too (for God forbid that I,
Vnworthie that I am, should haue indanger'd him to dye)
The Kings displeasure: Or perhaps, vnpossible he thought

My

My loue ſhould equall his, or I a tranſ-Marine be wrought.
But, if he intertain'd ſuch thoughts, there alſo did he erre:
Loue is a lordly Feaſt, he writes, and I the ſame auerre:
For if (not raſhly though, I hope) vpon my choice I ſtand,
My hand ſhall neuer giue my heart, my heart ſhall giue my hand:
Yea, ſo I liue with whom I loue, what care I in what land?
With women is too vſuall now Theirs and themſelues to ſell
For Ioynters by Indenture with imperious men to dwell,
And he doth her, and ſhe doth him with his and hers vpbraide:
But that I chiefly match for loue ſhall, when I match, be ſaide.
Good Daies beget, bad Daies trie Friends, nor him a friend eſteeme
Whom firme as to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe thou dareſt not to deeme,
Say ſome: But *Mandeuill*, I ſee, of you accompteth ſo,
As of his firme and choyceſt Friend, then, leaſt I tedious groe,
I tell thee, *Stafford*, next to one is *Mandeuill* the Man
I could haue loued, but I loue whom not vn-loue I can.
Yeat if you aske me whom or where that one beloued is,
I cannot anſwer whom, or wheare, yeat am and will be his.
Madame, quoth *Stafford* yet your ſpeech hath head, nor foote, nor
Not naming him you end a *Sphynx*, and tie me to a Riddle. (Middle,
Well, friend you are to *Mandeuil*, nor for (ſhe ſaid) to me
The greene-Knight, Victor at the Iuſts a few yeares paſt, is he.
In ſooth, (quoth *Stafford*,) if for him be reſolute your Choyce,
Chuſe not againe, with you for him conſort I alſo Voyce.
Nor thinke, in that I him prefer, I *Mandeuill* reiect.
Friendſhip may brooke Triplicitie, and ſhall in this reſpect.
For your owne ſake, and for his ſake (than *Mandeuil* no leſſe
My Friend) I ſhall (his Soules deſire) you of that Knight poſſeſſe.
Almoſt an Extaſie of Ioy her from her ſelfe did ſeuer,
Hearing of him, for whom her heart did hunt, and els ſhould euer:
And though ſhe did obſerue his ſoone Reuolt from friend to friend,
And him thereof had tacht, were not her priuate cauſe to end,

Yeat

Yeat was she silent touching it, and modestly pursewes
In Quest of her beloued Knight. But tarrie yet that Newes,
First *Burrough*, *Ienkinson* and what by them was done peruse.

CHAP. LXVI.

IT is no common Labour to the Riuer *Ob* to sayle,
Howbeit *Burrough* did therein, not Dangerles, preuaile.
He through the foresayd frozen Seas in *Lapland* did ariue,
And thence, to expedite for *Ob*, his Labours did reuiue.
What he amongst the *Vaigats*, and the barbarous *Samoeds* notes,
Their Idols, Deer-skin Tents, how on their backs they bare their Botes,
In which, but Hides, securely they doe fish those Seas all day,
And how on Deere they ride, and all on Sleds by Deere conuay,
Do eate their Dead, to feast their friends their Children sometime slay,
Their store of Sables, Furres, and Pealts fetcht thence from farre away,
How at our *Crab* and *Lion* Signes their Frost and Snow is greate
Let be, and many things we might of this new Tract intreate
By *Burrough* found: whose Praise not much is *Chancelors* behinde,
As Master in that Ship with him that first did *Russia* finde:
And in this Northeast Trade with Praise do *Pet* and *Iackman* mind.
Yeat longer (for not largelier One yeelds Matter) let vs dwell
Of *Ienkinson*: But where shall we begin his Lawdes to tell,
In *Europe*, *Asia*, *Affrick*? For these all he saw, in all
Imployd for *Englands* common good: Nor my reioycing small,

That

That from *Elizabeth* to Raigne, and I to liue begunne,
Hath hapned that Commerce and Fame he to his Natiues wonne.

NOw, vnder his Conduct, was hence vnto his Home conuaide
The *Ruſsian* firſt Ambaſſadour, Heere honor'd whilſt he ſtaide.
Nor Captaine *Ienkinſon* was there leſſe graced, where he wrought
That all things to a wiſhed end were for our Traffique brought.
Here-hence alſo a friendly League twixt either Prince effected:
Nor little is their Amitie of vs to be reſpected:
For, though the *Moſcouites* from vs be People farre remote,
Yeat, if how *Danes* and *Norſes* haue inuaded vs we note,
And how the *Ruſsies*, in the like Attempts, might hold them backe,
For onely it, were thence no Trade, ill might their Friendſhip lacke.
From *Moſco* then by Iournies long the *Caſpian* Sea he crow,
Himſelfe and Goods by *Tartars* oft in danger to be loſt. (Kings,
Their Hoordes of carted Tents like Townes which Camels drew, their
By names of *Murſes*, *Sultans*, *Cans*, to whom for paſſe he brings
The *Ruſsian* King his Letters, how (and royally they troe) (tho,
With Wild-horſe fleſh, and Mares milke him the Kings did banquet
Their hawking for the Wild-horſe (For their Hawks will ſeaze vpon
The horſes necke, who chaffing tiers, and ſo is kild anon)
Their oft Remoues for Paſtures freſh (nor Graſſe their Paſture is,
But heathie Bruſh, few Cattell though doe thriue as theirs with this)
Their naither vſe of Coyne, or Corne (for Tillage none is theare)
Such Warriors and Horſe Archers as they liue not whom they feare,
Their croſſe-leg eating on the ground, Pluralitie of wiues,
In *Turkeman* (So the whole is ſaid) and more of their rude liues,
And how the Marchants trauailing by *Carauan*, that is,
Great Droues of laden Camels, Meate and Water often miſs,
And how for vs did *Ienkinſon* in *Bactra* Mart begin,
Let paſſe to paſſe to it for vs he did in *Perſia* win.
Remembring this, that in Returne from *Bactra* diuers Kings
Sent in his charge their Legates, whom to *Moſco* ſafe he brings.

Thence

Thence did he sayle for *England*, Hence for *Mosco* backe againe,
And, with our Queene *Elizabeth* her letters, did obtaine
The *Mosicks* letters to the Kings by whom he then should pas
For *Persian* Traffique: And for this he thence imbarked was.

NOw in *Hyrcana*, *Shyruan*, or *Media* (all as one)
Suppose our *Ienkinson* before King *Obdolowcans* Throne.
Though sumptuous Citties he possest, yeat for the Summers heate,
On airesome Mountaines held he then his Court, with Pleasures great,
Of silke and gold imbroyderie his Tents, his Robes inchac't
With Pearles and pretious Stones, and Looks of Maiestie him grac't:
On Carpets rich they trode, rich traines on him attendance gaue,
With sixe score Concubines, that seem'd so many Queenes for braue.
Before his faire Pauilion was of water cleere a Fount,
Drinke for himselfe and his (for most of water they account.)
Scarce *Cleopatr as Anthony* was feasted with more cheere
Of varied Meates and spice-Conceits than *Ienkinson* was heere:
In formall Hawking, Hunting, Chace not thē came *Tristram* neere.
Such was this King for stately, such for affable and kinde,
There and abroad so lou'd and feard as like was rare to finde.
Yeat, notwithstanding such his Wealth, his Signorie, and State,
He of the *Persian Sophie* held his Land, subdued late.
But in such friendship, as the *Shaugh* (the *Sophie* so is saide)
Would yeeld to *Obdolowcan* in what so he should perswade:
Which well in *Ienkinsons* behalfe but shortly after made.
Him often questioned this King of Vs, and *Europs* strength,
And him, with Gifts and Priuiledge for Mart, dismist at length.
Silks raw, & wrought, Spices, and Drugs, and more-els worth the Mart
Our Marchants fetch from thence, & theare our Marchandize cōuert.
Things, wisely thus dispatched there, with men for his defence,
And letters from that King vnto the *Shaugh* he traueld thence.
In trauell thitherwards he grieues, in wonder, to behold

The down-Fals of thoſe ſtately Townes and Caſtels which, of old,
Whilſt *Perſia* held the Monarchie, were famous ouer all,
Nor *Alexander* wonne of thoſe one Peece with labour ſmall.
The mightie Cities *Tauris* and *Perſipolis* he paſt,
Two ruin'd Gates, ſundred twelue miles, yet extant of this laſt:
The Gyants Wonders on the Hill of *Quiquiffs* heard he tolde,
And of the yearely Obit which their Maides to *Channa* holde.
This was indeed a wonder, for this Virgin ſo was bent
To Chaſtitie that, by ſelfe-death, ſhe Marrage did preuent.
Here *Mandeuil*, perhaps, had bin, and tooke occaſion heere
To feare leaſt *Elenor* in like might imitate too neere:
Euen Toyes in Loue diſcourage, Loue frō Toyes reſumeth cheere.
Of him therefore, whilſt *Ienkinſon* reſts at his Iornies end,
With *Obdolowcans* Sonne, that on the *Sophie* did attend.

CHAP. LXVII.

SO Knightly *Mandeuil* demeanes himſelfe againſt the Foes
Of *Melek Mandibron*, that he in *AEgypt* famous groes.
And, of himſelfe, that *Soldan* did to *Mandeuil* commend
A greater Match than els his Thoughts with hope could apprehend,
For vertuous, beautious, Birth, and Wealth, a Match for none to mēd
This Ladie (alſo of the blood, and heire vnto her Father,
A mightie Prince in thoſe ſame Parts) he courteth now, the rather

To

To intermit that home-bred Loue, which seaz'd on him indeed,
As for to proue how such as he with such as she might speede,
And there experimented, here to cease or els proceede.
Fye, *Mandeuil*, how good so ere thy Merits otherwise,
In making Loue vnmeant thou didst thy selfe but misaduise.
Though thou coul'dst buzze about the flame, & keepe vnskorcht thy wings,
Few safely play with edge-Tooles, sin to iest at holy things.
With women, made for men, therefore soone won, yeat edging Sute,
With Marrage, praisde enough in him did first it institute:
With Women, who when all was made, and Man of all possest,
Yeat lacketh Man an Helpe, sayd God, and Man with Woman blest:
With marrage, that legitimates our Propagation, and
Two Hearts in one transplants in all befalne or taine in hand:
With women, that no lesse attract our Senses them to leeke,
Than Hunger for to labour Foode, or Anguish Ease to seeke:
With Marrage, that preferreth vs, and stayes vs in content,
Vnanimieth weale or woe, as either vs is sent:
In Nature Women, Marrage by-Tradition, either twaine
So sacret, and autentick as we naither should profaine.
To trifle then or Them, or This, were not so slight a sin,
As that thy Vertues, *Mandeuil*, would fault, think I, therein.
But for she was a Pagan, and thy selfe a Christian theare,
And she the *Soldans* Tender, thou didst forme a Loue for feare.
For that thou should'st reny thy Faith, and her thereby possesse,
The *Soldan* did capitulat, in vaine, the more thy blesse:
For than a Woman euermore the Diuell tempteth lesse.
Yeat that they tempt, nor theirs but ours the sinne: for if I see,
And steale a pretious Gemme, the Gemme faults not, the Theft in me.
Howbeit when to actiue and to passiue loue it groes,
And Women then shall alter, them as Diuels then suppose:
And like of Men, if Men alike shall Reputation lose.
This faire *AEgyptian* Ladie (of the *English* Toy in this,

To

To wit, in forward Loue to whom the fartheſt Commer is)
Might eaſly haue bin wonne of him, not at an eaſie rate,
If to his Faith a Recreant had Miſcrent bin his ſtate.
But he, immoueable aſwell in Faith, as former Loue,
Did there ſo well, as he from thence with honor did remoue.
On *Elenor* he ſtill deuiſde: yeat ſometimes, to allay
Thoſe Moodes, by muſtring in his mind theſe thoughts, did thus aſſay.
Full ſoone the faireſt Face, thought he, wonld ceaſe from being ſuch,
If not preſerued curiouſly with tendring more than much:
Or age at leaſt, and that not old, ſo alters it that was,
That *Helen* may diſclaime her ſelfe for *Helen* in her Glas.
That great Phiſition that had liu'd, in health, an age admirde,
Did anſwer, ask't the cauſe, he had not done as Fleſh deſirde.
Then *Mandeuil* bethinks him of the Labyrinth of Cares
Incumbring married Men, and neer that life and loue forſwares.
How tedious were a Shroe, a Sloy, a Wanton, or a Foole,
(All foure a-like threatning Miſlike, when time ſhould Dotage coole,)
How ſeldome Women come vndow'd with one, or ſome, or all,
Or anſwerable Faults to theſe (to men not Croſſes ſmall,)
The Flattries, and the Fooleries whereby are women wonne,
With fiſhing long to catch, perhaps, a Frog, when al is done,
And all that Sexs Infirmities his Thoughts did ouer-runne.
But like as Mothers beate their Babes, and ſing them when they crie,
Loues Incantations ſo did he with Malice ſuch defie:
The Amorous with the ſea-Crabs gaet doe angring Amours flie.
This humour, and the honor by this Knight in *Aegypt* wonne,
Ore-paſſe we, and in *Perſia* ſee what *Ienkinſon* hath done.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVIII.

AT *Casben* hild the *Shawgh* his Court, who thirtie yeeres and odd
Had not been seene abroade, thereof by Prophesie forbodd:
Like Maiestie he kept as those great Monarchs did before
The *Macedons* subdewed them, of Wiues he had like store,
Besides most bewtious Concubines not lesse than fifteene score:
And yearely of the faireſt Maides and Wiues doth make new choyce,
When much the Friends and Husbands of those chosen do reioyce:
Him blesseth he to whom doth he one of his Relicts giue:
Yeat *Persian Shaughs* esteeme themselues the holiest Kings that liue.
For when a Christian (whom they call an Infidel, because
He not beleeues in *Mahomet*, nor *Mortezalies* Lawes)
Is cal'd to audience, least the same prophaine wheare he doth stand,
Must doffe his Shooes, and to and fro tread on new-sifted sand.
Our Soueraignes Letters to the *Shaugh* so *Ienkenson* presents,
Who, being as'kt his arrant, said those Letters like Contents.
But new-made Peace with *Turkie* him of new-sought Trade preuents.
The *Turkish* Marchants, fearing least their Traffique might decrease,
Had by that *Basha*, mard his Mart that then had made that Peace.
The *Shaugh* did also question his Beleefe, and quarrell it:
So, well appaid is *Ienkenson* if well away he git,
Whom, with our letters to the *Turke* the *Shaugh*, to send was bent,

Had

Had not the *Hyrcane Murzey* Posts vnto his Father sent,
And *Obdolowcans* Letters then disswaded that intent:
When, with a Present for himselfe, he Thence to, *Hyrcan* went,
And theare did him the heart-trew King most kindly intertayne,
And thence dismisse with Giftes, when he no longer would remayne:
Nor onely his Ambassadors vnto his care Commends,
But moment of that Ambassie which he to *Mosco* sends.
There now suppose them well ariu'd, and bringing gratefull newes
Of waightie Messages whearin the *Mosick* him did vse.
Conuenient time he neretheless, for *Persian* Trade attends:
Which *Arthur Edwards*, thither sent, succesfully theare ends,
This *Edwards*, and a many here vnnam'd, deserued well
In these Imployments: but of All weare tedious al to tell,
For, sauing of Discouerers we purpose not to dwell.
Els would we here reuiue, but that through *Hakluts* Pen they liue,
(To him, your Fames sweet Trumpetor, Yee, *English*, Garlands giue)
A Catalogue of Names, that in this North and Northeast Climes,
Haue more obseru'd, and more deseru'd than perish shall with times.
Nor be my Father here forgot: for he, amongst the rest,
Deserueth in this Generall remembrance with the best.
And here, from out those churlish Seas, with *Ienkinson* we sayle
To *London*, theare, an aged Man, to tell this youthfull Taile:
How he had past All *Europe*, seene all *Leuant* Ilands, and
Greece, *Turkie*, *Affrick*, *India*, *Sur*, *Agypt*, the holie Land,
And all the foresaid Lands, in all imployde and intertainde
Of Emperors and Kings, as if him selfe a King had raign'd.
Rest may thy honorable Bones, good old-Man in sweet Peace:
Nor haue thy *Phœnix*-Ashes since beene barren of increase:
But late had we a Fowle like rare, vs'd oftner Sea than Shore,
Ofte swam hee into golden Strands, but now will so no more,
For, though he were a dyuing Fowle, to Heauen did he sore.
In *England*, not *Arabia*, now the *Phœnix* Birdes be bread,

And euermore shall theare reuiue, when shall the olde be dead:
The Maiden Empresse, and her Knights their Enterprises rare,
Which now haue pearst through euerie Pole, of all admired are.
Remaineth now, that we intreate of great Achiuements done
By *English*, in contrarie Clymes, since first her Crowne begonne.
But ride we first at Anker, though a roomesome Sea we haue,
To listen *Staffords* Comforts which to *Elenor* he gaue.

THE TWELETH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. LXIX.

WHen *Stafford* founded had, as saide, the Ladies Loue-seaz'd heart,
He to a Banquet her inuites, and did for then depart.
Now to his Lodging (which had earst beene *Mandeuils* also)
Comes *Elenor*, accompned with a crew of Ladies moe,
Of which was one that *Stafford* lou'd, of her beloued: She
Instructed was by him of all should there effected be.
The Banquet ended, *Dorcas* (so was *Staffords* Ladies name)
Thus speaketh vnto *Elenor*, as if it weare in game.
In yonder Chamber (poynting to a locked Doore thereby)
Hath *Mandeuil* his Closet, and no common Armory.
Full many things theare-in, quoth she, both rare and rich saw I:
Howbeit *Stafford*, euen to me, did long that sight denye.
Weare he and all the rest abroad, wheare lies the Keye I wot:
Then fayne you sicke, and sleepie, so the rest may hence be got.
Soone Ladies listen Nouelties, and serue themselues with Shifts,

Not

Not ſooner *Dorcas* had deuis'd, but *Elenor* it drifts.
So finely fayn'd ſhe ill at-eaſe that none beleeu'd her well,
Saue *Stafford* and his Lady, ſo prepoſing as befell:
And all ſaue onely *Dorcas*, whom ſhe praies with her to ſtay,
Did ſadly leaue her to her Reſt, and that ſhe reſt did pray.
Meane while the Ladies and their Oſte into the Garden walke,
Wheare *Stafford* did inuent them Sports, and hild them pleaſant talke.
The Ladies twaine, thus left alone, the doore they open, wheare
To them in compleat Armor ſeem'd the greene-Knight to appeare.
The Burgonet, the Beuer, Buffe, the Coller, Curates, and
The Poldrons, Grangard, Vambraces, Gauntlets for either hand,
The Taiſhes, Cuſhies, and the Graues, Staffe, Penſell, Baiſes, all
The greene-Knight earſt had tylted with that held her. Loue his thrall,
She ſawe, on Croſſes and els-what, by *Stafford* ſo ſet out,
That to haue ſeene her very Knight made *Elenor* no doubt.
At firſt ſhe feares, but laſtly findes the Armor was vn-ma'nd:
When skaerd, and cheerd, with *Dorcas* ſhe did enter, theare at hand,
The Cloſet where the Prizes of the forſaid Iuſts did ſtand.
Theſe, and that Armor, *Dorcas* ſaid, are *Mandeuils*, the ſame
Your Knight, that won himſelfe, for Force, to you for Faire ſuch fame.
But, Sweete, let this be ſpoken in Shrift, ſo was it ſpoke to me:
Long haue you thirſted it, know I, which now you heare, and ſee.
Though *Stafford* was by *Mandeuil* coniured to conceale it,
And I by *Stafford*, what is it but that I may reueale it?
What ſhame, a Gods name, can redowne to him, by being knowne
The Knight that honord both himſelfe and you, as more might none.
Beleeue me, reaſon none his fame ſhould thus obſcured lye:
But whatſoeare the Scruple be, now out it is, for why?
To you lies bare my hart, and ſhall. With thar (by pre-concluſion
Twixt him and *Dorcas*) *Stafford* made a mannerly Intruſion.
Why how now Ladies, ſicke, and heale, and taine ſo ſoone in harme?
You ſhould, quoth he, to Pownd, weare this a churliſh Ruſticks Farme.

In vaine, I see, hath *Mandeuil* forbidden me or sight,
Or speech hereof to *Elenor*: And *Dorcas* serues me right:
Blab'd be our Shrifts to women, of simplicitie, or spight,
Well, Lady, (for by now I gesse you know this Armors Knight,
And you, concerning other things, haue reade what he did wright)
If firme you hold for him (as you haue said, and should doe still)
For you, and him, and both, therein imploy me at your will.
Who mightier than the *Soldan*? Yeat, as *Mandeuil* me wrights,
A Lady of the blood, right faire, he him for wife behights:
But, weare she Empresse of the World, his Resolution is.
She either shall be *Elenor*, or neuer any his.

Full well she knew those Sights, and at those Speeches did reioyce:
The greene-Knight had been *Mandeuil*, had been in her the Choyce.
That Wish, the Man, his Worth, their Loue, concurring in this wise,
Had he been also present, what more Blisse could she deuise?
Thence went they out into that Roome where had the Banquet bin,
And theare was she about to speake, when came the Ladies in:
Full well appaid to see her cheer'd, and frained then her quaem,
(For nothing lesse than forged Panges, or what had past they aem.)
Then went they all to whence they came, and *Elenor* did plie
For *Mandeuil*: What was it now for him she would not trie?
Oft *Stafford*, She, and *Dorcas* did consult, and then conclude
This course, not to be changed: which eare said, be first pursude
Of *English*, that in *Affrick*, and in *Asia* bring to pas,
That *England* now is famous, wheare but late vnnam'd it was.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXX.

OF Northerne Regions partely is epitomed before,
Of other later Voyages enſues a few of ſtore.
Great Perſonages cannot want great Poets theirs to tell:
Nor may they want, nor want to them would I, wrot I like-well.
But of ſome Meaners, that their liues haue ventured no leſſe,
Perform'd as much, Some more, and Some that haue, as many geſſe,
Vnto their Betters made the way to glorie they poſſeſſe,
Shall we digeſt: Or if we ſpeake of great Ones, they be dead,
For Writers aduantagiouſly are of the Liuing reade.
Thy Raigne alſo, *Elizabeth*, ſhall bound our Pen in it,
Which to our Theame inferreth Texts, no times yeeld more ſo fit.
Like amorous Scape from *England* as of *Elenor* to *Rome*
Made *Macham* in *Madera* reare his hence-ſtolne Louers Toombe:
Then raigned here Third *Edward* when ſo traueld *Mandeuil*,
And in thoſe daies th'interring There of *Machams* Loue befell.
A Chappell built he there, his name and hers engrauen in Stone,
To *Ieſus* dedicated (then, and *England* there vnknowne.)
Of him, that Ilands Porte is cal'd *Machico*, to this day,
Whom *Affrick Mores* to *Caſtile*, as a Wonder, did conuay:
For in an hallowed Tree, or Trough, not hauing ſayle or Oares,
(The Shippe they came in leauing him) diſcouer'd he the *Mores*,
By which diſcouery, and by his Inſtructions, did enſew,

Th'*Iberians* did *Madera* and *Canaries* Isles subdew.
Hence (els had *Macham* past our Penne) did time effect our Trade
For *Guinie*, in her Highnes Raigne acquir'd and patent made.
Fot not in *Maries* raigne those Partes, as now, weare fully found,
Yeat still to gratefull Eares may those Negotiators sound,
To wit (although an Alien good *Pinteado*, abus'd
By moodie *Windam*, *Guinie* first, and *Benyn* these perus'd:
Next *Gainsh*, then *Towrson* diuers times, and theare my Father dide:
Since rife that Voyage, *Brasile*, and to *Cape-verd* Isles beside.
Gold, ciuet, muske, graines, pepper, woad, & iuory thence he brought.
In *Barbarie* (old *Mauritaine*) like Trade this raigne hath wrought:
Of *Affrick*, and *America* by Ours no part vnsought.
In *Iewrie*, *Siria*, *AEgypt*, *Greece*, the *Turks* whole Empier now
Our Queene is gratious, our Commerce, and Agents they allow.
Of World admired *Drake* (for of his Worth what argues more,
Thã fame enuide? Some, for was his so rich thought theirs too poore,)
And his braue Breeder *Hawkins* (yeat be honord euery Pen,
That, howsoeuer, honor them as high resolued Men)
In Fiction, or in Mysterie to reade would lesse delight,
Than would significantly some their glorious Iornies wright:
The paines of such inuited Pens such subiect would requite.
Adde *Gilbert*, *Greenuill*, *Frobisher*, of Knights to make vp fiue,
All in their better Parts with God, with Men their Fames aliue:
Adde *Chilton*, *Oxnam*, *Fenton*, *Ward*, *Dauis*, an other *Drake*,
With diuers here not catolog'd, and for a Cheefest take
All-actious *Candish*, and of these eternall Pen-worke make.
And, for a *Nestor*, forwarding their vertues, and did liue
But to his God, Prince, Countrie, lawdes to *Walsingham* do giue,
The *Iliads*, and *AEneados*, for Text, and Truth might yeeld
Vnto that learned Muse that should manure that plentious Field.
Was neuer Prince imployed Peace, with praise, to profit more,
Or Realme could, in the Raigne of one, boast worthy Men like store:

Our

Out Foes can also witnes her armipotent, in few,
Religion, Vertue, Wealth, Peace, War her Throne with fame indue.
And here mine altred Muse this Theame surceaseth to pursue.
Of These, East-*Indian Goa*, South, & South-east People moe,
And of their memorable Names those Toyles did vnder-goe,
Is one elaborated Pen compendiously doth floe.
Omitted men and named Men, and Lands (not here, indeede,
So written of as they deserue) at large in *Hakluit* reede:
To him, and (who deserues like-well of *England*, both as Any
Haue wrote of *Enland*) *Camden*, and to *English* Poets Many,
Of which are some (praise-worthy though) that to wre their Wits too
To make a Pitch for Loue, whē they at fairer Fowles might flie, (hie,
Now vaile I Bonnet. Rest thee, Muse, a brode what need we rome?
Our seauenteene Kingdomes once, now One, yeeld Work enough at
All which her Highnes owneth now, as shall anon be saide: (Home,
But of our *English* Louers first be this Addition made.

CHAP. LXXI.

NOw at *Constantinople* (once *Byzantium*, in olde *Thrace*
Had *Mandeuil* to *Stafford* wrote should bee his Wintring Place:
Next Summer would hee bee at *Rome*: That *Stafford* should direct
For either Place his Letters, which he, longing, did expect.
So *Stafford* had to *Elenor* the same informed, who
And *Dorcas* euermore their Loues did argue fro and to.

They may,quoth *Dorcas*,make more nice,but few or none, I troe,
That labour not of our diſeaſe: and why,I pray you,noe?
To be with God,what good more good? For it we all ſhould aske,
But for by death it muſt be done,but few affect the Taske.
Virginitie,though praiſed,is alike perform'd,for why?
As much the Fleſh is fraile therein,as in the feare to dye.
What,was it ſayd to all,but vs,Increaſe and Multiply?
No Clarke will ſo expound that Text, God ſhield they ſhould,ſay I.
Alld yeeld that Marrage is no ſinne,if chaſtly then we liue,
And Man and wife their Bodies each to other wholly giue,
If ſo,as ſo is granted,what needs curious ſtrugling then;
Since God and Nature formed Men for vs,and vs for Men.
Ill match thoſe dallying Girles,pray I,that intertaine by Arte
All Louers,giuing Hopes to all,of all to make their Marte,
And,hauing blaunched many ſo,in ſingle Life take pride:
When not a Strumpet Men ſo much abhorre,and more deride.
Aſwell as too remiſſe in choyce,we may be too preciſe,
And loſe,as *AEſops* ſwimming Dogge,a Subſtance for Surmiſe.
But if we marke,in matching,this (which perfecteth Content)
That in the Man of Vertues be and Loue a Complement,
For either Fortune worke we that we neuer ſhall repent.
We coyly may conſume our Youth,till times may alter ſo
Or forme,friends,wealth,or fame,that we out of Requeſt may groe.
But loſe that liſt their Prime,ſince now I haue that may delight,
He ſhall participate my beſt,that muſt my badder Plight.
For true it is,as Veſſels of firſt Liquors euer taſte,
Loue,ſeaſned ſo with Sweets of Youth,the ſame doth euer laſt.
Nay ſhould my *Stafford* (God forbid) leſſe kinde than think I proue,
I neretheles would ſtill be his,in chaſte and cheerefull Loue.
No men,troe I (the raſcall Sort except) bnt women may,
In Patience,temporizing well,informe,and erring,ſtay.
And reaſon (were there Scripture none ſo bidding) we forbare

In

In men their Moodes,becauſe of vs they wholly take the care.
Admit we bring them Portions great, and beautie ſought of Many,
Alas,what bring we one that might not els haue hap't to any?
For(let me ſpeake it to no Blab)It is a Queſtion,whether
That longer thinke it we or Men vntill we come together.
Well Wanton,well(quoth *Elenor*)if Men ſhould heare your chat,
This laſt I meane,at leaſt they would conclude for vs in that:
Concerning which,vpon my Tongue ſhall mine Opinion dye,
Though ſhould I ſay to it,and all,Amen,I ſooth'd no Lye.
Saint *Stafford* thine,Saint *Mandeuil* for me,God for vs all,
I haue bin,am,and will be ſtill reſolu'd,what ere befall.
In ſaying which came *Stafford* in,and wils them to diſpatch
To Ship-boord: (for before had they determin'd of that Match.)
Already had he ſhipt their Stuffe,lack't onely they a-boord:
Which Oportunitie did now that time and place affoord.
How they eſcap't,or how diſguiſde,what skils it? ſcap't they are,
All three imbark't for *Italie*,and had the winde ſo faire,
That almoſt thither had they reach't,before they miſſed weare.
For them great ſearch,and ſorrow much was made,but all in vaine,
None knew or when they went, or whence, or where they did remaine.
Here ſee you,what can mightie Loue in either Sexe effect:
Here ſee you alſo friends for friends nor weale nor woe reſpect:
Here ſee you one,that fear'd to ſpeake,is followed far to ſpeede:
Here ſee you that a Woman dares,if ſhe conceits the Deede:
Here ſee you one in loue,not moop't at home,but mapping Lands:
Here ſee you how,gainſt all things els,for Ladies Vertue ſtands.
Here alſo heare what they,arriu'd in *Italie*,did ſee:
And,firſt at *Rome*, when firſt ſhall this of Elſe-what ſpoken bee.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXII.



Lizabeths now Monarchie ore seauenteene Crownes of old,
As formerly was promised, shall briefly here bee told.
Before the *Scots* did plant them Heere, own'd ancient *Brutaines* All,
And still, take I, her Homager may *England Scotland* call:
Which ouer-passe (not now possest) in this Accompt we shall.
Of either Land the Marches, and much more, for most now Ours,
The Warlike *Picts* possessing Here, built Castles, Towns, & Towers,
Brutes, *Scots*, and *Romaines* (then our Lords) oft daunting with their Powers:
Til lastly ciuil Strife, & *Scots* diskingdom'd thē from Hence,
Whom *Orkney* Ilands, as is sayd, haue harbour'd euer sence.
The *Brutaines*, by these *Picts* of long oppress't with thraldome sore,
To be deliu'red of such Foes, did *Saxon* Aides implore:
So playing as did *AEspos* Horse, that angrie with the Hart,
To be reueng'd, did craue in ayde of Man to take his part:
Till when the Horse was neuer back't not bitted, Either when
He once had suffered, had I wiste came euer Tar'de then,
The *Brutaines*, hauing called so the *Saxons* to their aide,
Could not be rid of them, to whom they had themselues betraide,
But by the same were they at length debelled into *Wales*:
Each of whose Septers, long time Three, in *Englands* Monarch failes.
The *Saxons*, getting *Brutaine* thus (which they did *England* name)
At once of them in seuerall Parts Seauen Kings did rule the same:

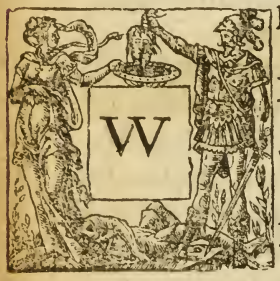
All

All which,by *Westerne Adelstane*,in Monarchie was got,
Which since(saue *Iron-sids* & the *Danes* once Deuident)chang'd not.
Fiue *Irish* Kingdõs likewise add, now drown'd in *Englands* Crowne.
The Seauenteenth was the Isle of *Man*,in Ours now also downe.
Our *Mandeuil*,here cited,of Earle *Mandeuil* exact,
In *Stephens* Raigne so famous, *Man*,in *Scots* Possession,sack't,
And with the Spoyle of al that Isle thence and his Brother pack't.
Consent of times,Names,and Records affirme,may seeme,no lesse.
But *Monteacute*,Count *Salsburie*,it wonne,and did possesse.
Of *Percies* after,*Stanlies* next,and still(gesse I)holds *Man*,
From honorable long Descents,and from they first began,
All loyall,hospitalious,lou'd,still powrefull,and I pray
That in that Noble house those Termes may neuer-more decay.
This *Man* was diuers hundred yeares a Kingdome, and not small,
Rul'd *Hebrides*,the *Orcades*, to *Thul* the Islands all,
And chances there and Changes,worth the note,did oft befall.
As how the natutall *Incolants* the *Iselanders* subdew,
Them *Norses*,*Irish* them,them *Scots*,and *English* them,in few,
Beauchamp,the Earle of *Warwick*,(first,and last,and but a while)
Was King of *Wight* : Sixt *Henries* Gift that Honor and that Ile :
Which added,Eighteene Kingdoms,al possest,ieke *Englands* Stile.
These now thus couched all in One(saue Parcell *Scots* withhold
Of *Penthland*,and some barren Isles subdu'd from *Man* of old
Since hath one Monarch ruled all,hath rendred vs secure :
Whereas Pluralitie of Kings did euer Losse procure.
Twise ioyn'd our Ilanders in one,when twise did *Cæsar* faile :
Disioyning,He,*Picts*,*Saxons*,*Danes*,and *Normaines* did preuaile.
The *Spanyard*,in Conceit,deuoures our Countrie,in no hope
But of Disiunctiues,who,thinks he,lesse loue their Prince than Pope.
Let *France* admonish *England*, turn'd Religion turnes not *Spayne*
From thirsting *France*: Neutralitie brought late-lost *Calice Baine* :
And *Spanish't-French*-liue Peasants-like,that,*French* did Princes raign.
Our Elders(ilby did they well,for so should not be done,

To

To armor vnauthoriſed ſhould ſubiects neuer ronne)
So badly brook't this *Spanyards* fam'd Eſpouſall with their Queene,
That, euen at *Weſtminſters* Law-Barres, were harneſt Pleaders ſeene,
Fear'd with the trooped Bands ỳ wold that Banes with ſwords forbid:
Of which were pittied thoſe that dide, the Reſt winkt-at, and hid.
Their meaning had it Praiſe, had not the Manner bin in fault:
The Manner now doth hold, may none in ſelfe-ſame Meaning hault:
But arm'd be euery hand and heart hence, Engliſhly, to beate
Spayn, that our Bodies wold inthral, *Rome*, that our Soules doth threat.
But new *Rome* left, of old *Rome* now we ſhall in few intreate.

CHAP. LXXIII.



WHen *Stafford* and his double Charge to *Italie* were come,
In health, and rich (for hence brought they in Coine no little Some,
With Iewels of rare eſtimate, and elſe-what of great worth)
For *Mandeuil* they ſeeke, and him at laſt did liſten forth.
That in *Conſtantinople* yet he was, a Marchant ſaide:
And thither *Staffords* Letter was to him with ſpeed conuaide,
Purporting only that himſelfe at *Rome* his comming ſtaide.
Meane while in *Rome* (the Miſtris once of all the world) they view
Such wonders, couch't in Ruins, as vnſeene might ſeeme vntrew.
Once was it compaſt, as is read, with fiftie miles of wall,
Now ſome to twentie, ſome to leſſe, in that accompt doe fall:
It hauing Towers ſo many as the yeare hath dayes in all.

From

From fortie miles was water brought in Pipes on Arches thether.
Were vaulted walkes through euery Streete, gainſt Sunne, and rainy weather.
The ſumptious Bathes, with Pallaces thereto of rare delight,
The roomeſome Ponds, where very Ships ſome Feſtiuals did fight,
The Trophie Arches, where to life Triumphants were purtraide,
The Statures huge, of Porphyrie and coſtlier matters made,
The Theaters, Pyramides, the Hill of halfe a mile,
Raiſde but of tribute Pot-ſheards, ſo to boaſt their Power long while,
The Obelisks, of one whole Stone neere fortie yards or more,
Huge Pillers, caru'd in Maſonrie with Prowſe of Knights before,
The ſtately Bridges, ſometimes Eight, now fewer, *Tyber* croſſe,
The Thirtie goodly Gates, of which is now of number loſſe,
The huge Coloſſes, Conduites, and elſe-what that ſhew'd a State
Beyond beleefe of ruin'd *Rome*, in part repair'd of late,
They wonder at, and how the world could yeeld ſuch Pomp debate.
Though ſome the ſeauen incloſed Hils did ancient *Rome* containe
Lye waſte or Vine-yards, more doth yeat of Maieſtie remaine,
Euen in the Rubble of the old, than in the now renew'd,
Though *Rome* retaines a Statelines, nor fairer Pyles are view'd.
The round *Pantheon*, once the Houſe of all the Heathen Gods,
Stands yet a Temple, but leſſe deckt for rich by too much ods.
On *Auentine* the down-fals are of Temples ſtore to ſee:
On *Tarpie* of the Capitol, were wont their Guild to bee:
On *Palentine* of Pallaces, on *Cælius* ſignes of Playes:
Quirinall, *Exquell*, *Viminall*, of Bathes ſhew braue decayes.
Theſe Hils, with *Vatican* and old *Ianiculum* orepaſt,
Shew we how *Rome* did rule, was rul'd, and ruin'd at the laſt.

FRom *Ianus* (called *Noe* of ſome, *Iaphet* of ſome *Noes* Sonne,
And *Iaphets* ſonne of others (Rule in *Tuſcan* firſt begonne,
Raign'd in ſixe hundreth twentie yeares of *Latines* Twentie one:
Son of the Eight of which was *Brute*, firſt Soueraign of our Throne.

The

The last of these *Numitor* was, whome *Romulus* did kill,
And, building *Rome*, slew *Remus*, there to lord it at his will.
*This Cittie (then Receptacle for all, how vile skils not)
Of *Italie* by one and one the Sixteene State-Lands got.
Tarquinius raign'd the Seauenth in *Rome*, whē for the Out-rage done
Vpon *Lucretia*, Kings did cease, and Consuls then begonne:
When had two hundreth thirtie yeres bin Kings, that much had won.
*In this estate of Consuls (Two, remoueable each yeere)
Rome flourished in Victories fiue hundreth yeares well neere.
No age can boast like valiant Men, or Senatours so graue,
That Warre and Peace vnto the world at their Deuotion gaue,
Whose only naked Maiestie not Armour then could braue:
Like Monarchie none euer had, or likely is shall haue.
*When now the world was wholly *Romes*, and *Pompei* ouercome,
Then *Iulius Cæsar* did Vsurpe the Common-wealth of *Rome*,
Had Thirtie eight bin Emperours succeßiuely when as
Did *Constantine* to *Silueßter Rome*, by Donation pas.
*This *Constantine* (surnam'd the great, Our heire, and of our blood)
Baptiz'd of *Silueßter*, did hurt, as hap't, by doing good:
When to *Constantinople* he remou'd th'imperiall Seate,
Rome prou'd too proude for Priests, or pride of Priests for *Rome* too great.
Besides, was little Policie in Partnership of Raigne,
For *Rome*, and *Greece*, one Empier earst, was rul'd as if of Twaine:
Who also chose their *Cæsars*, that their priuate Turnes did waite:
Whence (after at *Bizantium* Nine had held imperiall State)
Rome by the *Gothe Alaracus* was sackt in barbrous rate.
And here the Monarchie of Rome did palpably decline:
As of her Palls Supremacie like may we now deuine.
But, keepe in mind where stayde our search of Countries, where left we
Of *Mandeuil* and *Elenor*, and wheare these Louers be,
Whilst yet we shall digresse of Rome, subiecting vs so long,
For yet we tract of Rome, though lothe, your memories to wrong.

ANon as *Constantine* left *Rome*, to Bishop to *Sylvester*,
(So cal'd of liuing in the Woods, whence earst he durst not ster)
For consecrating after-Popes they golden Rites prefer,
And, hansling *Rome* with Heresies, in factious Schismes did erre.
Scarse was it to come vnto the Third, when Popes, that liu'd before,
(But fewe escaping Martyrdome) in Deserts, meeke and poore,
Did wrangle for Saint *Peters* keyes, and Primacie of all
The christiã Church: which to their Sea, though long, at length did fal.
Hence Dispensations, Iubilees, Pardons, and such rack't geere,
Weare had at *Rome*: nothing, naught worth, theare had, not payd for
Yeat not, till long, the Emperours they dared to prouoke, (deere.
That now in choyce of Emperours did labor greatest stroke:
And Seculers from church-Affayres in all did sequester,
But wrought that Seculers should all vnto the Church refer:
Effecting so, that Emperours and Kings did kisse their feete,
Deposing, and disposing them and theirs, as they thought meete.
When now the blind seduced World was brought vnto their bent,
And more their busie heads could not, ambitiously, inuent.
Was Pope, & Pope, & somtimes Three: Popes poysond, Popes exild,
Popes strangeld, cozen'd Popes, a Pope deliuered of a Childe:
Was neuer heard such Tyrants, or of other Potentates
So many did miscarrie, through Ambition, and Debates.
But be obseru'd, in highest pitch of Pride in Clergie-men,
God still hath wrought, Religion, Realmes, and all haue ruin'd then.
So, in her Roofe, it far'd with *Rome*: he whisel'd, and did swarme
From out the North *Barbarians* that gainst *Italie* did arme.
At sundrie times the *Goth*, the *Dane*, the *Vandale*, and the *Hunne*,
With others, foure times sacked *Rome*, and oft the Land ore-runne:
Nor onely so, but raigned there, in spight of who said nay:
Whence *Gis-alpine* is *Lumbardie* vnto this present day:
And *Rome* (which since our *Brennus*, none durst enterprise) was made

A Bootie to each barbarous Force that would the same inuade.
In vaine the *Romaine* Emperors their ancient Right defend,
For through seditious Popes the *French* begun where Those did end.
From *Pharamonds* to *Pepins* House they foyst the Crowne of *France*,
And to the Westerne Empier then did *Charles-le-maine* aduance.
From *France* to *Italy* againe, to *Germanie* from thence,
Whereas the naked Title hath inured euer sence.

Thus erring *Rome* hath, doth, & will our christian World vnqueate:
May therefore Princes ioyne to race that Monster from his Seate.
What, will ye see a glorious God of earth? goe see the Pope:
Aspiring *Lucifer*? who els? Truth fals't? reuerse the Cope: (Sort,
Queanes like to Queenes? There halfe-mile Streets affoord no other
And skarlet Hats, Stoles, and Coules too much ingroste the sport.
Full fortie Thousand Curtizans there, Ladies-like, doe liue,
That to the Pope for wantoning no small Reuenew giue.

Whilst were those Broyles in *Italie*, did many there reiect
Obedience to the Emperors, who could not them protect.
So diuers Cities did themselues infranchize, growing States:
And each of them Dominion to her Common-wealth delates.
Weare ouerlong, although we should but briefely ouer-ronne
The free-*Italian* States, of which the *Spanyards* part haue wonne,
As *Naples*, *Myllaine*, royall That, and Duchie This, both twaine
So peopl'd, fertile, pleasant, rich, as neither shew their waine.
But should we speake of *Venic's* Pompe, the Citie, and the Scite,
Too little should we speake, although too much we here should write.
But, Gallants, will you view the Courte of *Venus*, and not so,
But Myrrors too of Courtesie? to rich-built *Genoa* goe:
But farre from drifting *Florence* keepe, least *Machiuels* ye groe.
Ferrara, *Vrbine*, *Mantua*, *Placence*, and *Parma* are
Braue Cities, great for State, and please those which to them repare.
I wot not what this spatious Land doth lacke that Man can wish:
Ayre temprate, fertile Grounds, vnmatch't for fruits, beasts, fowles, & fish

Men

Men valiant,rich,kinde,courtly,and faire Academies many,
For braue and bewtious women doe nor need they yeeld to any.
Now to our *Englifh* Trinitie of Lovers let's returne,
That ftill,in expectation of the Fourth,at *Rome* foiorne.
Theare,after Prayers,Church-times,Sights,& Stories fomtimes read,
Amongft their merrie Tales was this,how one,inamour'd,fpead.

CHAP. LXXIIII.

A Faire young Wife, of *Lyncolne*-Shire (if fay our Author truth)
In traueling to *London*-wards, fquir'd of a clownifh youth,
Was by a Yorke-Shire Gentleman ore taken, and together
This Cocke of game,and (as might feeme) this Henne of that fame fether
Doe iourney on: And,liking her,when words of courfe had paft,
And nodding pricked on before her Seruing Creature faft,
He thus began. Faire Miftreffe, fince our Trauell lies one way,
If fo you pleafe,one Inne,one Boord,(and I for all will pay)
May ferue vs both: I alfo was about one Bead to fay.
The Gentlewoman(formally then modeft)bluſhing,faide,
For Inne,and Boord,as pleafeth you: And fo her Anfwer ftaide.
But would you add the Third, quoth he, more would it pleafe in deede.
What that you pay for all? quoth fhe, nay, fo weare more than neede.
Tuſh,that(And yeat beft Orators to Women knew the Gifts,
And therefore named,Pay,as if by chance,to edge his drifts)
Was out,quoth he,at vn awares,I alfo named,Bead.

You ſaid you were about, quoth ſhe, which ſtill let goe for dead.
Thus off and on they dialogue beſt part of all that day:
He could not win hir to conſent, nor would he take a nay:
For long agoe the Calendar of Women-Saints was filde,
Fewe not to opportunitie, importunated, yeild,
Thinks this our Northerne wilie Ladde, hartie, and hardie too,
Who neuer would giue-out: nor more, than thus, yeelds ſhe to doo,
That is, to bead, he ſwearing but to kiſſe and her imbrace.
Then merrily for *Huntington* they mend their former pace.
Alighted theare, for Supper he beſpeakes the dantieſt Cheere,
And either in one Gallerie had Chambers, ſomewhat neere:
Betwixt their Chambers placed was a Southerne Gentleman,
That by officious Signes twix't them to ſound their Match began:
Her extraordinary Forme on worke the rather ſets
His heart, and Senſes (ſuch an hand of vs ſuch Bewtie gets.)
Reſolu'd at laſt of what was meant, and how therein to deale,
This Smel-feaſt from the bidden Gueſt, did thus the Banquet ſteale.
He gaue it out, that all might heare, he earely would away,
His Man fayn'd feare to ouer-ſleepe, and would not downe him lay:
But, when that all beſides betooke themſelues to ſleepe and reſt,
One while he walkes the Gallerie, another while he dreſt
His ruſtie Sword, which badly did the Northern-man diſgeſt.
In vaine he chafte, in vaine he wiſht the Seruing-man were gon:
Nor durſt he out to boord his Loue (for much it ſtood upon
Their Credits to be cautilous.) The Southern-man, this while,
Got to the Gentlewomans bed, and did (no force) beguile
Her Expectation: Swore you not? quoth ſhe, and he did ſmile.
But, had he bin the Man forſworne, if God forgaue the Sin,
She pardon'd him the *quo ad vi* that he had treſpaſt in,
And, for that Nights work, ſwore to ſweare no Man from like, I win.
This Chaer thus chaer'd, as cloſely as he went returnes he backe
Vnto his proper Bed, nor long he ſleepes ere thence he packe.

No

No sooner cleered was the Coast, but that the bidden Guest
Steales to her Chamber doore, then lock't, (for now she means to rest.)
A male-Content retireth he, not dreaming what had bin,
But better Opportunitie hopes at their next-nights Inn.
Next Morne they meete, when, blushingly (but angrie nor a whit)
Ha Sir, qnoth she, I'le trust againe your Oth, so kept you it.
What, bite, and whine, quoth he, who trusts a Woman so is saru'd.
First museth she, then iests it out, soone finding how was swaru'd.
But thus the Northern-man did faile, that did no cost omit.
And thus the Southern-man preuail'd, at charge no more then Wit.
The best is yet behind, but ere be told the Storie out,
Amongst our Louers, now at *Rome*, heare how was brought about.

AT *Rome* is *Mandeuil* ariu'd, *Stafford* and he are met,
To say their Greeting, for the much, were here too long a Let.
Of *Elenor* her health, and more, suppose not Questions few:
For yet-full little *Mandeuil* of her Ariuall knew,
Nor shall, till of his Loyaltie, and life be further View.
At *Staffords* Lodging had he seene (as is th' *Italian* Guies)
Two portly Ladies, Head and Face all vailed, saue their Eies:
Twixt one of these and *Stafford* much of Kindnes to haue past
Had he obseru'd, and thereupon thus breakes with him at last.
I haue not seene the couer'd Dish that so your Diet fits,
But much I feare it surfet may, quoth he, your queasie wits:
Needes must I enter now the Lists to combate *Dorcas* Foe,
Euen *Staffords* reason, that from Heauen to Hell is posting so.
I will not aske, nor do I care, what bewtie, wealth, or wit
Your here-found Mistres hath, why you should home-left Loue forgit:
But this, I know, not *Rome* affoords whom more you might affect
Than her, whom wronged here I see, and more than seene suspect:
Fie, wherein differs Man from Beast, but in Affections checkt?
What, is she married? Then do yee superlatiuely sinne:

Or Maide? I like not Maidens that so forwardly beginne:
Or Curtizen? What doth she with a Vaile that is so vile
As not to blush at shame, but, baer'd, is wonted to beguile?
But Married, Mayde, or Curtizen, or what you please her name,
I like not him makes loue to one and wrongs the very same.
I tell thee, *Stafford*, be she good, or bad thou here doest corte,
Thee I pronounce too bad, ỳ with fore-plighted Loue do'st sporte.
Let it suffice my Friendship hates Absurdities in thee:
Farre be it Trauellers should play the Spyder, not the Bee.
I would thy courted Lady here, and her Consort heard this,
(Aneedles wish, next Roome weare both, and ouer heard he is)
Then should they heare thee false to one, a Choyser is not here,
And, fearing like, suspect thy Loue of Precontracts not cleere.
Ah, falsed Matches, finished in wrong of Others, might,
By still improsprous Presidents, deterre from wronging Right.
To honest Eares might this suffice to interrupt herein,
Or, spoke I vnto Harlots, this at least from Lust should win:
Al Touch-sweet, Tast-sweet, Eye-sweet, Ear-sweet, Sent-sweet, Soule-sweet, is
A vertuous Match, but vitious Loue in all contraries this.
Suppose this firme and naked Loue and Friendship much to please
His Auditorie seene and not, and *Stafford*, to appease
His Discontent, pretends a soone Returne for *England* thence,
And so this Parlie ended, and on either part Offence.
Stafford had said to *Mandeuil* that *Elenor*, to trie
Whether his Loue did not with time, new Loues, and Trauell die,
Required backe the Ring she gaue, which if he could her send,
She would beleeue him loyall, and requite it in the end.
That Ring, in this Regard, did he commend to *Stafford* now,
And, saue to her, he giue the same to none exacts a Vowe.
The next third following day was fayn'd the time he would frō thence,
Whom to accompnie on his way had *Mandeuil* pretence:
Wherfore they feast their Friends, & thē their Friends, amōg'st the rest

Vnknowne of him) was *Elenor* with *Mandeuil* a Gueſt.
Such Arte ſhe vs'd, and ſuch Attier ſhe wore, and who wold looke
For her at Rome? that preſent her not for her ſelfe he tooke.
Vpon her Finger he eſpide his Ring, deliuer'd earſt,
Yeat ſilently deuoures the Greefe, that to his Soule had pear'ſt.
He, and the reſt, inuited weare to ſup abroad that Night:
Night, Gueſts, and Suppers ende are come, when (greeued though in
He, to recouer backe his Ring, did vſe this clenly ſleight. (Spright)
In one had he a Mommerie deuiſed and a Maske,
And euery masking Mommer tooke a Lady to his taske,
He her with whome he had eſpyde his Ring, and Dauncing donne,
To looke, as if for ſome what loſt, to ground-wards he begonne.
Was ask't what myſte, he whiſpers her that he had loſt a Ring,
Which, wanting in each Mommers Mouth, was made apenall thing:
Faire Lady, lend me this, quoth he, that on your finger is,
And (giuing her a Tablet rich) for Gage accept of this.
Her Courteſie, his colour'd Want and Gage effected ſo,
That ſhe, the Pawne accepted, did her loned Ring forgoe.
Now on the Boord weare caſt the Dice, her turne was come to play,
Which Opportunitie takes he, and ſhifts him thence away.
Nor knew ſhe him, nor her knew he for her ſhe was in deede:
But thus he ſpead his purpoſe, and of this did thus proceede:
Which, eare we ſhal reporte, inſewes our Ieſts-Remayne to reede.

CHAP. LXXV.

AT *Ware* (in *Hertford*-shire a Towne, not bettered, I winne,
Of thorough-Faires, from Thence to *Twede* for many an harbrous Inne,
Washt with the once ship-bearing *Ley*, by *Alfred* slu'ste in Three,
To dissipate the *Dane*-Fleete, that expugning *Hertford* bee.)
Next day they timely tooke their Inne, had sup't ere Sunne was set,
Abroad walkt she, vnseene did he into her Chamber get:
First giuing out he would to bed, least, mist, be marde the Sport,
And, least she feare, the day before had made to her report,
In Merriment, that oftentimes he walked in his Sleepe,
And then nor Lock, nor Let could him from Place or Person keepe:
If in this fit I chance on you, be not afrayd, quoth he:
But, if you come, I'le whip you thence, then best not come, quoth she.
Thus, and with this Preparatiue, he counts the Bootie his,
And on the Rushes, vnderneath her Bed, he couched is:
And what with watch the night before, and wearines that day,
And, to be fresh anone, he slept assoone as downe he lay.
Meane while, a lustie Yeoman of a Northerne Bishops (who
Was often there a Guest, ane good) alights and goes into
The Gentlewomans poynted Roome, and, say what they could say,
There would he lodge, for that had bin his Lodging many a day.
Loth were they to displease him (for an Harbinger he was)
And then were Bishops bountious as they too and fro did passe:

For

For,whenſoeuer they remoou'd to Place or Parlament,
Their common Meany(not a few)on Foot with Bowes fore-went,
Nor niggardly was then to them allowed to be ſpent.
Themſelues, with learned Chaplains & great Traines did follow then,
And frankly ſpent in euery Place,relieuing many Men.
Yea,Monaſteries,Colledges,Schooles,Hoſpitals,Hie-waies,
Bridges,and like were founded by the Prelats in thoſe daies.
But Laters could not ſo,for why? were Thoſe ſo fleeced Theirs,
As but a thouſand yearely Fee ſome purcha'ſt to their Heires.
But is it Sooth, haue Cleargie-men Coſhairers? tuſh a Lye:
To aske doe Courtiers Church-men ſhame to offer Simonie.
And that ſhould be ſuch Fault appeares ſmall likelihood, ſay I:
Obſcurely more,with leſſer Port,leſſe hoſpitalious too
The great-Ones neuer liu'd nor rack't their owne as now they doe.
Then either this is falſe that thus they fleece,or this is true,
That euen Conſumption of their owne is Sacrileges due.
But wander doe we from our Ieſt,of that doth thus enſue.
The Biſhops man ſups,and to bed,whilſt ſoundly ſleepes that other:
The Gentlewoman,barr'd that Roome,is lodged in another:
That in the Bed fell faſt aſleepe,This vnderneath awakes,
And,in his creeping out and vp,no dinne at all he makes.
One heard he breathe,ar't there? thought he,haue with thee by and by,
And ſoftly kiſt wheare felt ſo rough he fear'd t'haue kiſt awry:
He grop't therefore her Face,and caught the Yeoman by the Beard:
Who rudely ſtarting vp(not more in all his life afeard)
And buskling to his ſword,cride Theeues: That other in ſuch taking,
As though he were a Man right good,he ſtood amaz'd and quaking.
The Oſte and Oſtlers with a Light and Tooles,then next to hand,
Came in,where he,almoſt vnſtript,but wholly skar'de did ſtand.
They wonder(for they knew him well)that he ſhould be a Theefe:
Good Sirs,quoth he,be ſtill,we all deceiued are,in breefe.
Then,taking ſome a-part,he tolde his Cauſe of being theare,

And praies their silence, and in Wine was washt away that Feare.
The Gentle woman, hearing this, vn-Inn'd by day did peepe,
And (honester than would himselfe) left him to wake or sleepe.
This stale-Iest tolde, Of *Mandeuil* now let vs Promise keepe.

With modest Mirth were ended now the Maske and Reuels, when
Vnto their Lodging *Stafford* did the Ladies Vsher then.
There *Elenor* was passing sad, and, being ask't, did tell
The Circumstances of her Ring in order as befell,
And shewes the gaged Tablet, seene and knowne of *Stafford* well.
Her, weeping ripe, he, laughing, bids to patient her a while,
For *Mandeuil* supposd him wrong'd, and wrought, quoth he, that wile:
But how for you he loueth yours, it argues, and withall
A gentle manly minde his great Exchange for value small.
Nor thinke I lesse, nor argue lesse of Loue and Gentrie too
May what, in both preuenting him, I meane, quoth she, to doo.
His Tablet sent she, and there with this Breuiat by a Page:
Of you I aske not backe my Loane, but take it and your Gage:
Yours Either, Neither say I mine, Both shall be, I presage.
He musing of her Meaning, thus to her lets his be knowne:
Of you I aske not back my Gage, but take it for your Loane:
Mine triples yours, not yours, and yeat for Price gets yours but One.
Not musing of his Meaning (which to her was not for Newes)
She of her Meaning also meanes that he no longer muse.

Now *Mandeuil*, though grieued much at *Stafford*, whō he thought
In *Rome* to riot, *Dorcas* not esteemed as she ought,
And for his blabbing him to her the which had had his Ring.
Against an Oth, meanes neretheless him on his way to bring,
And comes to *Stafford's* Lodging, who prepar'd for no such thing:
But for a Bridegroome trimd, and trim was All, and She for Bride
Him contradicted, when, as sayd, had *Mandeuil* espide
That likelihood: who, sighing, sayd, not henceforth will I chide,

But

But pitie *Stafford*, now ſo farre from wonted *Stafford* wide:
A Friend ſhould not, nor you will I in this Infirmnes flye,
Alone of *Dorcas* wronged here not witnes ſhall mine Eye.
Came you to *Rome* to loſe your ſelfe, and finde at *Rome* a Friend,
There to begin his Sorrowes where your Senſes make an end?
Or thriue they more, or trauell leſſe may *Engliſhmen*, wiſh I:
Hence ſhould they profit, whence for moſt they leaſt doe fructifie.
How ſtoicall growes *Mandeuil*, quoth *Stafford*, ſince his Trauell:
With you for like may I, ere long, haue cauſe no leſſe to cauell.
With that, from out another Roome to him, that would away,
Then *Dorcas*-like came *Dorcas* out, intreating him to ſtay.
What ſhould we ſay his Ioy, that his Miſ-deemes did ſort to this?
Was not a gladder man, and yeat anon he gladder is,
When *Elenor*, then like her ſelfe, to him came alſo out:
But whether gladder he or ſhe, thus met, ſhall reſt a doubt.
That very day both Couples wead, but what they did that night,
Not men vnpractis'd can report, for Action or Delight.
Nor creeded be this Loue-Tale of this Ladie and this Knight.
But be no Infidels in this that now we ſhall recite.
The pompious Prelacie of Rome, and liues lycentious thear,
Italian Driftings, and ſuch Sinnes to *Mandeuil* appeare,
That then Deuinitie ſeem'd thear for Atheiſme but a Stayle,
And wheare Religion moſt had boaſte Religion moſt to fayle.
Nor wanted thear (may now and here we wiſh) that did relye
On Phyſickes and on Ethickes, and (O ſinne) a God deny:
Wheare fully thoſe Philoſophies point out a Deitie.
Could all, in ſoule, of very God ſay as an Ethnick ſayde
To one that preached *Hercules*: what need'ſt, quoth he, perſwaide,
What all men graunt, his Godhead is beleeued and obaide,
Then this of God gainſt Atheiſtes that enſeweth ſhould be ſtaide.
But for not ſo, of that huge Sea let's through a Riblet waide:

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXXVI.

VOuchsafe vnto my shallowe Muse your deepe *Theologie*,
Physickes and Ethickes, preache by me the supreame Deitie.
The sacrete Regiſter, O God, of Pennes by thee inſpired
Of ſinfull Me to touch is heere leſſe dared than deſired.
Leſſe dared, for but holly hands ſhould touch that heauenly writte:
Deſired though, for all of All know we containe in it.
Yeat, ſoothly, ſhould we dare ſo much, ſo dared were in vaine:
What booteth Texts out either Lawe to cyte to Eares prophane
Of Atheiſt, Ethnick, Epicure, Mahumetiſt, or Iewe:
Since all of theſe, ſoule-blinded, hold their owne vntrothes more trew.
Then let-be Scriptures. Atheiſt, in thy Senſes reade at leaſte
A Creator of Heauen, of Earthe, Sea, Man, Fiſh, Fowle, and Beaſte.
Who is that Creator but God? or did he but create?
Yes, and All-powerfull, ouer all his Prouidence doth wate.
But is theare ſuch a Foole that doth in Plea the Godhead call?
Yes, and a Foole ſaieth in his heart there is no God at all.

This

This Atheiſt and that Epicure grant thou whome they offend
That I vnceele, and of my Verſe thy Glory be the end.
Yeat, Reaſon, vrge not Scriptures but thy ſelfe and Nature now,
To teache a God to thoſe that God and Scriptures diſallow.
Of this then thus, from Phyſickes and Ethickes. Sages old
Said God is ſealt with hands, whereas no Eies can him beholde.
Concluding that the Being of the Soule is to confeſſe
A Deitie, and ſenſeleſſe ſuch as are in-ſighted leſſe.
Was neuer Sage, Philoſopher, Poet, or any Sect,
But in their Bookes and Precepts to a Godhead did direct.
Thou ſenſuall Epicure, thy ſelfe gainſaiſte it not for ſhame:
Yea, Atheiſt, in Extremeties, thou toucheſt on his Name:
So ſenſeleſſe none whoſe Conſcience at a God doth neuer aime.
Vnkindly though Nature it is defaced ſo in ſome,
As that by often ſinning Sinne an habette doth become.
Such, fleſhing then their wickedneſſe, offend without Remorſe,
And not to heare of God, leaſt they ſhould feare him, take a Corſe.
Hence laſtely comes to paſſe (the Diuell ſo temporizeth) they
Suppoſe they haue no Soule, nor ſhalbe Iudge or Iudgment-day.
Howbeit, barbarous Nations ſtore diſcouered daily are
That haue nor Houſes, Kings, nor Lawes, but wander wildly baer:
Yeat none of theſe were euer found but (were it good or bad)
Of ſome Religion, Orgies, Rites, and Sacrafiſe they had.
Whence all approues a Deitie acknowledg'd euer wheare:
And with our ſelues to haue bene borne that Doctrine doth appeare.
But for they ſee not God, thinke ſome, to thinke he is what witte?
Nor doth our Eie-ſight ſee it ſelfe, nor Soule that ſighteth it.
How many Beings knoweth man which, knowne, he cannot ſee?
How many things within himſelfe, vnſeene, beleeued be? (growe?
Who knowes not Plantes and Beaſtes to haue a ſoule whereby they
Who ſees whear lies that ſoule? by ſight it progreſſe who doth knowe?
Who ſees the Winds? Nay Reaſon yeelds for thouſand things in vew?
Mans Reaſon too is boddileſſe: hold then Gods Eſſence trew.

And art thou yet an Infidel? Without thee, and within,
What argewes not a Deitie, and vnbeleefe a ſinne?
Conſider of the Elements, and of what wondrous power
It comes to paſſe that all things are compacted of thoſe fower.
How Fier and Water, moiſte and drie in one ſame thing agree,
And in compoſing kindly match, though Contraries they be.
Behold the euer mouing heauens vninterrupted rounde,
Each Plannett of it proper corſe not to exceed the bounde:
The Primer Mouers violence not hindring it. But none
The Vniforme Diuerſitie of Heauens in-ſees but One:
Their Bodies infinite knowes God, and Marſhalls them alone.
Who binds, but he, the Seas, that threat the Earth within their bounds?
Which worke and workings thear of Man the deepeſt witt confounds.
The maſſie Earth that, ſetled though, hangs in the ſubtile Aier,
Yeilds Man to contemplate a God enough, and much to ſpaier.
The Senſetiues, as beaſts, wormes, birds, and fiſhes on and in
The Earth, Aier, Sea ſufficient proofe might to our purpoſe winne.
Nor leſſe the only Vigitiues, as trees, fruits, herbes, and ſuch:
Dead-Beings too, as Mynerales, and like inferr as much.
What wondrous Obſeruations in their diuers kindes of all?
Ech workes for other, all for vs: which ſhewes no Stickler ſmall.
The Earthe for herbe, the herbe for beaſt, the beaſt and all for man:
Mans Being, Life, Senſe, Reaſon hence a Godhead ought to skanne.
Man, haiſt thou being, life, and ſenſe, and reaſon, yeat ſo blind
As not in theſe to ſee a God? him in thy ſelfe then find.

Thy Bodies faier Proportion, whence all Artes doe borrow Arte,
Where Member ſerueth Member, all vnto the whole imparte:
Thy Senſes fiue that acte thy life; thy Speache, whereby to many
Thou doeſt communicate thy ſelfe, ſaue God diſclameth any.
But that, without it ſelfe, there is a Creator of it
Thy ſoule, indew'd with Reaſon, nor gainesaies nor can forgit.
This Image of the Godhead, that euen very Sparkes retaynes

Of God his Spyrats breath'd in vs, which sinne in Mankinde staines,
This (call it *Better part of Man, Soule, Vnderstanding, Minde.*
Or all, or any) cannot be but of an heavenly Kinde.
Through Seas, Earth, vnder, and the Heavens it runneth in a trise,
And, vnderstandingly, of all discourseth point-deuise.
This *vnderstanding Minde* it selfe yeat vnderstandeth not:
Then must there be an higher Minde that hath our Minds begot.
The Planets and the Elements are not but Beings dead,
Not Authors of themselues, much lesse this Minde of them is bread:
Nor Men that cannot Map themselues haue made themselues, or know
Whence do their Senses, Mouings, or their Speeches Actions grow:
Or how they fashion in the Wombe, do quicken, breath, be borne,
Thriue to perfection by Degrees, that seeme at birth forlorne.
What is in either World (for Man the little World is said)
Wherein whole Nature, euen to Sense, hath not a God displaid?
Not, with the Stoickes, Nature then, but Natures God preferre:
Of whom to say what he is not, than is, were lesse to erre.
Nor play not still the Infidel: without thee, and within,
Since all concludes a Deitie, and Vn-beleefe a Sin.

CHAP. LXXVII.

BY now, perhaps, thou sauorests some Godhead: yeat, is ods.
With paste and present times doest dreame Pluralitie of Gods.
So did in deed the Monarchies, so Miscreants now not few:
But listen here what Gods they were, and learne them to eschew.

Th'

Th'AEgyptians cowes, calues, cats, dogs, diuels, trees, herbs, & like let
With other Ethnicks mẽ-made Gods, whẽce man corrupted was, (pas.
(For as now-Romists haue their Saints for euery Turne, so thay
Had houshold and peculiar Gods sans count for ech assay)
And let our Iurie fill of twelue those He-Gods, and those Shees,
Hild of the greater Nations for their Arch-Gods: which are thees.
First *Iupiter*, that did vsurpe his father *Saturns* Throne,
Of whom euen his Adorers write euill Taches many an one.
The like of all these other Gods and Goddesses they do:
Of *Neptune*, *Mars*, of *Mercurie*, *Vulcan*, *Apollo* to,
Of *Vesta*, *Ceres*, *Dian*, *Ops*, of *Venus*, and *Minerue*:
How all these Deities than Men more brutishly did swerue.
So that an heathen Poet said that, had those Gods their righte,
From heauen & Temples for their faults they should be banish't quite.
Sybil, assoiling Oracles in Caue where she did dwell, hell.
Did terme their Shrines but Graues of men, them Ghosts & Feends of
Their best Reporters say, these Gods were made by men, to make
Posterities, for honors like, like acts to vndertake.
For, whosoever profetted by Prowes or Policie,
The old Idolaters were wont the same to deifie.
How many Pennes Genealogize their Godheads from their bearthes?
All which implie them mearly Men, both by their liues and deathes.
Which knowledge of the Pettigrees of Gods, so easely made,
What moe did *Alexander* to be deified perswade.

Thus blinded men, that would be Gods, by verie God were brought
To worship meare Inuentions, yea inferior Things of nought.
Wherin permitted Sathan plaid, & plaies his kindly parte,
And fewels Superstitions fier with hels malitious Arte.
How *Nembroth*, *Belus*, *Ninus*, by the names of *Saturne* then,
Of *Iupiter*, and *Hercules* (for so were cald of men
The Father, Sonne, and grand-Childe of ech Nation-founder) were
Esteemed in their Images, to Sathan did appeare:

Obseruing

Obseruing which of Images, he hous'd himselfe them in,
And, star-skil'd, opportunely there did Oracles begin.
Nor wonder we hereat, for why? euen still Discoueries finde
Great Nations, by Elusions like, in all alike soule-blinde.
Of such like Stocks branch't such like Gods: *Neptune*, *Apollo*, and
The either Sexts Genealogie, for Turnes on Sea or Land.
And wicked Spirts did possesse their Images: whereby
Eb'd true Religion in that Flood of Mans Idolatry.
Hence that at *Delphos*, *Cuma*, and the *Dodan* Okes did speake:
Howbeit hit-I-misse-I, when was Speculation weake.
Yeat, howsoere those Oracles of men were vnderstood,
Double Construction euer made their Prothean Problemes good.
But, should yee heare what worshipping these goodly Gods exact,
Euen horror would from Tyrants, shame from harlots flow vnrack't.
When first they did in humaine hearts themselues insinuate,
Not tedious Suffrages they ask't, nor Sacrifices strate:
Desirous rather to be ask't, than dangerous to assoile:
For meane Oblations, euen for flowers, for white-meats, meale, or oile.
But, superstitiously, when they seduced had, by skill
Obserued from the Stars (whereby they arted mens good-will)
They asked golden Deckings, and most gorgious Temples had,
And he that most their Treasuries inriched most was glad.
Whole droues of Cattle washed then their bloody Altars, and
Peculiar Gods, with proper Rites, were wow'de of euerie land.
From pettite Bribes, and slaughtred Beasts, to humaine blood it grew:
We read, that one to *Iupiter* at once three hundred slew,
Of Children tyth'de to them, yoongmen and Virgens sacrifiz'd,
Of diuers blooddy Tributes for some Crymes by them surmiz'd.
What Expedition (if were they consulted) but begonne,
And ended in some guiltlesse bloood of daughter, or of Sonne.
Were neuer Tyrants but for Deaths some collour would pretend:
But to be guiltlesse did vnto these Altars soules commend:

Yea,

Yea,not to slaie the choisests did those diueliſh Gods offend.
What did their sword-play Feasts but to their hacksters slaughter tend?
The baffling of those Gods themselues,in those ribaldious Plaies
To them erected,worthy of their Godheads worthlesse praies:
Their most incestious,lecrerous,& routious Drinke-mad Feasts,
(Wherein were acted ouglier things than to be found mong'st Beasts)
As *Berecyntales*,*Venbrales*,their *Bacunales*,and like
Would into meanely modest Eares,if told,abhorring strike.
Porphyrus,*Ploten*,*Hermes*-selfe,*Pythagoras* and moe
Best learned Heathens thus of this,and worser write than so.
Obserue we then,than thus to serue those Gods what fitter Rites,
Or meanes for to appropriate Men to such soule-slaying Sprites?
So infinitly far in all from being godly as
From something nothing,Being from what nather is nor was.
Nor Myracles,but wonders,they to passe by Physicks brought:
Whear holy men,by very God,euen Myracles haue wrought:
Which onely-God to Atheists next,in *Natures* Booke,be taught.
For,though indifferencie it were our Scriptures they should trust,
As would they we their Bookes,yeat thence shall not be here discust.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

THe greatest heathen Clarkes and all from first to last hold this,
That all the rest be Vnder-Gods to one that Soueraigne is.
Whom if yee *Nature* call(saith One)ye call him not amis.
For why? of Him are all things bred, and that we liue is his:

Or

Or *Deſtenie*, in whom the Cauſe of Cauſes all depend:
Or *Prouidence*, whoſe acting Power doth all begin and end:
Or *World*, for what therein wherein doth not this *God* extend?
For Good muſt *God* be vncompeerd, for Power Omnipotent,
Saieth *Ariſtotle*, then but One, els None by Conſequent.
But that is One, and onely-One, thoſe Sages all afferme:
Whom (though One-ſame) by diuers Names and Natures thus they
Creator of the Heauens and Earth, All-Glory, Nature, End, (terme.
Beyond all Names for Excellent, Selfe-bred, Him times attend,
Eternall, Worker of all Powers, Power of all Workes, and none
Heauens euer-life, Earths Interchange effects be he alone,
Sole Matter-Founder, Singular, ſole Infinite, Vnſounded,
The Life of All, like but himſelfe, in all he will Vnbounded,
The Beer, Cauſe Diuine in all, all Godheads Eſſence, and
The Sunne that Dims a-far, dims more the neerer, blinds at hand,
Beginning, Midſt, End, Vnitie of All, Selfe-Holineſſe,
Supereſſentiall Being, Selfe-ſuffiſing, compleat Bleſſe,
Locall vnlocally each wheare, Super-ſubſtantiall, who
Knowes all that was, is, and is not, and All in All doth doe,
Beginner of Beginnings, All to him reducing backe,
Who, were not aught of All, his Word the world could recõpack,
Vnutterable, He to All nor All to him doth lacke,
The Spirit ſhead on All, a *Minde* men vnderſtand not ſee,
Ownes All, All wiſedome, from all wants and Alterations free,
Firſt Mouer infinite and ſuch but *God*, and *One*, can bee,
Philoſophers of euerie Sect, with heathen Poets thus
And Diuels, in times corrupte'ſt, taught that onely-*God* to vs.
And that they celebrated moe no cauſe but Cuſtome was:
Since All all Godheads into one ſupreameſt *Godhead* paſſe.
For (howſoeuer Vulgares in Pluralitie did erre)
Thoſe Clarks but vs'd the Terme of Gods, lawes did from leſſe deterre.
Of whom (through vſe or feare, perhaps, long erring with the reſt)

Were martyrd ſome, for that the ſame one onely-God profeſt.
Some (but too groſſe an hereſie) taught differing Godheads twaine,
Which ouer Spyrits, Men, Beaſts, Plants, & Elements ſhould raigne:
And Good things one of which, and bad the other to maintaine:
As holeſome Plants and poyſonous, light darkeneſſe, Heat and Cold,
That Contraries of Creatures, ſeiunctiuely, ſhould holde.
Alledging that a Good-God may not auethor noyſome things:
For Good and Bad a diuerſe God that Doctrine therefore brings.
As who would ſay, one Sunne were not of Day and Night the Cauſe,
That lends that Light to Others which his Courſe from vs withdrawes:
That hardneth ſofteth, brights & blindes, ripes feares with One-ſame-
Yet not that only-Sunne to Two, nor Good & Bad aſſigne. Shyne.
In Heats and Colds Extremities is *Worſerneſſe* in neither:
Nor, working in their Seaſons, is a *Betterneſſe* of Either.
This buddeth Fruits, that ripneth them, Both benefit, nor is
That hearbe, beaſt, worme, or thing but might, did not we Science mis.
From poyſons medicines, furs from wolues, frō Darknes draw we reſt,
And thouſand Things, vnpractiz'd, bad would yeeld vs Profit beſt.
To Battle at the Trumpets ſound war-practiz'd horſes runne,
Vnpractiz'd, flye the very Sound: Mens Actions ſo be donne,
Who, with the fooliſh *Satyre* Fier, becauſe it burneth, ſhunne.
When (though in moſt owre Skill doth not their hidden good attaine
In th'only Creators great Shop workes *Nature* nought in vaine:
But all Things in thēſelues be good. Whear's then bi-parted raigne?
Yeat ſay we not but that thear is an *Euelneſſe* in Things:
But not that *yll*, productiuely, from *Nature* firſtly ſprings.
But as an In-come, hapning in the Subſtance: euen ſo
By Rot, Muſt, Sowernes, Fruits, Corne, Wine good-Quallities forgoe.
An Accident not Nature, a Defaulct not an Effect,
Corruption not Production ſhould we *Euelneſſe* reſpect
Which hath not Being in it-ſelfe, but in the thing that's good:
Wherefore that One is *God* of All muſt hence be vnderſtood.

And,

And, that all Creatures corrupt and to a *No-thing* tend,
Comes of *Not-being*, which begunne and shall be All-things End.
Nor meete it were, in Iustice or in Nature, things of nought
Should equall that vnbounded *Power* that All of *No-thing* wrought.
That be not Two or diuers Gods is also prompt by this:
An *Vnitie* is *Peryod* of euerie thing that is.
Of One all Multiplicities Formes, Hermonies, what not?
Be (howsoere they seeme confuse) produced and begot.
Contraries be the Elements: at strife Contraries fall:
Yeat Sea the Earth, the Aier them both, the skie be-cleaps them all.
Of all which fower all Creatures be Compoundes, formally:
So then of Contrarieties is *Vniformitie*.
To one Sea-flow all Fluds, one Sunne inlighteneth euery Light,
Of all celestiall Mouings is *One-Mouer*, Artists write. (Tree:
Trunke, barke, boughes, leaues, and blossomes, none like others, hath a
Yet but one Roote, whence All: which but one Authors Act can bee.
This (as like *Vigitiues*, whence such Varietie doth breed)
Takes Life, and multiplies the like of one small graine or Seed.
From one one-shaped Drop (not such as it becomes) we know
Beginning both of Life and Sense in *Sensetiues* to grow.
Thence is of Man and Beast the Masse of Parts so manifold.
Thence, of like-*Kind*, fill Countries, which we careleslie behold.
And *Nature*, as in Mules, in all Diuersities is could.
To what but Vnitie tende Artes and Sciences, for why?
Congruitie by *Grammar* taught etnds to Societie.
To one Opinion Rhetorike doth Minds of Men perswade.
And (which can be but One) to sift one Truth is Logikes traide.
Arithmetike, *Geometry*, and *Musicke* do proceed
From One, a Pricke, from diuers Sounds in one sweet Tune agree'd.
One Harmonie, Proportion, Count, Truth, Mind, Conuersing then
(Which are but Sorts of Vnitie) teach Sciences to Men.
To *Vniformitie* ech Craft Mechanicall doth draw.

Prespectiue to one Poynt all Lines: vnto one Right all Law.
All Phisicke tends to health, and health is humors set at one.
To diuers Passions Ethickes all doe make one Reason knowne.
All Gouernment, deuisiuely, reduceth to one Sway.
Vnion, in breefe, is foysonous, and Discorde works decay.
Nor is there aught of all that is from by-Referments free:
But best and basest mutually do serue and serued bee:
And euerie thing vnto the whole affers, in some degree:
Since all things then proceed from One, and tend to One, be sure
One-Soueraigne and most *Single-One* directs such Vnion pure.

Now Man (thou Image both of God, & worlds true Counterpaine)
Vnto thy selfe, out of thy selfe, this Vnitie explaine.
Not one of all thy many Lymmes may fault vnfealt of All:
Nor aught can faile it Office but the whole abie it shall.
Whith sheweth all to be of One the Workmanship: euen so
Life, Sense, & Breath, by Sinewes, Vaines, & hart-strings that bestow
Themselues through-out, & from one Braine, Liuer, & hart do grow.
Omit we Operations, with thy bodies Actions, and
Thy Soule, infus'd through-out the whole: one of one powerfull hand:
And to thy *vnderstanding Minde* (thy *Soules-Soule*) let vs come:
For this of hight, depth, length, & breadth casts & conceiues the Sum:
And all th'aforesaid *Vnities*, regardiuely, obserues:
And, saue sinne-seel'd, not wholy from this *Vnions* Author swarues.
Now for that former Soule of Man all Creatures were made:
This latter *Soule* for *God* himselfe, who is in it purtraide:
Farther than whom, *Alls-Vnitie*, may nothing be conuaide.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIX.

BY Demonſtrations ſtoore appeares (whom nothing can define)
Of Procreations all to be one *Worke-maſter* deuine.
But, Man, it is not to be found, not therefore to be ſought
Was is his *Subſtance:* nather how ower ſelues by him are wrought.
If Beaſts could paint, him like themſelues, ſaieth one, they would pur-tray:
As fooliſhly doth man, that paſt him-ſelfe cannot conuay.
Yea far he is to ſeeke of what his proper *Nature* is,
And in the leaſt of Subſtances doth comprehenſion mis.
What more is Man than God his worke? and all things are as much:
He may in ſort diſcourſe of Kindes, the Cauſe he cannot touch.
No maruell, for no leſſer thing the greater comprehends:
Gods *Nature* paſt all Kenning of Mans Senſes quite extends:
Nor more from Man of Science than thoſe Senſes had diſcends.
For God to Man, Man to himſelfe, and leſſe lye hidden: then
But by Effects all to be knowne of God is knowne of Men.
But all Effects, and names to God his *Eſſenſe* come more ſhort
Than Suns-ſhine to the Suns-ſelfe, than to Action ſpaer report.
How many workes, worth wonder, worke ower Wits, nor wonder we
(Twixt Creature and Creature though ſome proportion be
Of knowledge, but twixt them and their Creator no degree)
That Beaſts conceiue not what is Man, by what of Man they ſee?
Nay, Man ſees Man his working and his works, but ſounds his Minde,

As if should one discribe the Sunne that neuer was but blinde.
Great though Mans works, yet his Cõceits doth far his works exceed:
But far them both exceeds his *Mind*, whence either Sparks-like breed:
Yea, thogh thou bearst the like, mans *Mind* thou seest not by his deed.
As touching thy Creator then thus farforth, Man, be mute:
Him by his works discribe not, nor his Substance doe dispute:
For worthy him Forme, Substance, Name, can no man attribute.
Becausе of him all *Beings* be, and he of whom are All
Ought to be euer, him therefore, *Eternall*, Men do call:
Becausе to Be and not to Liue were nothing, and the Same
Whence is all Life should be selfe-Life, Him, *Liuing God*, they name.
Becausе should Vnderstanding lacke to Life such Life were dead,
And Vnderstanding voyde of Power were lame, and he that bread
Them both ought in himselfe haue both for All, him Men therefore
Call *Might*, & *Mind*: as who would say, all Power & wisedoms Stoore.
Becausе to Be, Liue, Know, haue Power, if Goodnes be away,
Is small, and far from God all Good, him therefore, *Good*, Men say.
But these, and whatsoeuer-else whereby is God commended
Be (but not *God*) finite, in time or place els comprehended.
He then, the Action of all Powers, must needs a Spirit bee:
In Power and Goodnes infinite, from Quantitie cleane free.
Parfection of Parfections, All of All, not to be am'd,
But mightier than by formes or words can be purtray'd or nam'd.
Sufficeth vs to know he is what all Things els are not:
Vnmouable, vnchangeable, boue *Nature*, vn-begot,
Vnpassiue, vnmateriall, vncompounded, Infinite,
In Spirit not in Body, nor in Quantitie but Might.
Who, when he shall be studied most is comprehended least:
Of whom, when to assoile his king a Sage had oft increast
His times for Studie, farther off than at the first he ceast.
Lord, Darkenes is thy Couert, in thine outter Courts I tier,
Said One right Wise: and farther no Philosophers aspier.

Yeat

Yeat ſpeake we of thoſe outter Courts in elſe-what and in vs,
And ſomewhat to our purpoſe here from thence-Effects diſcus.
As from the Sunne his Body is a Shyning bodileſſe,
Shead through the Aier on All, nor aught of it doth aught poſſeſſe
By Intermixture, but it is it-ſelfe intierly ſtill,
In Eſſence, Power, and Preſence aye all Actions to fulfill:
So iſſueth from the *Minde* of Man a world of things, not one
Whereof doth intermixt with aught, but reſteth *Minde* alone:
Becauſe that greater than be we of our Conceits be none.
If from the Sunne, and from Ower-ſelues (poore Shadowes to the ſame
That made both it, and vs, and All) ſuch high Effects do frame:
What ſhall we ſay, but that that God is All, in All, of All,
And we ſuch Sots as looking him but loſe ower ſelues we ſhall,
O Eſſence more inſcrutable, than All compaierd to it.
Be Shadowes vnto Subſtances, or any Titles fit:
Vouchſafe by glorifying Thee, Loue, Feare, and Holineſſe,
Thee, *All-containing Selfe-contain'd*, we ſpiritually poſſeſſe.
Thus proued is A *Godhead*, and diſproued more than One:
Whence, and to which Totalitie begins and ends alone.
Thus of this skilleſſe Search of *Him* not to he found. In fine,
The Trinitie of Parſons in this Vnitie Deuine,
The bleſſed Virgins Sonne (to him my Soules knees here decline)
In Doctrine like (if better Pens preuent not this of mine)
May task ower future Muſe: Or ſo at leaſtwiſe we pretend
Till when (of whatſoeuer worth) this worke of Ours hath End.
Much haue we done, hence-outed: more we purpos'd to haue pen'd:
Which to intelligenſed Men, more daring, we commend.
Well wotting, Acts heroick, and great Accidents not few
Occur this happie Raigne, here-hence of purpoſe, blanched vew.
Nor ſhall be ſaid the Net-danc't fals of diuers wiſh't more trew.
*Mong'ſt others ones; whom Vulgares, through preiudicate applauſe
(His ſelfe-Orewening acting for their ecchoing) late did cauſe
That he and his Seduſees ſinn'd againſt our Queene and lawes.

Ah, should one errant Star such stoore of Stars dis-skied draw:
Their rained Wild-Beasts might haue warn'd affections wild to aw:
* The Contrarie greeu'd many Hearts, and pregnant Eies it saw.
Nor perpetuitie my Muse can hope, vnlesse in this,
That thy great Name, *Elizabeth*, herein remembred is.
May Muse, arte-graced more than mine, in Numbers like supply,
What in thine Highnes Praise my Pen, too poore, hath passed-by:
A larger Field, a Subiect more illustrious None can aske,
Than with thy Scepter and thy selfe his Poesie to taske.
Thy Peoples Prolocutor be my Prayer, and I pray,
That vs thy blessed Life and Raigne long blesse, as at this day.

FINIS.

An Addition in Proese to the second Booke of ALBIONS ENGLAND:

contayning a Breuiate of the true Historie of *AEneas*.



Ccept him (friendly Reader) where he is, not where he ought, and as he speaketh, not as he should: Misapplied he is not for matter precedent, howsoeuer the penning or misplacing may like or mislike for the English or Order. Rather hath my Remisnes borrowed of Decorum and your Patience, than that a Patriarke of our *Brutons* should be abruptly estranged: Of *AEneas* therefore it thus followeth:

AEneidos.

AEneidos.

WHen the reuengefull Flames of *Troy* (properly called *Ilion*, then the principall Citie of all *Asia*) had perfected the more than Tenne yeares Siege of the *Græcians* expugning of the same, then *AEneas* (howsoeuer by some authorities noted of disloyaltie towards *Priam*, in this not vnworthily surnamed vertuous) burthening his armed shoulders with his feeble and most aged Father *Anchises*, that laboured also vnder his loade of the *Troian* Gods and sacred Reliques, *AEneas* (as I say) with such his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne *Ascanius* of the age of twelue yerees, followed not onely of the beautifull *Creusa* his wife, the Daughter of King *Priam*, but also of a many *Troians* participating that common calamitie, brake through the wastfull Flames, mauger the wrathfull Foes, into the fields of *Phrigia*: Theare the Aire emptied of down-burnt Turrets, and filled with smoake of fired Buildings, assured from their harts more teares to their eies, then the benefit of their present Escape could promise them comfort. *Troy* therefore not to be rescued, or *Creusa* (in this businesse lost and perishing) to be recouered *AEneas* and his Followers imbarking themselues in *Simois*, after long and wearie Sea-faring arriued in a part of *Thrace* called *Cressa*, bounding on *Mygdonia*. Heere *AEneas*, purposing an end of his tedious Saylings, and not meanly furnished of

Treasure

Treasure conuayed from *Troy*, laied Foundation of a Citie (after the Founder) called *AEnea*. This Citie going forward lesse effectually than was expected, *AEneas*, supposing the Gods to bee yet opposite to the *Troians*, knocking downe a milke-white Bull, pitched an Altar to doe Sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers shrubbed Trees, the Boughes whereof (for the greater reuerence and exornation of the present Solemnitie) hee cutting and sliuing downe, perceiued blood in great abundance issuing from out the broken Branches: whereat long admiring, and with great terror and deuotion interceasing the Gods to reueale the meaning of that miraculous Accident, at the length hee heard a pittifull and feeble voice (for diuersly in those daies, did the Diuels answere and giue Oracles) thus answering.

Reason were it (*AEneas*) that the Graues of the dead should priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by so much the lesse doe I esteeme my preiudice, by how much the more I knowe thee vnwittingly iniurious. Thou teares't, *AEneas*, in these Branches, thou teares't the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in law *Polydor*, Sonne to the like-starred *Priamus*. *Troy* as yet was onely threatned, not besieged, when my Father (as thou knowes't) deliuered me with a world of Treasure to *Polymnestor* the barbarous King of this Countrie, here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the Conseruor and restauration of his House and Empyre, whatsoeuer should betide of him, his other Issue, or the Warres then beginning: but the *Greekes* preuailing, Auarice, and the declining State of *Phrigia*, imboldned my Gardein (fearles of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrously accomplishing on this Shore, secretly raked me vp in these Sands, without honor of better Sepulcher: and of my bodie (so hath it pleased the Gods, and Nature) are sprong these Branches, in tearing of which thou tormentes't mee. Howbeit, in respect of my desire to profit thee by

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foretelling of thy Destinie, I account mee happily harmed: For know (*Aeneas*) that in vaine thou doest build where the Gods deny thine abode: leaue therefore these defamed Coasts, and prosperously plant the Remaine of *Troy* and thy Posteritie in the fertill *Italian* Clime.

The voice thus ceased to speake, and *Aeneas*, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubs, continuing his feare finished the Sacrifice, and after the *Phrygian* fashion solemnlie held an Obit to the Ghost of his murthered Kinsman.

Then, by this admonishment, he and his *Troians*, leauing the new reared Citie, disanker from *Thrace* in quest of the behighted *Italie*. But no sooner had they put to Sea, then that the windes and the waues sollicited (a Poeticall fiction) by the wife of *Iupiter*, so tossed and turmoyled the disparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circumstances, continually threatning their liues, left onely hoped-for death as the remaine of all comfort. At length, these instruments of their long wandrings, and the causes of *Anchises* and of manie noble personages there perishing, counterpleaded (as is fabled) by *Venus*, tossed their distackled Fleet to the Shore of *Libya*. Neere to the place of their arriuall stood the beautiful Citie of *Carthage*, which *Elisa* (whom the *Phœnicians* for her magnanimious dying, did afterwards name *Dido*) had newly builded: *Aeneas* by safe conduct receiued from her repayring thither, found such royall entertainment, that in respect of the present solace he had forgotten al passed sorrowes, and his hart-spent *Troians* found bountifull supplies to all their late-endured scarcities.

In the meane while *Aeneas* (for personage the *Iouiliſt*, for wel-spoken the *Mercuriliſt*, and no lesse fortunate vnder *Venus* her constellation) with his comelines so intised the eies, with his speeches so inchaunted the eares, & with his vertues so enflamed the heart of the amorous *Cathagenian* Queene, that hardly modestie discented that her tongue affirmed not the

the loue which her eies outwardly blabbed and her heart inwardly nouriſhed: In the end, not able longer to containe ſuch extraordinarie Paſsions, in this order ſhe vented the ſame to the Lady *Anna* her Siſter.

My truſty Siſter, quoth ſhe, (then ſighing-out a pauſe) how many great princes, ſince the deceaſe of my late husband *Sichæus*, and our departure from *Tyrus*, haue in vaine, laboured a marriage with me, hath beene vnto thee no leſſe apparant than of me hitherto vnapproued: but now (haled on I know not by what deſtinie) our new-come Gueſt *AEneas* the *Troian* (whoſe matchleſſe perſonage and Knightlie proweſſe I partially commend not, all confirming of him no leſſe than I can affirme) the ſame, euen the ſame, hath ſupplanted my chaſt determinations of continuall widowhood with an amorous deſire of a ſecond marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I muſt, were to be deceiued of him, as I may: What counſell? My ſelfe (*Anna*) ah my ſelfe to motion loue were immodeſtie, and to be ſilent leſſe tolerable than death. I would (a violent, no voluntarie wiſh) that *Eliſa* knew her ſelfe beloued of *AEneas*, *AEneas* not knowing himſelfe ſo loued of *Eliſa*.

Her Siſter, with a cheerefull countenance promiſing comfort, performed the ſame in this anſwer. Dum ſignes (quoth ſhe) haue their ſpeeches: not any that obſerueth your looks, but eaſily aymeth at your loue: greater is the woonder of your ſtrickt chaſtitie, than it would be a nouell to ſee you a *Bigama*: That priuatly peeuiſh and curious, This publiquely wiſhed and commodious. Or euer *Carthage* bee perfected in the aire, *Eliſa* may putrifie in the earth: What Monument then leaueſt thou to thy *Tyrians*, ſcarce warme in *Africk*, than a Cities imperfect foundation? Which being alreadie an eye-ſore to the wilde and warlike *Libians*, *Barchæs*, *Getulians*, and the reſt of the *Africans*, ſhall then bee vtterly extinct, with the verie name of the Founders: but in

matching

matching with so great and valiant a Prince as *AEneas*, thou shalt not onely liue with whom thou doest loue, and by consorting thy *Tyrians* with his *Troians* strongly disappoint the enuie of those Nations, but (for Nature hath not giuen thee such beautie to die barren) being a wife, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legitimate propagation so glad thy Subiects, fearles of ciuill dissentions. Who can then dislike that *Elisa* should loue? Burie, Sister, the thoughts of *Sichæus* with his dead bones, and prosperously prosecute and preuaile in thy sweete passions of *AEneas*: Plie him with all prouisions and amorous entertainements: onely for his Shippe-workes faine delatory wants, and by Winter be past he, partly comming, will (feare not) bee perfectly reclaymed.

This counsell of *Anna*, though it heaped as it were *Athos* on *Aetna*, yet was it praised and practised of *Elisa*: for Counsell, soothing the humor of the counselled, howsoeuer vnprofitable, is accounted plausible. Henceforwarde the Queene (to be admired, not matched, for her exquisite beautie, and rather borrowing of Arte than scanting Nature, as braue in apparell as beautifull in person, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of *AEneas*) so sorted all her deuices to his best liking, that shortly himselfe laboured with her in one and the selfe-same paine of wished-for pleasure. Omitting therefore the circumstances of their discourses, feastings, and all poeticall faynings, only proceede we, in few, to the Euent of these their amorous Beginnings.

A Hunting was generally appointed, the Queene, *Aeneas*, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted, the Standes were prewned, the Toyles pitched, the Hounds vncoupled, the Game rowsed, a foote, and followed, when sodainely, amidst the harborlesse Desart in the hotest pursute, they Skye, ouer-cast with blacke Clowdes, showred downe such flashes

of

of Lightening, vollies of Thunder, Hayleſtones, and Raine, that glad was euery of the *Tyrians* and *Troians*, diſperſing themſelues, to ſhift for one, *Eliſa* and *AEneas* in the meane while finding a Caue that ſheltred them twaine. Being there all alone, vnknowen of and vnſought for of their Seruants, Opportunity, the chiefe Actreſſe in al attẽpts, gaue the Plaudiate in *Leue* his Comedie. Imagine ſhort wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a marriage to be ſolemnized (with kinde kiſſes among) hee did what harmed not, and ſhe had what diſpleaſed not: A young *AEneas* ſhould haue been molded, had he not been marred (as might ſeeme) in the making When this ſweet Caulme in the ſharp ſtorme was with the tempeſt thus ouerpaſſed, then came they both out not ſuch as they entred in, and were receiued of their Traines, attending their pleaſures, not examining their paſtimes: and ſo hauing continued the Chace vntill night diſcontinued their ſport, they, retyring to *Carthage*, were ſumptuouſly feaſted of *Eliſa* in her Pallace. During theſe their *Alcion* daies (not generally liked of all) one there was, a noble *Troian*, that had theſe ſpeeches to *AEneas*.

Shouldeſt thou beleeue (farre be it from *AEneas* ſo to beleeue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conqueſt of *Italie*, were ſuperſtitious, then beleeue alſo (vndeceiued mayſt thou ſo beleeue) that our effeminate abode here is vaine and ſlanderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the loſſe of our liues, is honorable, becauſe we are *Troians*: to entertaine this latter, inuited and daungerleſſe, reprochfull, becauſe we are *Troians*. Ah (*AEneas*) haue we ſhipped our Gods from home to be witneſſes of our wantonneſſe here? Beleeue me, better had it beene we had died in *Phrygia*, men, than to liue thus in *Affrike* like women. Conſider alſo the place whereinto we are now brought, and then conceiue of the poſſibilitie of our here abode: ſhal I tel thee? were there not (if in the meane while no other Accident

croſſe

crosse thy now blisse) were there not, I say, an *Elisa* heere to loue thee, or were there not an *AEneas* to be beloued of her, no sooner should the first deceased of you be deliuered of life, than the Suruiuors of vs *Troians* be denied this Land: And then, (if we should proue so vngratefull as to resist our Relieuors) hauing number, yet want we Munition: for neither our Ships be tackled, nor we armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the *Tyrians*. Learne therefore (*AEneas*) after so long pleasure in loue, at the last profitably and politickly to loue, & whatsoeuer thy plaie be in *Africk*, let hencefoorth the Maine be *Italie*. Mean-while commaund (most humbly wee desire to be so commaunded) that thy ships be secretly calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victualled and armed: and then (thy selfe also reformed) wittingly or vnwillingly to *Elisa* leaue her and her effeminate Citie: with Resolution neuertheless (if thou so please) at more leysure to loue her.

So effectually did *Aeneas* listen to this motion, that giuing order for the repayring of his Fleet, he promised a speedie and sodaine departure: and his men, not slipping opportunitie, executed the same with as effectuall diligence. It happened in this meane while, the Queene to mount the high Turrets of her Palace royal, whear looking towards the Road, she perceiued how earnestly the *Troians* laboured in trimming, pauishing, and furnishing their Nauie: then assuring her selfe not deceiued, that she should be deceiued, and descending as it were maiestically mad, meeting with *Aeneas*, shee said.

Before (*Aeneas*) I beheld thy shipwracks and wants I beleeued some God arriued at *Carthage*: yea when I knewe thee but a man, my conceit honored thee with a Deitie: but now these thine inhumaine Treacheries (not worthie the vnworthiest Titles) argue so farre off from a Godhoode, as thou shewest thy selfe lesse than a man and woorse than a Deuill.

Diuell. What hath *Carthage* not woorthie *AEneas*? I assure thee, if any be so much, no citie is more happy than *Carthage*. But the Queene pleaseth not *AEneas*, oh that *AEneas* had not pleased the Queene: thē might I haue bettered my choise for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dishonour. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indeede leaue me? Yea, then that thou meanest the contrary nothing more false: but to deriue thy departure from any desart of mine nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of *Elisa*, the loue of *Elisa*, the lande of *Elisa*, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distresse, thy dishonour, the delights of his Shore, the dangers of those Seas, *Carthage* possessed, *Italie* vnconquered, peace without warre heere, warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the Winter to come, any euils whereof I warne thee, any good that I haue wrought thee, and more good that I haue and doe wish thee, if any thing said, or more than I can say hath or doth want Argument to seate thee in *Affrick*, yet at the least for thine owne safety stay a more temperate season, vrging in the meane while excuses for thine vnurged departure: and so I, flattered, shal either patient my selfe, or repent thy fleeting in a milder Extasie. I did (well may I forethinke me so to haue done) entertaine thee beyond the degree of an Hostesse or the dignity of a Guest: & yet (vngratefull Guest to so kinde an Hostesse) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewell. Thus, alas, finding thy loue lesse than it ought, I repent to haue loued more thā I should, and because thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same I am: but as a ridiculous by-worde of the *Tyrians*, the Stale of the *Troians*, and the scorne of the *Affricans*: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plighted Wife of faithles *AEneas*. But who will so beleeue? Nay beleeue not so who will, thy departure shall be my death, my death thy sinne, thy sinne the worldes speech, the worldes speech thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation. For were

thy selfe Iuror and Iudge of the more offensiue, my credulencie, or thine inconstancie, the Iuror could not but giue Verdict for *Elisa*, and the Iudge sentence against *AEneas*: then (if not for my suite, yet for thine owne sake) let me not pleade tediously and without grace, that plead so truely, and with more griefe than for the quantitie I may suffer, or for the qualitie thou canst censure.

AEneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whom he still loued more than a little, howbeit lesser than his now regarde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great bountie, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the displeasure of his Gods for contempt of their Oracles, manifested by fearefull Dreames and sundrie Visions, as also the vrging of his *Troians* impatient of tarriance. So that he resting in Resolution not to be wonne by wooing, or reclaymed by exclayming, the Queene became speechlesse and senceleſſe, and was in a swoune conuayed from his presence. In which businesse hee boording his Shippes, in the dead of the night hoisting vp Sayles, left *Carthage* to seeke *Italie*.

The Queene, not capable of any rest, by day appearing, discryed from a Turret the Roade cleered of the *Troian* Nauie: then not willingly silent, nor able to speake, She stood as stoode *Niobe* after the fourteenth reuenge by *Latonaes* Issue: Which her then and after Extremities, to be glaunced at, not iudged of, briefely I thus decipher. Imagine a substantiall and a palpable appearance of Loue, Wrath, Sorrow, and Despaire, acting in their aptest habites and extreamest passions, and then suppose *Elisa* not onely the same, but more feruently louing, more furiously wrathfull, more confusedly sorrowfull, and more impatiently desperate: Imagine lastly the first three imagined Actors, after long parts occupied, leauing the Stage to the fourth, as to the perfectest Imperfection:

perfection: and then from such imagined Stratagem attend this actuall *Catastrophe*.

A Wizard or Witch (the two common Oracles of many too credulent women) had instructed the Queene, that an Immolation or burnt Sacrifice, offered to the Infernall Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and all whatsoeuer the Reliques of *AEneas* left behinde him at his departure from *Carthage*, woulde effectually estrange the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her the very remembrance of *AEneas*: This Counsell (either for that at the first she beleeued it possible, or for that oportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) *Elisa* entertaining, opened the same to *Anna* her Sister: who simply vnsuspitious of the sequell, prouided secretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the dismall Sacrifice: which and *Elisa* her selfe in a readinesse, *AEneas* his Armour, beeing her eyes Obiect, became in this wise her tongues Subiect.

With this, quoth she (eying the Armour) the craking *Troian* boasted to haue buckled with the gallant *Diomedes*, not seldome to haue offended the defenceles *Grecians*, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of *Troy*, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent Nauie: this Armour profitable to my preiudice, there defensiue to him, to be here offensiue to me, were it vnnecessarie to this Sacrifice, should neuertheles burne for the same trespasse. This Cup, this *Phrigian* Cup, too guilty of too many *Tyrian* draughts, Assistants in forming me audaciously amorous, shall now occupy these ceremonial flames as the then Accessary to a contrary fire. These Bracelets, and these Ear-rings (by too often and officious hands fastned and loosed with begged and graunted kisses, among, and now lesse precious by the giuer his practise) shall also add Cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer rated pleasure. Lastly are remaining onely two Reliques of that

Recreant, this Sword, and *Eliſa* herſelfe. But what? diddeſt thou *AEneas*) leaue this and thine Armour in *Carthage*, as if in *Italie* thou ſhouldeſt encounter another *Eliſa*? Inconſiderate that thou art, albeit ſuch feareleſſe Conflicts beſt beſeem ſuch effeminate Captaines, yet no climate can affoord thee one ſo fooliſh, & therefore in no countrey expect ſuch Fortune. The Storme (ah from thence are theſe teares) ſheltring vs twaine lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to theſe euils: for then ſhould I haue remembred, that like as Shelters are chiefly ſought for in ſtormes, ſo men labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their luſts ſatisfied, or wants ſupplied, as of Shelters in Sunne-ſhine they eſtimate our bountie, leauing thenceforth euen to ſeeme ſuch as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is naturall, is of neceſſitie, onely let it be graunted he is a Man, and it followeth neceſſarilie he is deceitfull. Flie, Traiterous *AEneas*, flie vnfollowed and vnfriended of *Eliſa*: euer may the windes be contray to thy Courſe, and the Seas not promiſe thee one houres ſafety, euer be thy Ship drowning, and thy ſelfe neuer but dying, often reſayle in a moment, whence thou wert ſayling a moneth, let no blaſte from the Ayre, or Billow in the Sea, ſtirre but to thy preiudice, and when no horror and miſhap hath failed thee, with thy dead body, to the vttermoſt plagued, periſh alſo may thy Soule vnpardoned. But leaſt mine incharitie proue leſſe pardonable than his Iniurie, I that will not liue to heare it ſo, heartily diſclayme to haue it ſo: pardon therefore, yee Gods, me deſiring it, & him deſeruing it. Troth is it this one Sacrifice ſhall giue end to mine infinite ſorrowes: but not (alas) with theſe burnings (rather found guiltie of newe beginnings) but with my hearts blood, the lateſt Ceremonie wanting to this Exequie. Scarcely had theſe words paſſed her mouth when, with *AEneas* his Sword, ſhe pearced her Breſt: ſo performing on herſelfe a Tragedie ſought for, and to hers a terror vnlooked for.

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WHileſt *Dido*, (ſo named of this her death, or as haue ſome, not leſſe probable, of ſo preuenting *Hiarbas* menacing her marriage) was thus paſsionate and did thus periſh, *AEneas*, after wearie Sea-faring, much ſorrowe, manie people and places ſeene and ſayled from, arriuing in *Sicily*, was ioyfully entertained of his auncient friend King *Aceſtes*, and there as the yeere before at *Drepenum*) did ſolemnize an Anniuerſarie at the Tombe of his father *Anchiſes*. The Maſteries, feates, and actiue paſtimes tried heere by the *Troian* and *Sicilian* youth, with lande and ſea Skirmidges, the running, riding, leaping, ſhooting, wreſtling, and ſuch like, with Bacing on foote and on horsback (this laſt, a ſport lately vſed of our Engliſh youthes, but nowe vnpolitickly diſcontinued) Or how the Women of *Troy* (whereof manie were alſo imbarked from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intiſed with the pleaſures of *Sicily*, to preuent further ſayling, fired their Ships (not without great loſſe reſcued) Or how *AEneas* building there the Citie *Aceſta*, peopled the ſame with his women and impotent *Troians*, Or of the drowning and Reuiſe of *Palinurus*, and many Occurrents hapning here, at *Cuma*, *Caieta*, and elſe-where I omit, as leſſe pertinent to our purpoſe, then the haſtning of *AEneas* into *Italie*. Wherefore ſhipping him from *Sicilie*, I now lande him in *Latium*: in which part of *Italie* raigned and was Reſident in his Citie *Laurentum* the King *Latinus*: to whom *AEneas* addreſſed an hundred Knights, one of them deliuering this Ambaſſie.

Ignorant are we not, moſt gratious King (for in that Title art thou famous, and in that triall may we prooue fortunate) of thy Conſanguinitie with the *Troians*, by noble deſcents from *Dardanus* our auncient Progenitor, neither canſt thou but knowe that *Troy* is ſacked, and her people for the moſt part ſlaughtered: onely knowe (if already thou knoweſt it not) that *AEneas* our Duke with a few his Followers, after

more than seauen yeeres saylings, are lastly (and luckilie I hope) arriued in thy Countrie: Howbeit of many places, for pleasure and fertilitie most worthy manuring, haue wee abandoned the quiet possession: yea many, the greatest Princes of *Europe* and *Affrica*, haue voluntarily desired our Tariance, denied: onely infinit Seas haue we sayled, and more sorrowes sustained to seeke this Clime, from whence wee *Troians* deriue our Originals, and whither our Gods haue directed vs by their Oracles. This thy Countrie, in respect of the bignesse, may easily affoord roome for a new *Troy* to be builded: A plot more spatious wee doe not aske, A smaller suite thou canst not graunt, if with our present extremities thou also peise our purposed loyalties: Neuer were we thy foes, and euer will we continue thy friends. Seated wee must be, and here wee would be: We dare not disobey the Gods, commaunding it, nor would we discontent thee in demaunding it: graciously therefore conceiue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from *Aeneas* these Presents.

Hauing thus said, he in the name of *AEneas*, presented the King with a most rich Mantell or Robe, with an inualuable Crowne of Golde enchased with precious Stones, with the late royall Scepter of King *Priam*, and with other Treasure: which *Latinus* cheerefully receiuing, returned the *Troians* this answere.

Had not the Gods commanded your hither repaire, which I gainsay not, were we not of consanguinitie, wherein I disclaime not, Or my Kingdome not roome-some enough to receiue you, as it is, Or had yee not brought precious and peaceable Presents, as yee haue, yeat to dismisse Wayfarers vnrested and vnreleeued were contrarie to the Gods of Hospitalitie, and (which they defend that I should therein offend) *Latinus* his honour. Ouer-fast he sitteth that securely sitteth: for as he that is timorous hath too little prouidence,

so

so he that is feareles hath too much presumption: yea lesse grieuous are expected than vnlooked-for euils. I speake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-see I may fall: for the vnpearching of others should be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibilitie for me so to decline: for who is priuiledged from becomming such? And who is such that would not haue succour? Sorrie I am that ye haue so ill cause to estrange your selues from home, but glad that I am in so good case to entertaine you here: Let *AEneas* seate him, and prosper yee in *Italie:* my lande well may abide it, and my selfe brooke it: Yea more (for the Oracle of my minde consorts no doubt with those of our Gods) *Lauinia* my sole daughter and heire, forbidden a Natiues and behighted a strangers Marriage, hath found a Husbande, and I a Sonne-in lawe: at the least I wish it would bee, and hope it will bee. Make my thankes to *AEneas* for his Presents, and bee you Masters of your Petitions.

The *Troians* being then sumptuously feasted, euery man vpon a giuen Courser brauely and richly mounted, dismissed, returned, and *Latinus* his answere and Present deliuered, *AEneas*, neuertheless as farre from being secure as ioyous of such Tidings, knowing the good speede of a Stranger to bee an Eye-sore to the people, and therefore not careless suspitious of it that might causeless succede, strongly inmured his Men in a new-built Fortresse. In the meane while their Arriuall and Entertainement with *Latinus* occupied, and, for the most part, offended all *Italie.* Enuiously stormed *Amata* the Queene that *Lauinia*, her Daughter and Darling, should bee wedded to a Stranger, an Exile (as she termed him:) and therefore, when she could not disswade the King by flatterie, shee incensed his Nobles and Subiects to resist it forcibly. On the orher side,

Turnus, Prince of the *Rutiles* (in person exceeding all for comelinesse, and in Armes equall to any for his courage, to whom *Lauinia* was before promised in Marriage) as malcontent as any for being thus circumuented by *Aeneas*, held a Counsell in his sumptuous Citie *Adea*, scituate in the territorie of *Latium*, how to intercept the *Troians* by wiles, expell them by Warres, weaken them by wants, disappoint *AEneas*, and possesse himselfe of *Lauinia*. Often sent he Messengers and sometimes Menaces to aduertise *Latinus* that he was promised hee should, and to assure him hee purposed hee would enioy her or anger him. But by how much more *Latinus* was religiously vnremooueable in his Resolution for *AEneas*, by so much the more did *Turnus* giue loose raines to his headie anger: Howbeit sufficient matter wanted for his malice to worke vpon, vntill, by euill happe, his choler tooke aduantage of this colour. *Ascanius* with diuers *Troian* Gentlemen his Friendes and others his Attendants, hunting in a Forrest not farre from their Fortresse, by chance did incounter, strike, and chace a fayre and well spread Stagge, which the Children of one *Tyrrhus* (the Kings Raunger and Stewards of his Grounds, a Man of no meane account amongst the *Latines*) had from a Fawne nourished, and so intreated that no Beast might be more tamer: This Stagge thus stroken and followed of the *Troians*, taking the readiest way to the house of *Tyrrhus*, and with bleeding haunches entring the Hall, was first espied of *Syluia* or *Ilia*, a young Gentlewoman, in whose lappe hee sleeping had often layd his head, and at whose hands hee had many a time taken Brouse, beene kemmed, and trimmed: She seeing the Stagge in such a plight, almost swouned ere shee could weepe, wept ere shee might speake, spoke ere shee was comforted, and was comforted onely in promise of Reuenge. At the winding of an Horne, came flocking thither

thither in a trise the Heardſ-men, Sheapheards, Plow-men, and Hinds: this Anticke of Groomes, finding *Almon*, the eldeſt Sonne of *Tyrrhus*, and their young Miſtris *Syluia* grieuouſly paſſionate, and the Stagge bloodie and braying his laſt, queſtion no further what ſhould be done, but were furiouſly inquiſitiue after the Doers. In this meane time, by euill happe, *Aſcanius* and his Companie drawing by Parſie after the Stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the view of this Shoole of inraged Clownes: who all at once and ſuddenly, with ſuch weapons as they had or found neereſt at hand, as Staues, Sheephookes, Dung-forkes, Flayles, Plow-ſtaues, Axes, Hedging-Beetels, yea Libbats newly ſnatched from burning, and what not? fiercely aſſayled with downe right blowes the amazed *Troians*: who not hauing leiſure to aske queſtions, couragiouſly entertaine the vnknowen Quarrell: and ſo long and dangerouſly for either part continued this confuſion of blowes and effuſion of blood, that by now it was bruted at the Fortreſſe and at *Laurentum*, and was anone increaſed by reſcue from either Faction: neither had this Skuffling an end vntill night was begunne: at what time the *Latines*, *Rutiles*, and *Troians* left the wilde Medley, howbeit not diſcontinuing their malice. Of chiefe account amongſt the *Latines*, were ſlaine luſty *Almon*, and aged *Galeſus*, (this latter a man of an honeſt and wealthie condition) whileſt he vnſeaſonably amongſt blowes deliuered vnregarded perſwaſions of Peace. The wounded Corſes of theſe twaine did *Turnus* cauſe to bee conuayed to the viewe of *Latinus*, as Arguments of their common dammage, himſelfe, with an enuious heart and an inuectiue tongue, amplifying the ſame to the vttermoſt, not vnaſſiſted therein by the yrefull Queene *Amata*, or vnfurthered by the hurlie burlie of the impatient People, all

labouring

labouring the King to denounce Armour against the *Troians*. *Latinus* in this tumult of his Subiects, and trauell of his Sences, assuring himselfe that *AEneas* was the man propheſied to the Marriage of *Lauinia* and succeſſion of *Latium*, diſſwaded, but might not perſwade, with the headie multitude. In fewe, with ſuch efficacie did the dead Corſes inuite it, the Queene entreate it, *Turnus* affect it, and the People follow it, that laſtly, though againſt his minde, the King did ſuffer the *Laurentines* to reare on their Walles abſolute Tokens of imminent Warres: Thus founde *Turnus* that which hee longed for, and *AEneas* no leſſe than hee looked for, and either ſolliciting ſuccours, were not long vnfurniſhed of hardie Souldiours: yea, in reſpect of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceaſed at *Troy*, might now haue beene ſaide to bee reuiued in *Italie*. But as in his Wandrings, ſo in his Warres, my purpoſe is breuitie: either of which the Lawriat Trumpetor of his glorie hath ſo effectually founded, that many might amplifie, I could iterate, but not any amend it: neuertheleſſe in remembring of this Hiſtorie I haue alſo vſed other Authorities.

IT followeth, After long Warres valiantly on either part performed, many great Kings, Princes, and Perſonages periſhed, when laſtly the *Rutiles* begunne to bee repentant of their wrong, and the *Troians* wearie of the Warres, *AEneas* and *Turnus*, meeting, had theſe words: And firſt *AEneas*.

Often Truces haue wee had (*Turnus*) for the buriall of our dead, neuer treaties of peace for the welfare of thoſe aliue: onely once (as I haue beene euer) diddeſt thou ſeeme (thou diddeſt but ſeeme) prouident that no moe ſhould miſcarrie, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in vaine

vaine expected: for since thy minde changed, I wot not by what meanes, hath changed the liues of I wot not how many. But now, when for the palpable leasing thou shouldst not speake like *Turnus*, shouldst thou denie the better of the wars to abide with *Aeneas*, and yet I still be *Aeneas*, though playing vpon that Aduantage with *Turnus*, euen now, I say, my selfe doe request thee of that Combate, whereby further Blood-sheds may happily be concluded. Beleeue mee, wert thou a Begger and I a Monark, yet (so much doe I emulate, not enuie thy glorie) I would hazard all in a Combate requested by thee so valerous a Competitor. But least (perhaps) I ouer-breath thy tickled Conceit with more selfe-liking than is expedient, know man, *Turnus*, know, Nature, Birth, Arte, Education, nor whatsoeuer els are in any thing more beneficiall to *Turnus*, than that iustly he may enuy as much or more in *AEneas*.

To this answered the *Rutile* thus: Whether thou speakest this (*AEneas*) as insulting ouer mine infortune, or as insolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou sayest, and I beleeue it) of my glorie, trust me, onely if thus, in thy better successe, to abandon thy selfe to such offered disaduantage bee not indiscretion, neuer heard I wherein to derogate from thy policie: but say it indiscretion, yet, by *Iupiter* (*AEneas*) it is honourable indiscretion. Not to encounter so heroicall (for in thee I enuie not that Epitheton) a Combattant, is as contrarie to my thought as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule, as if *Aeneas* were alreadie conquered, and *Turnus* Conqnerour: either which I deuine, at the leastwise I am determined to aduenture. Be prouided therefore (*AEneas*) of courage, for thou prouokest no Cowarde, but euen *Turnus*, that would haue asked no lesse, had he not doubted *AEneas* not to haue dared to answere so much. Thus, and with these Conditions:

that

that further warres should finish, that the Espousall of *Lauinia* and Succession of *Latium* should bee the Prize to the Victor, a Combate, to be tried by these twaine body against body, was (vpon Othes taken and other Circumstances) agreed vpon. Now were they Armed, Mounted, did Encounter, and, after long fight, their Coursers becomming breathlesse, the Riders, dismounting, vigoriously buckle on Foote: Lastly (not with vnrequited blowes) was *Turnus* disarmed, the Vanquished pleading for life, and the Victor not purposing his death, had he not espied, on his Shoulders, the sometimes Baldrike of his once especiall Friend *Pallas* Ring *Euanders* Sonne, whom *Turnus*, in Battell ouercomming, had put to Sword: then *Aeneas* saying, onely in this Spoyle thou shalt not triumph, and onely for his sake am I vnintreatable, shoffed his Sword through his breast: *Turnus* so ending the World, and *Aeneas* the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to *Lauinia*, and shortly after possessed of *Latium*. After which, about three yeeres, he, dying, left his Kingdome to *Ascanius*, and *Lauinia* with childe. She at her time, and at the house of the before remembred *Tyrrhus*, was deliuered of *Syluius Post-humus* (so called of his being borne amongst the Woods, after the death of his Father.) To him (because in right it was the inheritance of *Syluius* from his Mother) did *Ascanius* voluntarily resigne the Kingdome of *Latium*: and of him (for his honorable Regiment) were all the after-*Latine* kings called *Syluij*: Finally he hunting and mistaken amongst the Thickets for a Stagge, was slaine with an Arrow by his Sonne *Brutus*. This *Brutus*, for sorrow and his safetie, accompanied with many lustie Gentlemen and others of *AEneas* his *Troians* Ofsprings, imbarking themselues, after long Sayling arriued in this Ilande then called *Albion*: whose

Giant-

Giant-like Inhabitants (in respect of their monstrous making and inciuill Manners said to haue bin engendred of Diuels) he ouercomming, manured their Countrey, and after his owne name called it *Brutaine*. And thus hauing begotten *Brutus* an Originall to our *Brutons*, I conclude this abridged Historie of his Grandfather

AEneas.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

OFten haue I obſerued, euen Parſons, largely read in our Chronicles of this Land, to haue been intricated onely in paſſing a long their natural Channels: No marruell then (the common Currants being alſo choked with ſo many impertinent digreſſions, and ſome meere nugations) that the moſt of vs, leſſe litterate, hold not at all any direct Courſe in ſo an incombred, confuſe, & crooked a Mæander. To helpe therefore theſe latters I haue, as yee ſhall now heare, opened to them ſo ſhort and facile a Paſſage, that whoſoeuer, in one or two howers, may cut thorough, vninterrupted, the whole Legend of the maine. State-Occurrants hapning howſoeuer, and whenſoeuer in England. If any ſhal hereafter either amend this, or adde new Epitomes of the Hiſtories of Ireland, Pict-Land, the Iſle of Man, and of Wales (ſometimes alſo Ancient Kingdomes, whoſe Territories are preſently vnder Englands Monarchie) gladly ſhall I applauſe that Penne: confeſſing in mine a Pouertie of Arte, worthy no better than the anſwerable patronizing of ſome my former thanks-ſtarued dedications.

Yours in aught erred to be conformed,

W. WARNER.

An Epitome of the whole Hiſtorie *of England.*

WHether that this our Iland was firſt called *Britaine*, after the name of *Brute*, or he the Patriarch of our *Britons*, or that the tripartite deuiſion thereof, after the names of his three Sonnes, *Locrine*, *Camber*, and *Albanack*, into *Loegria*, *Cambria*, and *Albania*, afterwards the ſeiunct Territories of the *Engliſh*, *Welch*, and *Scots* be true or not, I leaue it diſputable to the Cenſurors of our by-paſſed and moderne Hiſtoriographers: onely adding, that before the firſt entrie here of the *Romaines*, our Hiſtorie auoydeth not the ſuſpition of ſome fabulous Errors. Neither let it be offenſiuely ſpoken, or as preiudicating others in their opinions, that touching the Originales, and firſt denominations of the firſt Incolents, and of this our Iland, I concurre with our learned and ſtudious Antiquarie Maſter *Camden*, in ſuch as is by him circumſpectly ſet downe in his well-merriting worke, intituled *Britannia*: out of which, I confeſſe my ſelfe, to haue gleaned not a little apting to this our abridged Hiſtorie. Howbeit, to auoide Nouelties (leſſe nugations, perhaps, than many Relations, for their onely antiquities, receiued for verities) I purpoſe no other, or not a much different courſe, than thorough the Currant of our common Chronicles.

Brute.

Brute is authored to haue ariued in this Iland, then named *Albion*, which he conquering, cauſed to be called after his owne name *Britaine*, in the yeere of the worlds age 2855. and before the incarnation of *Chriſt* 1108. yeeres. At *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, brethren, & ioynct-Kings, in lynial diſcent eighteene from *Brute*, 616. yeeres after that this Land had beene gouerned by *Brute* and his Linage, was that royal blood and Houſe tragically diſtroyed: *Ferrex* ſlaine in battell by his brother, and *Porrex*, in reuenge thereof, murthered by their Mother. After which, this Iland continued in ciuill diſcention by the ſpace of about fiftie yeeres, vnder fower, and ſometimes fiue Kings or Dukes, of whom remaineth neither number nor names: and was laſtly reduced into a Monarchie, vnder *Mulmutius Dunwallo*, Duke of *Danmonia* or *Cornewaile*.

Gorboman was the twelfth in lyniall diſcent, from *Dunwallo:* betwixt whom and *Caßuilan* raigned 31. Kings: of whoſe diſcents, acts, & times of their Raignes (*Hely, Lud*, and one or two moe excepted) are authorities ſo barren, that, touching them, I rather prepoſe ſcilence, than to ſet downe incertainties: Howbeit find I not to the contrarie, but that yet, and long time after, the Scepter continued in the blood of *Dunwallo*. Of the Brittiſh Kings is *Caßuilan* accounted, with *Brute*, the 73. King: but in troth, not recconing the Protectorſhip of *Guendoleyne* in the Nonage of her ſonne *Madan*, nor any ioynt-Raignes, as that of *Cunedage* and *Morgan*, *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, with others ſuch, nor the depriuations and Reſtaurations of *Archigallo* and *Elidure* (which are by moſt ſeuerally accounted) *Caßuilan* was but the 64. King from *Brute*. In the Raigne of this *Caßuilan*, before the yeare of grace about 55. yeeres, and after the ariuall of *Brute* about 1057 yeeres, did *Iulius Cæſar* winne, for the *Romaines*, the firſt Tribute euer payed vnto any by the *Britons*.

Heere, before we write further of the proceedings of the

Romaines

Romaines in this Land, it shall not be impertinent to remember, into what and how many Regions, and diuersly-named Peoples the first Romaine discouerers found it deuided. Ancient Authors, Latine and others (of whom *Iulius Cæsar* him selfe is one, and before whose entrie heere our Historie hath few or none of autenticke authorities) in their historicall and Geographicall descriptions of that part of this Iland which is now *England* (howbeit concluding the whole vnder the common name of *Britaine*) distinguish the same by seuerall parts or Colonies, hild, deuisiuely, by seauenteene different peoples: that is to say, those parts which we now call Cornewall and Deuonshire, by the *Danmoines*: Dorsetshire, by the *Durotriges*: Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire, by the *Belgies*: Barkeshire, by the *Attrebaties*: Suthrie & Sussex, by the *Regnies*: Kent, by the *Canties*: Gloucestershire & Oxfordshire, by the *Dobunies*: Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire, by the *Catieuchlanies*: Middlesex and Essex, by the *Trinobantes*: Suffolke, Norfolke, Cambridgshire, and Huntingtonshire, by the *Icenes*: North-hamptonshire, Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Darbyshire, by the *Coritanies*: Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Chesshire, by the *Cornauies*: Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Mommothshire, and Glamorganshire, by the *Siluries*: Caermardenshire, Penbrokeshire, and Cardiganshire, by the *Dimeties*: Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire, Carnaruonshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire, by the *Ordouices*: Yorkshire, Richmondshire, Bishopricke of Durham, Lancashire, Westmerland, and Cumberland, by the *Brigantes*: and Northumberland, by the *Ottadimes*. Afterwardes when the *Romaines* had all here at their deuotion, they altered at diuers times, these old, and erected new Partitions: disposing lastly their whole Prouince into a *Pentarchia*, or fiuefold Diuident: which they called *Britania prima*, containing the South parts:

Britania secunda, which we now call *Wales*: *Flaua Cæsariensis*, extending from the Riuer of *Thamys* to *Humber*: *Maxima Cæsariensis*, from *Humber* to the *Tyne*: and *Valentia*, which contayned from *Tyne* to *Grameſdicke*, neere vnto *Edenborough*.

Returne we now to *Caßiuilan*, yeelding hence, as is aforesaide, Tribute to the *Romaines*. To him succeeded in Raigne his Nephewe *Theomant*, to him *Cymbeline* his Sonne: in whose raigne *Calphurnius Agricola* being then heere for the *Romaines*, was borne our Sauiour Christ Iesus: after the ariuall of *Brute* 1107. yeares.

FRom *Cymbeline* was *Lucius* the fift King. This *Lucius* (albeit diuers wel approued & reuerent Authors giue Antedates to the preaching & receite of the Gospell here, euen in the Infancie thereof) was the first of the *Brittish* Kings that by publique Authoritie intertained the Christian Faith: and was, with his, Baptized about the yeere of our Lord God 188. after *Brute* 1294. yeares. From this Baptisme of the *Britons* Christianitie (though sometimes persecuted) florished about 216. yeares after: vntill the *Saxons*, preuayling, reduced Paganizme: which for long time after had continuance heere.

Lucius dying without Issue, not onely ceased the Raigne of the *Dumvallones*, after 54. Kings of that lynage: but also, after 82. Kings from *Brute*, according to the former of the accompts, was the Scepter first discõtinued from the *Britons*, & intirely transferred to the *Romaine* Emperors. For although, from about twentie yeeres after the first Tribute wonne hence by *Iulius Cæsar*, the *Romaines* had for the most part in this Land their Consuls, Presidents, or Lefetennants, yeat, vntill now, were the *Britons* gouerned by their naturall Princes. And be it remembred, that albeit, in the time of the Emperour *Claudius*, part of this Iland became Prouinciall to the

Romaines,

Romaines, yeat to compaſſe the whole ſuch coſt them not leſſe than an hundred and thirtie yeeres trauell, euen to the Emperie of *Domician*: when *Iulius Agricola*, in effect, made this whole Iland imperiall: thence continewing to the *Romaine* State (the Impacabilitie of the *Pictes* and *Scotes* excepted) A perfect Prouince, vnto the death of thafforſaid *Lucius*. Whence, after fifteene yeeres diſcention amongſt the *Britons*, and in the meane time no King, did *Seuerus*, then Emperor of *Rome*, vndertake heere perſonall and abſolute Soueraintie. Whereby the Gouernment of the naturall *Brittiſh* Kings, or rather of long time before but Vice-Roies to the *Romaines*, was for many yeeres ſuſpended.

To him ſeuerall ſucceeded eight Kings *Romaines*: howbeit not vninterrupted among by ſome noble *Britons*, that maugre thoſe, at ſeuerall times poſſeſſed themſelues of inconſtant Regalitie heer. The laſt of the nyne *Romaines* (whoſe whole Empire, through their owne ciuill warres, and Inuaſions of the *Barbarians*, began now palpably to decline) was *Gracian*. After whom, to the *Britons* (now againe headleſſe, and in ciuill diſcention: that of long time had, and then ſtil did wholie relie on the tuition of the *Romaines*, who in their pollicie, ſtill to hold this Land theirs, had diſarmed it of munition, and vnapted the people to proweſſe and warlike diſcipline) ſucceeded many yeeres turbulent and moſt miſerable: For the *Pictes* (of whom followeth an abſtract of their peculiar Hiſtorie) A warlike and terrible people, then occupying thoſe parts which we now call the middle Marches, betwixt the *Engliſh* & *Scots*, or rather, the more part of that which is now *Scotland*, aſſiſted by the *Iriſh-Scots*, ſo debelled and oppreſſed the *Britons*, that neuer were they ſo tyrannized, or their State ſo deſperat.

Of the elſ-where diſperſed *Romaine* Prouinces, none than this could boaſt more politike and martiall Preſidents and Liefetennants: of whom many, and ſome of them heere-

borne Incolents, became afterwards the most magnificent of the Emperors: yea diuers of the powerfullest *Romaine* Emperors, to hold this Iland theirs, were often personally forced hither. Wherefore, euen now, when their owne ciuill warres were most intestine, and the *Barbarians* most infestiue to their Empire, *Britaine* was neuertheless by them not neglected. Witnes (besides the often transmitting, euen in those then troublesome times, of Legions in defence of this Land) their admirable works and prouisions heere against the impacable Incursions of those barbarous & vndanted *Pictes* then threatning, in part not vnacted, the extirpation hence both of the Emperiales and *Britons*. To passe by in silence *Iulius Agricola*, *Adrian*, *Lollius Vrbicus*, *Seuerus* and others their seuerall workes and walles, erected heere in the Northern Regions for the same purpose: of which, besides *Seuerus* his forced vallie, with other strong and huge labors and fabrications, were reared at seuerall times two walles, the one of Turffe, and the other of Pyles and Tymber strongly and artificially interposed, extending from Sea to Sea ouerthwarts the Countrey, estimated in length fowerscore, or, as haue some aboue fiuescoore myles, incredible may it seeme that out of autenticke Authors is extant, were it not euen vnto this day to bee seene in the Ruines, of the wall yet called the *Pictes*-wall, raised of firme stone, containing in length as is aforesaid, in bredth throughout eight foote, and in height twelue. At euerie myles distance thereof was a strong and squaire-built Castell, well furnished with men and munition: betwixt the Castels were diuers watch-Towers, and through the walles of euery Tower and Castell was so artificially conueied a trunke or pipe of brasse, that from which soeuer of the Castles or Towers was but wispered into the Pype, the voice distinctly and without interruption was speedely receiued from watch to watch, and thereby the whole Garison, so many myles sundered, were suddenly aduertised of their expeditions,

expeditions, or of the approch of the Enimie. *AEtius*, then for *Rome* in *Fraunce* (for defence of which Prouince, the Forces for *Britaine* and flower of our heer-Incolents, were then withdrawen hence thither) importuned by the miserable *Britons* for succour against the mercilesse *Pictes*, transfreting hither, in their aide, a Legion of Souldiours, caused this marueilous and millitarie Wall then to be builded. After which, the *Romaine* Empire it selfe extreamely languishing in an incurable Consumption, the Warr-intricated *Romaines* vtterly left *Britaine* to the vndisciplind *Britons*: against whom, the defensiue prouisions aforesaid notwithstanding, the *Pictes* continewed tyrannously infestiue: Insomuch that, for protection, the *Britons* suppliantly offered themselues and became vassals to *Constantine*, brother to the King of little *Britraine*, which Countrie in former times was called *Armorica*. He accepting the voluntarie subiection of this then imbellious Countrey, and his prowesse and Pollicie destinate to his newe Subiects fortunate, the Crowne of this Land, thus the second time setled in a Forriner, inured to him and his posteritie: And the *Romaines* were thenceforth vtterly outted their woonted Tribute and Dominion heere: which from *Iulius Cæsar* had had continuance for about the space of fiue hundred yeeres: *Theodosius* the yoonger and *Valentinian* being then Emperors.

AFter the decease of the aforesaid *Constantine* the *Armorican* or *French-Briton*, raigned here his eldest sonne *Constance*, formerly sworne a religious Recluse, of whose pusilanimitie and milde dulnesse *Vortiger*, Duke of *Cornwall* taking aduantage, vnderhand procuring his death possessed his Diademe. For which suspected Regecide he, growing odious to his Subiects, and intangled with more than dangerous businesse with the impacable *Pictes*, entertayned in his

ſupport a valiant people of Germany called *Saxons*: of whom ſhall be anone more largely ſpoken.

Ambroſe and *Vter*, the two brethren of *Conſtance* as before murthered, hauing now gotten an Armie, purſued *Vortiger* vnto his Caſtel, which he had built in the parts afterwards and now called *Wales*, whether the Saxons had debelled him. Who therefore may be ſaid the laſt Monarche of *Britaine* of the *Brittiſh* blood, for that at the chaſing of him thither, the *Saxons* founded the firſt of their Kingdomes heere: and the Kingdome of the *Brittiſh* Kings him ſucceeding (though diuers of them indeed valiant Princes, & mauger the *Saxons* delating their dominion, and all of them retayning the title of Kings of *Britaine*) extended no farther, or to little more than that which is now called *Wales*. *Vortigers* Caſtell, and he in it burned by *Ambroſe* and *Vter*, they then ſucceedingly raigned, who with *Arthur* (ſurnamed the Worthy) ſonne of *Vter*, and two or three more of that Streene, of whom *Malgo* the ninth and laſt King of the linage of the aforeſaid *Conſtantine* the *Armorican*, was one, in their ſeuerall Raignes awed not a little the *Saxons* by armor and Stratagems. To *Malgo* ſucceeded in Raigne *Carritick*, of an vnknowen Pedegree: who, through his euill gouernment, grew ſo disfauoured of his Subiects, that the *Saxons* (who at ſeuerall times, in ſeuerall places, from their firſt intertaynment heere by *Vortiger* had planted themſelues in this Land) got opportunity of ſo many victories, that *Caritick* with his *Britons* (in their Countrie ſeeking them a Countrie) were laſtly chaſed and bounded by them from out all parts into the mountanous Weſterne Regions of this Land, where he died. Thence, for the ſpace of about 24. yeeres after (in which time was an intermiſſion of *Brittiſh*, Kings) the *Welch-Britons*, as before hence debelled, made diuers more valiant than gainefull Out-roades, vnder diuers their Leaders, againſt the *Saxons*. Laſtly *Cadwane* Duke of *Venedocia*, afterwards called North-*Wales*, *Cadwallyne* his

his ſonne, and *Cadwallader*, as write ſome, his ſonne, but deſcended linialy, as write others, of the blood of *Cerdicus* the firſt King of the VVeſt-*Saxons*, ſucceedingly raigned ouer the ſame *Welch-Britons*. Of euery of theſe three great proweſſe and prayſes are recorded by all Authors.

Cadwallader, about the yeere of grace 686. forſaking kingly authority, became a religious man, &, as haue ſome, departed hence in Pilgrimage to *Rome*, where he died. In him abſolutely ended the Raigne and title of the Kings of great *Britaine*: that, vnder 106. ſeuerall Kings from *Brute*, had continued, as write ſome, 1792. others 1822. yeeres. From thencefoorth the Remaines heere of the *Britons* were called *Welch-men* (which, Saxonly, ſignifieth Aliens or Strangers) and the aforeſaid Land which they hild and hold in this Iland *Wales*. Amongſt whom was a ſucceſſion of Naturall Kings by the onely Stile of Kings of *Wales*, vnto the Raigne of *William Rufus*, that *Rice* or *Rees* their laſt King was ſlaine: howbeit long time after impacable, vntill that King *Henry* the Eight, exact of their blood, incorporated them and the *Engliſh* in lawes and Protection one People. Of the Progreſſe of that moſt ancient and valiant Nation, that vnder the altered name of *Welchmen*, euen at this day in all Loyaltie towards her Maieſtie poſſeſſe where *Cadwallader* then left them, hath Doctor *Powell* wel and compendiouſly written a peculiar Chronicle, whereunto I refer the Reader.

After this Eiectment of the *Britons*, and Period (*Wales* excepted) of their ancient dominion in this Ilande, hapning about 236. yeeres from the firſt receiuing of the *Saxons* vnder the conduct of *Hengeſt* by *Vortiger* thus related, it followeth in fewe to be ſpoken in order as the ſame, not without more than much blood and buſineſſe, during the aforeſaide 236. yeeres or ſomewhat more begunne, continued, and commenſed of the *Saxon Heptarchia* or their ſeauen Kingdomes, Cantons or Colonies here erected. For when the *Saxons* (as

before called hether by yll-aduiſed *Vortiger*) had gotten vnto themſelues the glorie of many victories againſt the *Pictes* and other the enemies of this Land, and that the King, repudiating his lawfull wife, had married the beautifull daughter of *Hengeſt* the *Saxon* Captaine, it was couenanted, that the *Britons* ſhould onely attend their priuate affaires and profits, and the *Saxons*, for competent viande and ſallarie to vndergoe the defence of the Realme againſt whatſoeuer Enemies.

Vnder this pretext multuous and warklicke Supplies of theirs daily repaired hether: who, long time affecting the ſubiection of ſo glorious and fertile a Countrie as this, and now finding themſelues ſufficiently powerfull, and the *Britons* alienated from themſelues through eaſe and effeminacie (a confederacie betwixt them, the *Pictes* and *Scots* firſt concluded vpon) they quarrelled the *Britons*: as pretending a breach of the aforeſaid Couenant. Whereupon, for many following yeeres, they purſued ſuch vnapeaſable and tyrannous warre that (as ſaieth one of the like perſecution afterwardes by the Danes here) the oppreſſed *Britons* ſuffered whatſoeuer the Subdued could feare or the victors afflict. Laſtly, the *Britons* being forced, as is aforeſaid, into *Wales*, they reared thence vnto the *Saxons* ſuch awefull armies, finiſhing in often victories, vnder Princes valienter than whom no paſſed ages could honor that, had not *Britaine* beene deſtinate vnto the *Saxons*, neuer had they erected here an *Heptarchia*, or altered it into a *Monarchie*, of either of which be it now ſeuerally ſpoken: and firſt, becauſe firſt, of their *Heptarchia*.

THe firſt Kingdome or Canton thereof was *Kent*, and the Iſle of *Thanet*. It ſetledly began about the yeere of the word incarnated 475. in the reſtaured Raigne of the aforeſaid *Vortiger*, vnder the before named *Saxon* called *Hengeſt*:

geſt: who, after his firſt Entrie, which was about *ann.*450.or ſomewhat more, had beene hence expulſed,but eftſoones returned,and laſtly hild *Kent* for his Dominion. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof,*an.*596.or thereabouts, was *Ethelbert*: the laſt King was *Baldred*: in whoſe time *Egbert*, King of the *Weſt-Saxons*, ſubdued this Dominion of *Kent* and ioyned it vnto his owne Regement: after it had continued, vnder the ſucceſſion of eighteene Kings, by the ſpace of about 320. yeeres.

The ſecond Dominion was of the South-*Saxons*,and contayned *Suſſex* and *Southrie*. It began about *ann.*536. in the ſecond yeere of *Aurelie Ambroſe* King of the *Britons*, vnder a *Saxon* called *Hella* or *Ella*. The firſt Chriſtian Prince thereof was *Edilwalch* or *Ethelwold*: the laſt of the Kings was *Aldine*: in whoſe time the Weſt-*Saxons* alſo added it to their Signorie,after it had continued vnder the ſucceſſion of ſeauen kings 112.yeeres: howbeit ſome adde a more number of Kings, and account 306. yeeres, for touching this Dominion Authors greatly differ.

The Third was of the *Eaſt-Angles*: contayning *Northfolke*, *Suffolke*, *Cambridgſhire*, and the *Iſle* of *Elye*. It began about the twelfe yeere of the aforeſaid *Aurelie Ambroſe*, vnder a Saxon called *Vffa*. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof about *ann.*630. was *Orpewald*: the laſt of the Kings was Saint *Edmund*, ſlaine about *ann.*869. by the *Danes*: who for many yeeres before had pillaged, tyranniſed, and in ſome parts inhabited this land: concerning whoſe achieuements here ſhal be anone, in it due place intreated. From thencefoorth the *Eaſt-Angles* were ſubiected to the *Danes*, vntill laſtly *Edward* the elder alſo annexed it to the *Weſt-Saxon* Gouernment: after the continuance thereof vnder ſeuenteene Regents, *Saxons* and *Danes*,418.yeres. Of the Progreſſe of this Kingdome is alſo diſagreement in Authors.

The fourth and preuailing Kingdome was of the *Weſt-*

Saxons,

Saxons, occupying Cornwaile, Deuonſheir, Dorſetſheir, Somerſetſheir, Wyltſheire, and Barkſheir. It began in the raigne of King *Arthur* ouer the *Welch-Britons*, vnder a *Saxon* called *Cerdicus*. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof *ann.* 636. or thereabouts was *Cyngill* or *Kyngill*. Now when King *Egbert* had by proweſſe and pollicie obtained Raigne ouer the *Weſt-Saxons*, and beſides his victories ouer the *Welche*, was poſſeſſed of fiue of the *Saxon* Regiments heere, and of the other two hoped the like, he gaue foorth a generall Edict, whereby he commaunded that his whole Dominion heere ſhoulde be called *Angel*, or Saxonly, *England*, and the Inhabitants *Engliſhmen*, or *Angles*: in Reuiuor of the name of the Countrie from which his Aunceſtors that firſt got poſſeſſions in this Lande ſcaled: which is called, euen vnto this day, *Angel*: and is now in ſubiection to *Denmarke*. For it is to be noted, as warranted out of vncontrowlable Authors, that in the farther parts of that which was auncienly called *Cymbria*, now *Germanie*, was a ſpatious Terratorie, diſtinguiſhed by three Regions and people, (in their originales *Scythians*) that is to ſay, *Saxonie*, *Anglia* or *Angel*, and *Iuta* or *Iuitland*: whoſe Inhabitants were called *Saxons*, *Angles*, or *Engliſhmen*, and *Iutes* or *Getes*: all that whole Countrie and thoſe people neuertheleſſe knowen and called by the common names of *Saxonie* and *Saxons*. Of theſe, the *Angles* or *Engliſh-Saxons*, after that *Hengeſt* with his *Iutes* or *Getiſh-Saxons* and the *Saxons* ſo meerely named had enterpriced an Inuaſion heere, ſo affected habitation in this Lande, that, leauing their owne Countrie in *Germanie* Deſart, they ſwarmed hither at ſeuerall times with ſuch multious ſupplies that the *Britons* hence expulſed, in the *Heptarchia* three of the Deuidēts, that is, thoſe of the *Northumbres*, *Mercians*, and *Eaſt-Angles* conſiſted of thoſe *Angles* or *Engliſh-Saxons*: in regard of whoſe ample Prouinces, and numerous people the other fower were much inferior. Vpon which motiue, and for that himſelfe was

hence

hence exact, King *Egbert* cauſed this Land, as is aforeſaid, to be called *England*, not that it had that name of *Hengeſt*, as are ſome oppinions. For many, and not to be gainſaid, are the Hiſtories intreating how theſe three people, vnder the common name of *Saxons*, before then, and after infeſtious toalmoſt the whole world, gaue euerie where their aforeſaide diſtinguiſhed names to their deuiſiue conqueſts: and that of theſe *Angles* or *Engliſh-Saxons* who (as before) firſt called this Land *England*, were and are the denominations of diuers Countries and Townes elſewheare: as of the aforeſaid Countrie called *Angel* or *Angulus*, now prouinciall to *Denmarke*, *Engern* in *Weſtphalia*, *Sueui-Angli*, *Angloen* a Towne in *Pomerania*, *Engelheim*, *Ingolſtadio*, *Englburg*, and *Englerute* in *Germanie*, and *Angleria* in *Italie*: as heerof by Maſter *Camden* is commendably obſerued and ſtudiouſly collected. In this kingdome of the *Weſt-Saxons* were the other ſixe States in proceſſe of time, as anon ſhall be ſaide, reduced to a Monarchie: as alſo in the royall blood thereof, now combyned with that of the Normain, the Scepter inureth euen vnto this day. Thus of this fowerth Dominion in this *Heptarchia*: of the other three it now followeth.

The fifth was of *Northumberland*: containing Lancaſheir, Yorkeſheir, the Biſhoprick of Durham, Cumberland, Weſtmerland, and ſo to Edenborough. This Signorie was in the beginning deuided into two, that is to ſay, *Bremcia*, and *Deira*: this contained from *Humber* to *Tyne*, and that from *Tyne* to the Scottiſh Sea. Both were begone ſeuerally within the compaſſe of three yeeres, to wit, about *anno* 547. vnder two *Saxons* named *Ida* and *Ella*: and were laſtly vnited vnder *Ethelfride* by the name of the Kingdome of *Northumberland*. The firſt Chriſtian Prince thereof, about *ann.* 627. was *Edwyn*. This Kingdome, intierly and deuiſiuely, continued vnder the ſucceſſion of 20. or after ſome, of 23. *Saxon* Kings 321. yeeres, and afterwards deuiſiuely vnder *Saxons* & *Danes* vnto

Bernicia

vnto about *ann.*954. when *Eldred* King of the *Weſt-Saxons* alſo ſubdued it to his kingdome: *Adelred* holding then for the *Saxons*, and *Hyreus* for the *Danes*. So, it may ſeeme, from the firſt to the laſt, that this ioyntly and ſeuerally, as before, gouerned endured 409. yeeres. But this *Hyreus* is ſaide of ſome to be appointed to that gouernment in the raigne of *Canutus*: which began long time after, that is, about *anno* 1019.

The ſixt was of *Eſſex*, or of the *Eaſt-Saxons*, containing Eſſex, Middleſex, and in it London, and part of Hertfordſheir. More diffringly & doubtingly than of the other ſixe is it that Authors ſet downe of the beginning and progreſſe of this dominion: being for the moſt part but prouincial, ſometimes to *Mercia*, and ſometimes to *Kent*. Howbeit thoſe Authorities that carrie moſt probabilitie write, that the beginning thereof was about *ann.* 614. that the firſt Chriſtian Prince there about *ann.*603. or 624. was *Sebert*, the laſt there raigning *Suthred*, the ſucceſſion of Gouernors 17. the yeeres of the continuance 281. and that the Subdewer of the ſame alſo to the *Weſt-Saxons* was *Egbert*.

The ſeauenth, and greateſt, was of *Mercia*, or the *Midle-Angles*: including the Sheires of Glouceſter, Hereford, Worceſter, Warwicke, Leiceſter, Roteland, Northampton, Lincolne, Huntington, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxenford, Stafford, Salop, Nottingham, Cheſter, and the other part of Hertfordſheir. It began about *ann.*626. in the raigne of *Cadwane* ouer the *Welch-Britons*, vnder a Saxon called *Penda*. The firſt Chriſtian King thereof about *ann.*647. was *Peada* the laſt of the kings there *Cenolphe*. About *ann.*876. *Alured* ſubdewed it to the *Weſt-Saxons*: after the continuance thereof vnder 18 *Saxon* Kings 250. yeeres. After which the *Danes*, and laſtly *Elfleda* a *Saxon* Princeſſe gouerned there, vntill *Edward* the elder about *ann.*917. recouered the ſame againe to the *Weſt-Saxons*. Adding which latter Rulers and yeares to the former

mer were from the firſt to the laſt 22. Princes and at the leaſt 280. yeeres.

THus was the progreſſe to and in this *Heptarchia:* wherein if, perhaps, ought be omitted or erred, let it ſuffice for an excuſe that, hauing ſearched the moſt and beſt Hiſtories Eccleſiaſticall and others intreating of theſe matters, hardly finde I heerein a concordance in any two Authors. Alſo much more, of much moment might be heere ſpoken of the State of things vnder this *Heptarchia* or ſeauen-fold Dominion. As of their continued ciuill warres amongſt themſelues: often fights with the inuaſiue *Danes:* their perſecuting of the Chriſtians heere whilſt themſelues were Pagans: their rare ſanctitie when they were Chriſtians: their edifying and ſumptuous Erections of all our chiefe Minſters, Monaſteries, and Monuments: wherein was more than done by one of thoſe pettite Princes, or, perhaps, by ſome their Subiects, than by any of all, or (two or three excepted) by all together of our following Monarkes. But of theſe onely thus: haſten we to our purpoſed proſecution of State-matters, mainer and of more note.

Hauing thus, briefly and deuiſiuely ſpoken of this ſelfe-ſhouldering *Heptarchia* or ſeauen *Saxon* Principates at one time and of long time on foote in this Land after the expulſion of the *Britons* into *Wales*, and of the ſeuerall incorporating by degrees, of all by the *Weſt-Saxons* into one Monarchie called *England*, not impertinently it enſueth to be ſaid how King *Alured*, of ſome called *Alfred*, diuided the Lande into bounded parts, Saxonly called Shyres, Engliſhly Shares, which about *ann.* 1016. were numbred onely 32. But, after the Euiction from the *Scots* of thoſe Countries which we now call the Biſhopricke of Durham, Lancaſhire, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, and Cumberland, and the like Deui-

ſion

sion of them, as also of *Wales*, the number of Shires increased to 49. The Shires also *Alured* deuided into Hundreds and Tythings or Bocres, in some part of the land termed Wappentakes and Lathes: touching which, as first whence these termes were founded, why these Deuisions and Subdeuisions were instituted, and what, for the publike Pollicie, was the seuerall Practise within euerie of them, my Referment of the vnread in our Lawes is, amongst others, to Master *Lambards* Treatise of the Dueties of Constables, and Master *Camdens* aforesaid *Britannia*: either of which significantly enough touch vpon these matters, onely I adde this note, that the like preuentions of Mischiefes and effecting of publike peace and profit, as when these Erections were practiue in their created Natures, may, in our times be rather wished than any wise hoped for. Neuertheless hence may groundly be said deriued our best and still experienced Method wherein we now execute lawes & dispatch, with lesser intricacie, the Collections and businesses for the Wealepublike.

IN those daies in this Land, (then consisting, as we haue said, but of 32. Shires) was a triple difference and practise of Lawes, called *West-Saxenlage*, *Merchen-lage*, and *Dane-lage*: peculiar in times then by-passed to the before distinguished Meere Saxons, Angles or English-Saxons, & to the Danes: who of the 32. Shires had formally inuaded fifteene. As for the *Iutish-Saxons* they held onely *Kent* and the Isle of *Wight*, and had, as may be collected lawes in some things different from the other Saxons: Concerning which three Lawes more shall be said hereafter.

Also about those times were ordained Iudges, because of their Circuites called *Itinerantes*, such in effect as now are our Iudges of Assises. Likewise in euery Shire of the Noblier and of chiefe note was a yeerely choise of a Shire-Reeue, whom

whom we now call a Shiriffe: in thoſe daies within his deuiſion of no leſſe authoritie than a prouinciall Vicar or Vicegerent. To conclude this relation, much of high importance. by tradition from thoſe times, continueth the like or but little different practiſe in our preſent Pollicie: wherein alſo reſts a remaine of diuers Lawes and Cuſtomes, yet currant heere, deriued from the *Danes*: who (as ſhall be now digeſted) during the precedent *Heptarchia* forewarded, and in this ſucceeding Monarchie finiſhed a next and new alteration in the State of England.

ABout *ann.* 787. *Brithrick* then raigning ouer the *West-Saxons*, (for our accounts of tymes ſhall now followe that predominant kingdome) the *Danes* firſt entred this Lande: whence by the *Saxon* Princes, concurring in armes, they were valiantly for that time auoided. About *ann.* 808. in the Raigne of *Egbert* with a much greater power they ſecondly arriued heere, ſpoiling *Kent* & the Iſle of *Sheppie*. Whom, albeit the King vigoriouſly withſtood, yet they being then victorious, forceably helde themſelues in greater or fewer numbers in one or other place in the Land, by the ſpace of about 200. yeeres after: to the extreame perſecution of the *Engliſh*. In which circuit of times, albeit the *Danes* were often brought vnder by the *Saxons*, yet through continued ſupplies of their owne nation, conuerſings, intermarriages, and confedracies with Ours they grew ſo audatious, broodious and powerfull in *England* that, about *ann.* 863. in the raigne of King *Etheldred* (*Osbright* and *Ella*, two his Tributories then gouerning the *Northumbers*) they, who hitherto had had not ſetled Dominion here, but had roomed about, without pittie pyllaging and diſpeopling by ſea and ſhore, hauing firſt in battle ſlaine the ſaid two pettite Kings, poſſeſſed themſelues intierly of that kingdome of *Northumberland*

and

and of the Citie of Yorke: which they held by the ſpace of 60. yeeres after: and in ſhort time following alſo ſubdued and ſlaughtered *Edmond* King of the *Eaſt-Angles*, and *Burdred* King of *Mercia*: holding alſo for a while that Prouince, and perſeuering in many Pagaine cruelties: vntill about *ann.* 884. that the aforeſaid *Alured*, then King of the moſt part of that which is now *England*, after many battailes, not onely recouered from them much of their former Conqueſts, but exiled hence whoſoeuer of them refuſed to be chriſtened: the reſidue with *Guthor* or *Gormond* their Prince receiuing Baptiſme, retained as Tributaries (with other peeces) the dominions of *Northumberland* and *Eaſt-Anglia*.

By theſe partly, but chiefly by the returne of the *Danes* as before exiled, newe but bootleſſe attempts were eftſoones practiſed againſt this Land. *Edward* ſurnamed the Elder, ſucceeding *Alured* his father, about *ann.* 910. euicted from the *Danes* the Prouince of *Eaſt-Anglia*: ſo that then remained to them onely the Dominion of *Northumberland*. Albeit the warlike princes *Adelſtane* and *Edmond* the two next ſucceeding Kings ſeuerally had ſundrie ouerhands of the *Northumbrian Danes*, yet it ſeemeth that that principalitie remayned to them vndiſſolued (as is before touched) vnto the raigne of *Eldred* then next ſucceeding: who, about *ann.* 946. ſubduing this Regiment, and ioyning it to the reſt of his Empire, *England* (as before) dilacerate and infeſted aſwell by the *Saxons* themſelues as by the *Danes*, returned to a perfect Monarchy: ſo continewing by the ſpace of about 50. yeeres after: that is, during the ſeuerall raignes of *Edwyn*, *Edgar*, and *Edward*, ſurnamed the Martyr: in whoſe times the *Danes* were either quiet, or their interpriſes of ſome fewe incurſions quayled. But in the raigne of king *Egelred* (of ſome called *Etheldred*) that next ſucceeded, newe forces of *Danes*, incouraged through the ſhallow and euill carriage of the King, alſo inuited and aſſiſted by their Countrymen, that of long time had heer

heer ſcatteringly inhabited, allied themſelues, and growen into one blood with ours, and (whereby they chiefly preuayled) bribing trecherous *Elfrick* or *Edrick* the Engliſh Admirall, at ſundry times, and ſometimes with ſeuerall Fleetes and forces at one ſelfeſame time in ſundrie places, ſailed about and inuaded the Land, burning and doing moſt inhumane execution whereſoeuer and vpon whomſoeuer they were victorious. Inſomuch that the King, in theſe extremities not knowing whom to truſt nor what to trie, after he had fiue ſeueral times with great ſummes, al amounting to 113000. pounds, bought his peace of his enimies, and neuertheleſſe found them ſtill armed againſt the Land and of pray or pay inſatiable, he yeelded laſtly to the payment of a yeerely Tribute: increaſed in ſhort ſpace from tenne to fortie, or (as haue ſome) to 48000. pounds: which many yeeres after, by the name of *Dane-gelt*, was leuied of the Engliſh Subiects. The payment whereof was afterwards continued to the *Dane*-Kings, remitted by *Edward* the Confeſſor, renewed by *William* the Conqueror, and vtterly releaſed by *Henry* the firſt.

This *Dane*-gelt was in the beginning, before the imployment thereof for the paiment of the aforeſaid Tribute, an impoſition of twelue pence vpon euery Hide, that is, twentie acres of Land, throughout *England*, to be then expended only vpon continued forces againſt the ſudden Inuaſions, Pillages, and Inſolences here of the then incorrigible *Danes*: but afterwards, vntill (as before) releaſed, collected into the Treaſuries of the Kings.

England, by payment of this Tribute, breathing a while a miſerable peace, *Egelred* ſent forth ſecreat Edicts, that in the Night of Saint *Brictes* day in one ſame hower all the *Danes* inhabiting throughout the Land ſhould ſuddenly be ſlaughtered. This Stratagem was not more priuilie authorized and publiſhed than generally and plauſibly entertayned and executed by the Engliſh, that of long time had thirſted their de-

liuerie from the intolerable Thraldome of the proude *Danes*: of whom ouer euerie Houſhold Lorded one, awing all in behalfe of the Daniſh-State at his Deuotion. Shortly after *Swano* King of Denmarke, in reuenge of ſuch Maſſacre of his People, at three ſeuerall times landing heere three mightie and reſolute Armies, and not ſparing whatſoeuer by ſword & fire might be deſtroyed, laſtly, and eſpecially through the trecherie of the aforeſaid *Elfricke* the Engliſh Admirall, returning ſo preuayled that *Egelred* was debelled into *Normandie*, and *Swano* poſſeſſed himſelfe of *England*.

Swano, dying, left the ſucceſſion of this Realme to his ſecond Sonne called *Canutus* or *Knout*: vpon whom diſaſterous *Egelred*, now called out of *Normandie* to the Repoſſeſſion of his Kingdome, vnto his dying day warred. After whom *Edmund*, for his toleration of Trauels ſurnamed *Iron-ſide*, eldeſt Sonne of deceaſed *Egelred* (for *Egelred* left three ſonnes, that is to ſay this *Edmund*, with *Alphred* (afterwards murthered by one *Goodwine*) and *Edward*, afterwards King, and ſurnamed the Confeſſor, of whom hereafter more) became Competitor with *Canutus* for the Kingdome. Betwixt which two braue Princes, with equall fortune, continued a noble warre, vntill laſtly they concluded a Diuident of the Land: Either thencefoorth enioying their allotted Dominion in all firme and mutual friendſhip. Which *Elfrick* (the perſeuerent Traytor to his naturall Princes and Countrie) enuying, drifted the murther of King *Edmund*: and hoping thereby high preferment, preſented his head to *Canutus*: who, abhorring the ſight, commanded the Regecide to a condigne death.

This *Edmond* left two infant Sonnes, *Edmond* and *Edward*: to ſecure himſelfe of whom *Canutus* diſpoſed of them beyond the Seas, where *Edmond* died without iſſue, and *Edward* (who becauſe that from his firſt preſcription hence, as haue ſome, he neuer after returned, was ſurnamed the Out-law) had by *Agatha* his wife (daughter of the Emperor *Henry* the third,

third, or after ſome, of *Solamon* King of *Hungarie*) iſſue a Sonne called *Edgar Adeling*, and two daughters called *Margaret* and *Chriſtian*: of which *Margaret* alſo ſhall be heerafter opportunely ſpoken.

Now was *Canutus* abſolute king not onely of *England*, but alſo, by death of his brother, of *Denmarke*, and by armor, of *Scotland*: becomming hencefoorth ſuch as *England* cannot boaſt a more magnificent and vertuous Monarke. After his death him ſeuerally ſucceeded in Raigne heere his two Sons, *Harold*, and *Canutus* the ſecond or *Hardy-Knought*: Either of them implauſable and burdenous to the *Engliſh*, and dying without iſſue. After the death of the laſt of theſe fower *Dane*-kings, that ſucceedingly with *Swano* vnto now had raigned heere in *Monarchia* by the ſpace of about 28. yeeres, the *Engliſhmen* (obſeruing by too deere experience a difference betwixt the Soueraigntie of an Alien & of a Natiue) Engliſhly chaſing hence the *Danes*, and vtterly reiecting their gouernment, effected a reſtauration of the Crowne in the royall blood of the *Weſt-Saxon-Engliſh*: that is, in *Edward* yongeſt, but Suruiuor Sonne of the aforeſaid *Egelred*: whom *Normandie* had from the declyning daies and death of his aforeſaid Father vnto nowe, mauger whatſoeuer conterdrifts ſecured.

Of the *Danes* therefore, that at times from their firſt entrie vnto then had tyrannized in *England* by the ſpace of about 255. yeeres, then and euer after euen in their verie name (howbeit more than many Modernes of vs ſhould falſly diſclaime propagation in their blood) thus extinct let vs here finiſh, and in few proſecute from this preſent Reuerture of the *Engliſh* Diademe to the next Innouation the State of this Realme.

THe *Danes* thus outed hence, and the *West-Saxon* or *English-blood-royal* reinthronized in the person of the aforesaid *Edward* surnamed the Confessor, he the very Mirror of pietie, courage, and Iustice) raigned most prosperously to the lately afflicted *English*, had not the blessings of God in a good Prince beene too much abused by impious Subiects. For notwithstanding so religious a king, it is thus set downe by Authors of the wickednesse of that time: *Sic ad mala perpetranda festinatur, vt nescire crimina, crimen esse videatur.* And that the Churchmen, admonished of their Pride, Remissnesse, and Misdoing vsed this for a common Answere: *Nunc aliud tempus, alij pro tempore mores.* Neither maruell we that this good King fayled in reforming the Pope-imitated pride and Insolencie of his Clergie, seeing it was then the common and cumbersome Case of all Christendome.

For the publike good and Pollicie out of the three sorts of all the aforesaid Lawes called *Marchenlage*, *Westsexenlage*, and *Danelage*, he culled and corrected the best and most reasonable, founding of all one Vniuersal Law whence our now-common-Law hath Originall. For the abrogating from which, and adding some new, for priuate prerogatiue and profit by the Conqueror, who also committed the whole to be written in his Normaine French, wherein the same is now extant, were afterwards many Insurrections heere vntill that in the Raigne of *Henry* the first was a Reformation therein neerlier to the Confessors Patterne, which so continueth vnto now: howbeit sometimes by some in our daies (vnworthily me seemeth) threatned *Procustes* his intertaynment.

Also to preuent a litigious Succession (for of him and his Queene, notwithstanding bed-Companions, is written professed and performed Virginitie: or, as haue others, that the King her repudiated by occasion perhaps of Earle *Goodwyne* her

her fathers trecheries) he ſent for hither *Edgar Adelinge*, ſonne and heire of the aforeſaid *Edward* the Out-law, which *Edward* was, as yee haue heard before, the ſuruiuing ſonne and heire of king *Edmund Iron-ſide* before remẽbred. Which *Edgar*, with the aforeſaid *Margaret* and *Chriſtian* his Siſters, and *Agatha* their mother accordingly came, of the king moſt ioyfully receiued and thenceforth nouriſhed as his owne: for the Expectance of the Crowne in Right and all Opinions reſted in this *Edgar*. Some write that himſelfe *Edward* the Outlaw then alſo came hether, the king then preferring vnto him, which he (a wonder on either part) refuſed, the preſent Soueraingtie: being, in deed, as ſonne and heire of *Iron-ſide* the eldeſt ſonne of the afforeſaid king *Egelred* to be preferred. But howſoeuer, neither to him, whom the King ſuruiued, nor to *Edgar* his ſaid ſonne, who ſuruiued the king, but he to an alien was England deſtinate. King *Edward* for his holineſſe, ſurnamed the Confeſſor, hauing bleſſedly raigned 23. yeeres and vpwards, leauing this tranſitorie life and the ſame *Edgar Adelinge* in minoritie, openly then appeared what of long time had beene ſecretly firſt plotted by Earle *Goodwyne* or *Godwine*, and after his and King *Edwards* deaths effected by *Herold* the ſame *Goodwyns* eldeſt Sonne: whereof thus is the proceſſe.

This *Goodwine*, of *Engliſh blood*, and in his life time a ſubiect of the greateſt pollicie, power, and commaunde in this Lande, had by the Daughter of King *Canutus* the *Dane* fiue Sonnes, mightie all by his meanes and by forren marriages. Wherefore *Goodwine*, after the death of *Hardy-Knought* the laſt of the *Dane-kings* heere, who died without iſſue, and whoſe life perhappes ſtoode in his light (for an intereſt in the *Daniſh* title was not vnminded as idle in the partie-blood of *Harold* his eldeſt ſonne) propoſing a contriuall of the Crowne into his Houſe, had perſwaded (and that eaſily) the vtter Eiectment hence of all the *Danes*. This performed, and

neuertheleſſe finding the Eies of the people (with whom, whatſoeuer hath beene at any time counterdrifted, a true title in a knowen diſcent hath euermore prooued a preuayling or chiefe Argument) generally fixed on the aforeſaid *Alphred* and *Edward* the two ſonnes of the aforeſaid King *Egelred* and bretheren of king *Edmund Iron-ſide*, that from their fathers death had remained and then were in *Normandie*, with an outward face therefore of conſent to their Induction, but, in deed, with an inward Purpoſe to remooue from his aſpiring attempt that impediment, he imbarked for *Normandie* to waffe them into *England*. But whether thear or heere or howſoeuer (wherein are Authors, touching the place and manner, diſſonant) currant it is that by his meanes *Alphred* was murthered, and *Edward* hardly eſcaping his trecherie was, as before, crowned and continued king, and *Goodwine* for the murther aforeſaid baniſhed. Who after about 4. yeeres preſcription was not onely reuoked home, but the king, hauing alſo married his daughter, added to his former Greatneſſe: wherein and in his former plotting he continued vntill (as is ſtoried of him) in maintenance of a falſehood, touching the murthering of the aforeſaid *Alphred* the kings brother, euen in the kings preſence, he execrated vpon himſelfe a choaking.

Goodwine thus dead, as alſo king *Edward* the Confeſſor, ſpeake we now of *Harold*, that in the deceaſed kings fauor and continued greatnes was no whit leſſe, in popular loue & applauſe much more than his father: on whom reſted the Euent of all the former & after-driftings, & in whom Nature, Education, & Art had couched whatſoeuer might be in a Nobleman commendable: onely his golden thoughts would not be worſer Dioted than with a Diademe. Much was it cõſulted of the choiſe of a new king: *Edgar Adelinge* his title was without controuerſie, but his nonage and forren Education held his Election in ſuſpence. *William* Duke of *Normandie* his

claine,

claime, by adoption of king *Edward* & otherwise, was neither vnminded nor vnfeared, and for the combination of either Principalitie of many of Ours earnestly affected. A third that stood for the Soueraigntie was the aforesaid *Harold:* for whom by diuers the cheife of the Nobilitie (vnto whom before time, distressed, he had beene firme) was alledged his *English*-Birth and Breeding, the necessarie Election (forren armor being then threatned) of a Prince so practiuely warlike: in few, his approoued valour and vertues such as Enuie it selfe could not quarrell. Neither wanted he a Title, such as it was (then the rather listned vnto and somewhat fauored, in preuention of the *Danes* then arming for an heere-Inuasion) that is, that on the mothers-side he was descended of the *Danish*-blood-royall. But for that he had formerly vowed the Custodie of the Land after the death of king *Edward* the Confessor to the vse of *William* Duke of *Normandie*, was had a scruple. In the meane time, whilest this tripartite Election was thus doubtfully handled, with *Alexanders* sword was sundred *Gordions* Knot: *Harold* without expecting what would be concluded, or tarying the woonted Ceremonies of a Coronation, suddenly had ceazed the Crowne and exercised kingly authoritie. This vnexpected Peremptorinesse in him amazed and misliked not a few: but generally hereupon, such were his alacrious Intertainements and vpright gouernment, that where his Dignitie was before most contradicted the same afterwards as much contented.

Scarcely was he warme in Regalitie, when *Harold* surnamed *Harefager* King of *Norway* or of the *Nore-Danes*, with *Tosto* an *English* arch-Reble brother of our *Harold*, with confederate Pewesance inuaded this Land: Ouer whom, either of the confederates being then slaine in battle, Ours through the braue conduct of *Harold* obtained a glorious victorie: when for vnequall diuision of the spoyle (in our daies also murmored a fault) diuers of the Nobilitie became Mal-

Contents towards the King: and so, sundering, weakned not a little the cause of *England*. For presently hereupon *William* Duke of *Normandie*, disbarking heere a multitious and compleate armie, and publishing reuenge of wrongs and right of Raigne, quarrelled *Harold* and the *English* Scepter.

THis *William* was the seuenth Duke of *Normandie*: lynially discended from *Rollo* the armipotent *Scythian* on whom, vrged by armor, *Charles*, surnamed the Symple, King of *Fraunce* had bestowed in marriage his Daughter, with the Donation of that Duchie to him and his heires for euer. This *Rollo* (who turning Christian was Baptized *Robert*) was succeeded in that Dukedome by *William* his Sonne, he by *Richard* his Sonne, he by *Richard* the second his Sonne, (whose Syster *Emma* thafforesaid King *Egelred* marrying had issue by her the aforesaid *Edward* the Confessor,) To this *Richard* the second succeeded in that Dukedome *Richard* the third his Sonne, to him *Robert* his Brother, and to him the aforesaid *William* his bastard Sonne: who afterwards subdewing *England*, was surnamed the Conqueror. So *Emma*, being Aunte to *Robert William* Conquerors father, the same *William* and *Edward* the Confessor *Harolds* Preregnant were, by the fathers side, Cosen Iarmaines remooued. By which Consanguinitie, such as it was, as also by adoption of the saide *Edward* the Confessor, he made his title to the Crowne of *England*. Adding also pretenced reuenge for diuers by-passed iniuries: that is, for the murther of thafforesaid *Alphred* his kynsman and of diuers *Normaines* his attendants, contriued (as the Duke quarrelled) not without *Harolds* consent by *Goodwine* his father: for *Harolds* repudiating and abusing (as haue some) or rather (as haue others) for his Receancie in a marriage contracted betwixt him and *Williams* Daughter: for his pariurious appropriating to himselfe of the kingdome, hauing

hauing formerly taken an oath not to intermeddle therewithall but to the vse of *William:* and, with other challenges, for the exile of one *Robert* a *Normaine* Arch-Bishop of Canterburie, procured, as he pretended, by *Harold* in the raigne of king *Edward.* This Bysshop *Robert* (least in any notable attempte against the State should be wanting the Coniuration of a Clargie-man) in reuenge of his exile so incensed the Pope or Popes (for about that time was not onely pluralitie of Popes, and amongst themselues Schysmes and quicke riddance by poysoning and vn-Poping one of another, but also their first audatious arrogating of supremacie ecclesiasticall and ciuill ouer Princes, to the vnquieting of all nations Christian) this *Robert,* as I said, so incensed the Sea of *Rome* against *England* and the house of *Goodwine,* that Pope *Alexander* the second had sent vnto Duke *William* an hallowed Banner, conceited (such was and is the blinde superstition of Pope-seduced people) ominous to his affected expedition and victorie.

Omitting the particulars of king *Harolds* answer to those the Dukes greeuances, the parcloese was, that by his sworde he would maintaine his Scepter. Whereupon the Duke taking issue, was ioyned a vigorious and blooddy Battle: whereof the better a long time inclined to the *English* part. Vntill the Duke by a pollitike Retreate of his, and by too secure pursute of ours, that opening their Battle gaue entrie to the aduantagious enimie, was lastly victorious: and King *Harold,* not without the note of a most compleate warrior, amiddest 66654. of his slaughtered people, and 6013. slaine *Normaines,* left his life and to the Victor his kingdome: when he had raigned but nyne monethes and odde daies, and was buried in the Monasterie of Waltham Holly-Crosse in Essex, whereof he was Founder. After this great ouerthrow diuers of the *English* Nobilitie (amongst whom of chiefe accompt and Conduct were *Morcar* and *Edwine* Earles of Northumberland and Mercia, that stomacking, as is before saide, the

vnindif-

vnindifferent ſharing of the *Nordaine* Bootie, had either not at all or not like themſelues aſſiſted *Harold* in the aforeſaide battle) conſulting to make head anewe were therein hindred: partly through a ſuperſtitious preſage then poſſeſſing the people of an ineuitable alteration in the State to be purſuant (as they fantized) a Commeat that had lately appeared: partly through the Prelates and the Popes creatures, who knowing his Hollineſſe to hold for the *Normaine*, aduiſed no croſſing ſo to auoide his curſſing: partly through a ſeuerance in mindes about the choyſe of a newe King, ſome ſtanding for the aforeſaid *Edgar Adelinge*, whilſt *Edwine* and *Morcar* propoſed themſelues that dignitie: and laſtly vtterly put beſides all ſuch purpoſes through neceſſity & terror of the *Normaine*, that in this meane time with ſword and fire pearced the Land as a perſeuerant tempeſt. Wherefore, after a generall ſubmiſſion of the *Engliſh*, was *William* Duke of *Normandie* crowned King of *England*: who from thencefoorth, diſclaiming all other Titles as letigious, interreſſed himſelfe heere by the onely Tytle of Conqueror: whereunto the ſoone alteration of all things in the State to his opinion had anſwerable affinitie.

This hapned in the yeere of grace 1067. about 2202. yeeres from *Brute*: 591. yeeres from *Hengeſt* the *Saxon* firſt raigned in Kent: 565. yeeres from *Cerdicus*, that firſt raigned ouer the *Weſt-Saxons*: and about 129. yeeres from the *Heptarchia* heere reduced into a Monarchie vnder King *Adelſtane*: And was (omitting the Tyrannie and Oppreſſion, howbeit no perfect Soueraigntie, wherewithall the *Pictes* for manie yeeres had afflicted the *Britons*) the fift abſolute alteration or alienation vnto Aliens of the Scepter of this Land. To wit, firſt to the *Romaines*, ſecondly to the *Armoricans* or *French Britons*, thirdly to the *Saxons*, fourthly to the *Danes*, and nowe fiftly to the *Normaines*. Making good this ſaying of *Seneca*, well obſerued and heerein applied by an Author before

before named: *Est itaque manifestum, nihil eodem loco manssisse quo genitum est. Assiduus humani generis discursus est. Quotidiè aliquid in tam magno Orbe mutatur. Noua vrbium fundamenta iaciuntur. Noua Gentium nomina extinctis nominibus prioribus, aut in accessionem validioris conuersis oriuntur.*

On the circumstances inferring to this last (God graunt it the last) Innouation heere I haue, contrarie to my purposed breuitie, the longer and the rather dwelt, for that vnder it we presently liue and are prosperously gouerned. Of diuers the chiefe accidents vnder which State and Gouernment be it nowe briefely touched: and first of the restauration of the Blood-royall of the *English-Saxons* or *Englishmen*, by vnion with that of the Conquerors.

EDgar *Adeling*, *Margaret*, and *Christian* his two Sisters, (the Remaine as yee haue heard, of the *Saxon* or *English-blood royall*) finding the new Raigne and Pollicie of the Conqueror dangerous to their longer tariance in *England*, shipped therefore, with *Agatha* their Mother, for *Almaine*, or (as haue some) for *Hungarie*, but were tempestiously forced into *Scotland*: Whom King *Malcolme*, then raigning there, honorably intertained: and in yoong *Edgars* behalfe, though in vaine, sometimes solicited and sometimes warred vpon King *William*. Also, for her great Birth, Beautie, and Vertues, hee tooke to wife the said *Margaret Edgars* Sister, and had issue by her two Daughters, *Maude*, and *Marie*: of whom *Maude* was in processe of time married vnto *Henry* the first surnamed *Beauclarke* King of *England*, succeeding *William Rufus* his Brother that succeeded *William* Conqueror their Father. King *Henry* the first by this *Maude* left issue a daughter his sole heire (for his other children had miscarried in crossing the Seas) named also *Maude*, whom her Father had formerly married vnto *Henry* the fourth, or after some the fift of that

name

name Emperor of *Almaine*: and secondly, after the Emperors death, to *Geoffrey Plantagenet* a *Frenchman* Earle of *Angeow*: Of which second marriage proceeded *Henry Plantaginet* surnamed also Fitz-Empresse. He after long warres and the death of *Stephen* Earle of *Boloyne*, sonne of the Earle of *Bloyes* by *Adela William* Conquerors Daughter, who after the death of *Henry* the first, vsurped the kingdome against the same *Maude* the Empresse and the said *Henry* her Sonne, and had also married the before remembred *Marie* the yoonger Daughter of the said *Malcolme* by the said *Margaret Edgars* Sister, which *Stephen* and *Marie*, because not succeeded heer in Raigne by any their issue, we blanch from our now-drifted purpose, This latter *Henry*, I say, Sonne of the Empresse by the name of *Henry* the Second, as heire vnto the said second *Maude* his Mother, Daughter and heire of *Henry* the first, was Crowned King of *England*, as before, after the vsurpation and death of king *Stephen*: whereby about 88. yeeres from *William* the Conqueror reuiued, from the Vnion aforesaid in the person of this *Henry* the second, the *Saxon* or *English* blood in like Royaltie with that of the *Normaine*. So that the then, thencefoorth, and moderne Blood-royall of this Lande might and may be indifferently said *English-Normaine* or *Normaine-English*. Of which vnited bloods and royalized Surname *Plantagenet*, now inclusiue in the Surname *Tuder*, these following Assentes to their originals yeeld easier manifestation. To wit, *Elizabeth* her nowe most gratious and sacred Maiestie was Daughter of *Henry* the Eight, Sonne of *Henry* the Seauenth, Sonne of *Edmund Tuder* Earle of *Richmond* by *Margaret Plantaginet* his wife, Daughter of *Iohn* Duke of *Somerset*, Son of *Iohn* Earle of *Somerset*, second Son of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, by birth the fourth, by suruiuor the second Sonne of *Edward* the third, Sonne of *Edward* the second, Sonne of *Edward* the first, Sonne of *Henry* the third, Sonne of King *Iohn*, Sonne of *Henry* the second, Sonne (as is aforesaid)

aforeſaid) of *Geoffery Plantagenet* by *Maude* the Empreſſe his wife, Daughter and heire of *Henry* the firſt by *Maude* his wife, Daughter of *Malcolme* King of *Scotes* by the aforeſaid *Margaret* his wife, Daughter of *Edward* the Out-lawe, Sonne and heire of *Edmund Iron-ſyde*, the laſt king heere of the entier *Saxon* or *Engliſh* lyne.

In this Genealogie, beſides the vnion of the *Engliſh* and *Normaine* Bloods in Soueraigntie, and the propagation of Royalty heere in the Surname *Plantagenet*, either perfected (as before) in the Parſon of *Henry* the ſecond, is alſo remembred the Surname *Tuder*: wherein, as may therein be obſerued, that of *Plantagenet* is incluſiuely ſcilenced: howbeit to this latter rather adding than derogating in honor, that former reſting royalized in three Kingly Pedegrees, as thus. *Henry* the ſeauenth, her now-Maieſties Grandfather, the firſt King here of the Surname *Tuder*, deriued his Line on the fathers ſide from *Cadwallader* the laſt King of the auncient *Britons*. Wherein paſſed Herauldrie, me ſeemeth, would not, becauſe but palpably it could not, vſe adulation, in regard that our *Welchmen*, of all other People, euermore haue had and ſtill haue an ordinarie Care and skilfull Facilitie in collecting and curiouſly conſeruing their diſcents, from how far-ſoeuer paſſed for time or how many ſoeuer for number. Secondly (as before) *Margaret* his mother, vnto whom he was heire, was a *Plantagenet* and heire of the royall Line of *Lancaſter*. Thirdly, *Katherine* his Grādmother, Queene *Dowager* of *Henry* the 5. betwixt which *Katherine* & *Owen Tuder* her ſecond husband was begotten *Edmund* Earle of *Richmond* father of this *Henry* the 7. was daughter of *Charles* the ſixt of that name King of *France*: wherby he was alſo exact of that blood-royal.

Now to wheare we left at *Henry* the ſecond or Fitz-Empreſſe, who beſides that he was as heire to his mother King of *England* and Duke of *Normandie*, by his father Earle of *Angeow*, by his wife Earle of *Poytow* and *Guyan*, and held other

great

great Prouinces in *Fraunce*, as *Gascoyne*, *Britaine*, and others, was also by Conquest Lord of *Ireland* and the Isles *Orcades*, and in *Scotland* actually possessed himselfe of diuers Countries, Townes and Castles, and as King-Paramount there had done vnto him for the *Scottish* Crowne Homage and Fealty.

A Next memorable Accident in this *Normaine* Alteration, which, and the Prosecution thereof (Popish vsurpations, Exactions, and Arrogancies, with the ciuill warres betweene the *Yorkest* and *Lancastrians* excepted) chiefly busied most of the succeeding Raignes, was the quartering or intermedling of the Armes of *England* with the Armes of *Fraunce*: with the Addition of *Fraunce* to the Style of *Englands* Soueraignes, and that not without Consent of the chiefest of the then *French* Nobilitie by King *Edward* the third: who claymed the whole Empier of *France* as his rightfull Inheritance. That is, as Sonne and heire of Queene *Isabell* his Mother, Syster and heire of *Charles* the fourth of that name king of *Fraunce*, Brother and heire of *Phillip* the fifth, Brother and heire of *Lewis* the eleuenth, Sonne and heire of *Phillip* the fourth called *le Beau* or the Faier, Sonne and heire of *Phillip* the third. Which third *Phillip* left also a second Sonne called *Charles* Prince or Earle of *Valoys*, who had left Issue *Phillip* of *Valoys*, that afterwards became king of *Fraunce*. For albeit the aforesaid three Sonnes of *Phillip* the fourth or the Faier, that is to say, *Lewys*, *Phillip*, and *Charles*, after their Fathers death succeedingly raigning, died all three without Issue and, whereby, after the opinion and Lawes of the *English*, the Crowne of *Fraunce* should haue discended vnto the Issue and heire (which was *Edward* the third) of the same *Isabell* their Sister, daughter, as before, of *Phillip le Beau* the elder of the two sonnes of *Phillip* the third, the *French* notwithstanding, in supplantation of king *Edward*, by wrested colour

of

of an old Salicke Law or Cuſtome of theirs which diſabled, as they ſuggeſted, women to be capable of the Inheritance of that Kingdome, ſubmitted themſelues Subiects to the aforſaid *Phillip* of *Valoys*, Cozen German, as before, of *Phillip* the fourth or the Faier, and put by the right of king *Edward*. Who therefore warred ſo puiſſantly and proſperouſly vpon the ſame *Phillip* of *Valoys*, that (notwithſtanding he was a moſt braue and vigorious Prince, and had Confederates diuers Kings and Princes, of whom, omitting many other great Potentates, was ſlaine in this buſineſſe the king of *Boheme*, and *Dauid* king of *Scots* alſo aſſiſting the *French* part taken Priſoner) king *Phillip* himſelfe, after many yeeres war almoſt debelled *Fraunce*, of very Melancholy died. Whoſe ſonne king *Iohn*, that ſucceeded him in Raigne, valiantly mayntayned the warres againſt the *Engliſh*: but being laſtly in Battle taken Priſoner by *Edward* ſurnamed the Blacke Prince our Kings eldeſt ſonne, king *Edward*, beſide the Receit of great Ranſomes for the two kings of *Fraunce* and *Scotland* and the yoongeſt ſoune of *Fraunce* (being all Priſoners here at one time) abſolutely poſſeſſed himſelfe of many great Signories in either Kingdome. King *Iohn* dead, *Charles* the fifth his ſonne that ſucceded him in Raigne, with Pollicie and Fortune more proſperous to *Fraunce* than in many former yeres mannaged the *French* Actions. Howbeit many and honorable were the perſeuerant achieuements of the *Engliſh* there: vntill king *Edward* and the Prince his Sonne Duke of *Aquitaine*, ouergreeuouſly taxing their *French* Subiects, loſt thereby a many hearts to them formerly conſtant: and laſtly, the Sonne firſt and ſhortly after the father, in a ſomwhat declined Fortune, left their liues and to *Richard* the ſonne of Prince *Edward*, then in nonage, the Crowne of this Land and their forrein Conqueſts.

During the minoritie of this King *Richard* the ſecond of that name, brauely was it exployted in *Fraunce* by his A-

gents,

gents, and much holden there at his oppinion. But yeeres poſſeſſing him of abſolute Empire, what through his owne obſtinate headineſſe and miſgouernment, and what through the turbulent ſeducements of ſeueral ambitious new vp-ſtarts and others his fauorits, oppoſing themſelues againſt and tyrannizing the ancient Nobilitie and weale-publique, *French* expeditions were for many yeeres laide a bedde, and *England* laboured of Iniuſtice, Inſurrections, and ciuill armor: vntill laſtly this King that tragically raigned, being firſt depoſed (whereof more in it due place) tragically ended: and was ſucceeded in Raigne by *Henry* the fourth.

This *Henry* for that he was the firſt, and that by a then litigious Title (as ſhal heereafter be ſaid) that out of the woonted courſe tranſplanted the Crowne in the *Lancaſtrian* famylie, did therefore onely ſo much in the progreſſe of this our *French* Title, as ſhewed him to haue effected that which, likely, he would haue effected, if enuious oppoſites to his heere-Soueraigntie had not croſſed his therein well begonne deſignements. But after his deceaſe *Henry* the fift his Sonne became in Armes ſo tempeſtious to *Fraunce*, that *Veni, vidi, vici* apted not *Cæſar* better then this our victorious *Henry*. Who after he had preuailed in diuers notable Battels, and conquered many the chiefe *French* Prouinces, was by *Charles* the ſixt, the then-King there, and the greater part of the *French* Peeres proclamed, which accordingly he exerciſed, to the preſent Regencie of the whole Empire of *Fraunce*: and after the death of King *Charles*, all the ſame abſolutely to remaine to King *Henry* and his heires for euer: the then *Dolphine* and whatſoeuer this contradicting to be thencefoorth both by the *Engliſh* and *French* as a common foe debelled.

King *Henry* the fift, who alſo had married *Katheren* the faire Daughter, and as haue ſome, heire of the ſaid *Charles* (for in the Birth of the then *Dolphine* was murmured Baſtardie) thus eſtabliſhed Regent of *Fraunce*, and the abſolute Crowne thereof

thereof after the death of King *Charles* to him decreed, was suruiued by the same *Charles*, who also shortly after ended his last day: whereby the infant Sonne of King *Henry* the fift, by the name of *Henry* the sixt, was King of *England*, and interessed (as before in the whole kingdome of *Fraunce*: which for many following yeeres was gouerned and held his, vnder the honorable and victorious Regencie of *Iohn* Duke of *Bedford*, as was likewise *England* vnder the succesfull and gratious Protectorship of *Humfrey*, called the good Duke of *Glouceſter*, the yoong Kings Vncles: vnder whose seuerall deputed gouernments well prospered the *English* cause in either kingdome: and this our yoong King *Henry* the sixt was triumphantly crowned and inthronized King of *Fraunce*, euen in *Paris*, with the applause of all or the most of the *French* Peeres and Nobilitie, mauger the *Dolphins* then repugnancie.

But, alas, disasterous *England* that (as before) euen from *Edward* the thirde had beene in trauell of *Fraunce* and nowe brought foorth her Birth, that is this happie occasion, neglected and left it euen in the swathing clothes. For the two aforesaid great and good Princes the Dukes of *Glouceſter* & *Bedford*, dead (with whom *Englands* glory might haue beene said buried) in *England* kindled such flames of ciuill discention as occupied well-neere all the following Crownes, and vntill *Henry* the Eight could not be quenched. Whereof *Fraunce* by degrees opportunely taking aduantage (except a fewe Peeces now also bereft vs) reconquered there more than our former conquests: that is also *Englands* aunciently possessed inheritances.

Thus much of *England* interressed in *Fraunce*, which ought to be vnto vs reall and not, as it is, in figure. It followeth now of the before mentioned ciuill-warres the breake-necke of our said *French* enterprises: taking occasion from a former time, but actiue from the aforesaid *Richard* the second, how-

beit with some intermissions: and from henceforth, that is, from this *Henry* the sixt, in whose raigne it reuiued, perseuerent and famous in the two factious and powerfull families *Yorke* and *Lancaster*.

BEfore is touched how King *Richard* the second for his selfe-apt, but rather as may be obserued, by his seduciue misgouernment (for his borne-Nature, noble and debonaire, was too much abused by yoong Councell and Parasites) became disgratious with his Princes and people. Heereupon *Henry* of *Bolingbroke* (so called of his birth-place) Duke of *Hertford*, and then newly by *Iohn* of *Gaunt* his fathers death Duke of *Lancaster*, and inheritor of many other high Titles (whom wee formerly remembred by the name of King *Henry* the fourth) aduentured a returne hither from vniuit Banishment. Where obseruing the king (who was then in *Ireland*) to be in *Odium* with his subiects, and also in them an aptnesse to an Innouation, he therefore plotted (perhaps before this opportunity not conceited) a deriuation to himselfe of the kingly Diademe. And as euerie thing is done with facilitie whereof euerie man doth fantasie the doing, so onely to beget colour of a new, sufficed, at that time to destroy the old and vntill then indubitate Title. *Henry* the third (after whom this *Richard* the second was the fourth King) left two Sonnes: To wit, *Edward* that after his father was King by the name of *Edward* the first, and *Edmund* the first Earle and beginner of the House of *Lancaster*: from whom this *Henry* of *Bolingbroke* attempted the Throne-royall in these discents following. That is to say: to this *Edmund* Earle of *Lancaster* succeeded to that then Earledome *Thomas* his sonne, to him *Henry* his brother or nephew, and to him *Henry* his sonne, whom King *Edward* the third created the first Duke of *Lancaster*: To *Blanche* his daughter and heire discended all the great

great Honours and Hereditaments of her aforesaid Auncestors, and she marrying vnto *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, as before, the fourth sonne of *Edward* the third, he in her right became Duke of *Lancaster*, and had Issue betwixt them the same *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*. Who, as before is said, furthered also with the Peers and Peoples distast of the said *Richard* the seconds misgouernment, pretēding for Title the said *Edmund* (whom the Dukes faction for a then-Skill surnamed *Crooke-backe*) Great-grandfather to the same *Blanche* his mother, to be the elder sonne of *Henry* the third, and for his deformitie to be couinously put besides the kingdome, interrupted the discents of the said *Edward* the first at this *Richard* the second the fourth in that Line.

To this the Dukes Tympanie the Commons prestly became Midwiues, neither did they leaue him vntill lastly they had brought him a bed of a Kingdome: Howbeit after a better Conception. For the Duke, hauing thus made an Head, he vrged no farther the aforesaid Title from the said *Edmund* of *Lancaster* nor his Deformitie (which though the shallow Vulgars, credulent of all absurdities, had swallowed for a Veritie, yet wise and considerate Persons had searched and knew the same to be falsed) but gaue it out that his meaning was onely a Reformation in the Weale-publike, that then, in deed, was at a manifest mischiefe. For the King was too credulent, vncircumspect, wastefull, and wilfull: his Councellors and Parasites base, ambitious, couetous, and cruell: The ancient Nobilitie by trecherous Deaths, wrested Attainders, or vniust Banishment tyrannized: The Commons daily impouerished with strange and vnaccounted-for Exactions and Taxes: The whole Kingdome it selfe farmed out, and the Farmers thereof oppressing at their pleasures: forren Peeces through dishonorable Compositions, Bryberie, or Cowardize set-ouer, betrayed, or euicted. In few, euery thing was then out of the right Course and nothing in euery Estate

and Function not to be hated or pittied. No wonder then that *Henry* of *Lancaſter* found now an eaſie Paſſage to the attraynment of his Purpoſe, ſeeing his Purpoſe, tending to ſo publike a Benefite, could not miſſe of being preferred at all hands with Plauſibilitie. To be ſhort, King *Richard*, being newly returned out of *Ireland*, was forſaken of his fearfull and inconſtant followers, and in *Flynt* Caſtell left diſconſolate. Theare was he taken, and afterwards (being articled againſt) as a Pryſoner hild in the Tower of London by Duke *Henry*: vnto whom, by an Iſtrument penned for the purpoſe and confirmed by Parlament, wherein he confeſſed his owne weakeneſſe and the Dukes worthineſſe for Gouernment, he reſigned his whole Kingly Title ouer all his Dominions. Beſides which and *Richards* then adoption of him, the Duke alſo claimed the Crowne by Conqueſt, and as next heire male of the blood-royall to the depoſed King *Richard*. Thus, by Conſent alſo of Parlament, was the Scepter tranſpoſed to the Houſe of *Lancaſter*: and laſtly the depoſed king after 22. yeeres Raigne died in Priſon a death not naturall.

MVch was this diſtraction of Regalitie from *Richard* the ſecond enuied by thoſe of his Lyne and Affinitie: wherefore much was attempted againſt King *Henry* by often warres, acted, and trecheries, preuented: where through manie of the Peeres, and other perſons of name by armor and atrainders of diuers times periſhed. Laſtly, in pollicy aſwell to occupie and withdraw buſie heads from ſedition heere, as alſo in *Fraunce*, to ſtrengthen himſelfe by *Fraunce* with a confederacie, interceſſed thence vnder large offers and profitable conditions, he transfreted thither an armie, in the quarrell of *Iohn* Duke of *Burgoyne* againſt *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*. The which ciuill diſcention betwixt which two powerfull *French* Potentates, chiefly forwarded in proceſſe

of

of time the subduing of almost all *Fraunce* vnto *England*. For notwithstanding that it afterwards hapned that this Duke of *Orleance*, taken by Ours, in battle, was by the space of 25. yeeres detayned prysoner in *England*, and that that Duke of *Burgoyne*, in an interuewe betwixt him and *Charles* the then *Dolphin*, was trecherously slaine, yet was the same intestine discord so seconded and continued by the same *Dolphin* and *Phillip* Duke of *Burgoyne*, also our confederate, who succeeded the same his murthered Father, as also after *Phillips* death, by Duke *Charles* his sonne, that all *Fraunce* was in effect *English* before a reconcilement in those factions.

King *Henry* the fourth in these and whatsoeuer his former and following expeditions, which were high and many, prouing euermore glorious and fortunate, and by his attractiue vertues hauing lastly confirmed to him the hearts of all his subiects, euen of those who were formerly his enimies, after 13. yeeres raigne left this transitorie life, and to *Henry* called King *Henry* the fift his most vertuously-reformed and victorious Sonne, vpon whom we haue formerly touched, and of whom cannot be more nor should be lesse spoken than that he was a prince absolutely valerous and vertuous, the successsion of his kingdome. He in the summer of his age and harueste of his glorious *French* victories, after 9. yeeres raigne, likewise finished in the way of all flesh: leauing the Crowne to King *Henry* the sixt his Sonne and onely issue, being then an Infant aged but few daies aboue 8. moneths. In regard of whose minoritie (as before you haue heard) the Protectorship of *England* was committed to *Humfrey* Duke of *Glouceester*, and the Regencie of *Fraunce* to *Iohn* Duke of *Bedford*, Vncles to the Infant King: And like as gloriously prospered (as, in fewe, hath beene formerly touched) our *English* and *French* affaires vnder the seuerall Raignes of those precedent two *Henries*, the first Kings heere of the *Lancastrian* familie, so and such was the thriuing progresse therein vnto the

ouer-paſſed vnder-age of this their Orphant, the third in that Lyne and the ſixt King heere of that name, vnder the ſaide ſeiunct adminiſtrations of thoſe his magnificent Vncles the Protector and Regent.

But Fortune, that had ſo long time fauored this noble Famelie, now wrought it into a long-laſting implicitie of miſchiefs: euen by thoſe chiefly that for blood & benefits ſhould not, & indeed, had they foreſeen the ſequel, would not as they did, by domeſticke emulations haue authored opportunities for the *Yorkeſts*. For it is to be vnderſtood that *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, beſides the aforeſaid *Henry* the fourth, had alſo three ſonnes, ſurnamed *Beaufordes*, by *Katheren Swynford* his laſt wife: to wit, *Iohn* who became Duke of *Somerſet*, *Thomas* Duke of *Exceter*, and *Henry* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, called the rich Cardinall: and that not vntruly, for he not onely attained to that dignitie, but through his exceeding wealth hoped alſo the Popedome. Theſe but eſpecially this Cardinall, conſpiring with *William de la Poole* Marques and afterwards Duke of *Suffolke*, enuying that any vnder the yoong king their Coſen ſhould be ſuperior to them, after the deceaſe of the ſaide Regent *Iohn* Duke of *Bedford*, the terror of *Fraunce* and glorie of *England*, (whoſe powerfulneſſe combined with that of his brothers Duke *Humfrey* the Protector, and the Commons generall applauſe of them both had hitherto awed) pitched their Tewe to intangle the ſame protector, his Countries ſuruiuing Father and impartiall Iuſticer againſt whomſoeuer of whatſoeuer enormities, euen of the ambition and auarice of thoſe towring *Beaufords*. Who therefore, firſt afflicting him in his by eccleſiaſticall cenſures ſubborned and to the vttermoſt executed euen againſt his beloued *Ducheſſe*, laſtly at a Parlament for that purpoſe conuented at *Bury* himſelfe, good Prince, in his owne conſcience guiltleſſe and therefore ſecure, was ſuddenly areſted as a Traytor, and without examination, accuſation, or anſwere impriſoned, and the verie next

morning

morning found murthered in his bed.

This noble Prince and watchfull Seer for his King and Countrie thus dead, all things rested then at the deuotion of his enimies, and nothing not out-of-ioynt in the weale-publique. For the king (who studied onely his soules health, and than whom for pietie, patience, contempt of the world, meeknesse, and mortefied affections could not liue a better Creature: and therefore, howsoeuer of a King, not vnworthy the name of a Saint (which long time after his death had bin procured by King *Henry* the seuenth, had not the Pope rated the canonizing of a King at too deere a reconing) the King, as I said, after his full age raigned chiefely by Queene *Margaret* his wife: who, being borne *French*, so plyantly therefore at sometimes aduaunced the things of *Fraunce*, and at all times so infirmely resisted, that after a fewe yeeres, not for want of good Captaines there but good Councell heere, nothing thereof besides *Callice* and it boundes remained *English*: whereunto the then discord amongst our Nobilitie also afferred opportunities. Moreouer the Queene, soothed by her fauorites the Dukes of *Somerset* and *Suffolke*, did sprightly & daringly whatsoeuer either her-selfe rashly fantised or they aduised in the administration of *England*, that was now at too much leasure for intestine and ciuil discention. For the aforesaid intermitted controuersie concerning the Crowne, founded from *Edward* the first and *Edmund* Crooke-backe the first Earle of *Lancaster*, the two Sonnes of *Henry* the thirde, that had had action betwixt their two families from the deposing, as before of King *Richard* the second by *Henry* of *Lancaster* him succeeding by the name of *Henry* the fourth, in effect during the whole Raigne of the same *Henry*, as also part of *Henries* the fift nowe reuiued: and hencefoorth turbulently and tragically proceeded vnder the two distinguished names of the Factions of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*.

Richard Plantagenet Duke of *Yorke*, of high Consangui-

nitie and great Alliance, the then Fauoret of the curbed Nobilitie and discontented Commons, whom formerly the Duke of *Somerset* touching the Regencie of *Fraunce* and otherwise had crossed, betwixt whom therfore and their Fauctors had increased grudge and rancorous Heart-burnings, now intertayning Occasion, had secretly giuen and procured to be giuen out hopefull speeches of a Reformation by his prouisions in the then thirstlesse Gouernment: also not forgetting by the way to preferre, amongst his priuate Friends openly and the Vulgars cloudiously, his Title to the Kingdome. Which Title, he deriuing in the Line from King *Edward* the first, with those of his faction passed for pregnant, and the two formers and this present Raignes of the *Lancastrians* (who, for the manifest vntroth thereof, had waued their claime to the Crowne from *Edmund* Crooke-backe, and in the other Line, that is of *Edward* the first, were descended but from *Iohn* of *Gaunt* the fourth sonne of King *Edward* the third) were, notwithstanding any Resignation, Adoption, Conqueſt, Possession, or Pretexts whatsoeuer reputed but intrusiue Vsurpations vpon the auncetors of the same Duke of *Yorke*, and vpon himselfe now that demaunded from the third sonne of the same King *Edward* the third. How therefore the Crowne-right of the House of *Edward* the first inuested in the Familie of *Yorke*, and from whom they claymed, and in whom their claime effected it heere followeth.

To the same King *Edward* the first inherited his Sonne King *Edward* the second, to him his Sonne King *Edward* the third, to him King *Richard* the second, the sole Issue of his eldest Sonne *Edward* Prince of *Wales:* which *Richard*, as also *Edward* the thirds second Sonne *William* of *Hatfeild*, being either of them dead without issue, the right of Raigne of this Lyne reuerted to the house of the thirde Sonne of the same *Edward* the third, that is of *Leonell Plantagenet* Duke of *Clarence:* whose Daughter and sole issue and heire *Phillip* married vnto

Edmund,

Edmund, or after ſome, *Roger Mortemer* Earle of *Marche* had Iſſue by him *Roger* alſo Earle of *Marche*: hee had Iſſue *Anne Mortemer* his Eldeſt Daughter and ſuruiuing heire after Earle *Edmund* her Brother, who died without iſſue: this *Anne Mortemer* by *Richard Plantagenet* her huſband Earle of *Cambrige*, ſecond Sonne and laſtly heire of *Edmund* of *Langley* Duke of *Yorke*, the fift Sonne of *Edward* the thirde had Iſſue this *Richard Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke*: who by the aforeſaid tytle from the ſame *Anne* his mother, as before, heire of the houſe of *Clarence*, after ſome blooddy fields with diuers change of Fortune, at the laſt in open Parlament aſcending the Throne-royall, made demaund of the kingdome for the houſe of *Yorke*: which was then yeelded to be his and his heires after the deceaſe of King *Henry* the ſixt then raigning. But ſuch were the ſtratagemes and warres proſecuted againſt him by *Margaret* King *Henries* magnanimious Queene, that laſtly he periſhed in a ſore-foughten battle: Whereupon his eldeſt Sonne *Edward* Earle of *Marche* ſo vigoriouſly ſeconded his Fathers Claime, that he depoſed King *Henry*, and after much trouble and many battles poſſeſſed the Crowne by the name of King *Edward* the fourth.

Not long while after the mirror of religious meekeneſſe *Henry* the ſixt, depoſed and impriſoned, was by blooddy *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter* the preuailing kings Brother, diſpatched hence to the bleſſed ſoule of yoong Prince *Edward*, the ſame King *Henries* once onely childe, alſo formerly vnbodied by that tyrant *Glouceſter*. Thus was the raigne of this Land reduced againe to the Lyne of *Edward* the firſt, now, as yee haue heard, by inter marriage with the heire of *Clarence* incorporated into the houſe of *Yorke*, after it had inured with three applauſed *Lancaſtrian* Kings of the Lyne of *Edmund* Crooke-backe by the ſpace of about 62. yeeres.

Of

OF this houſe of *Yorke* raigned, and that not without much trouble, onely two Kings. For yoong *Edward* the fift, the elder of the two ſonnes of the deceaſed king *Edward* the fourth, neuer crowned, but, vntimely, with *Richard* Duke of *Yorke* his yoonger Brother murthered by the procurement of the aforeſaid *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter* their degenerate Vncle, hath onely a number in the Catalogue of our kings. The latter King therefore of the two crowned *Yorkeſtes* was this *Richard* Duke of *Glouceſter*, called King *Richard* the third: A moſt faithleſſe Vſurper and blood inſatiat Tyrant, of whom to be deliuered, to God-wards or the Diuel, were wanting neither praiers nor curſes. This God-left man hauing by exquiſite hypocriſie, numerous and execrable murthers, (wherein he neither ſpared the other nor his owne Lynage, nor whomſoeuer elſe he any whit ſuſpected to be neuer ſo little in oppoſition with his aſpiring) opened vnto himſelfe way to the Kingdome, raigned with like continued tyrannie. Inſomuch that of the Nobilitie many fledde the Lande, moſt the Court, and all ſtudied better times and their owne ſafeties.

Reuerent *Morton* Byſhop of *Ely*, conſulted of the Duke of *Buckingham* (in whoſe houſe the Biſhop was then priſoner) not only how a riddance might be of the miſchieuous tyrant, but alſo of an Vnion to be contriued betweene the two litigious Famelies of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*, had by his great wiſedome and the Dukes forwardnes ſo broken the yſe to either Interpriſe that, to haue effected the ſame, the Duke was ſo ſuddenly vp in Armes that the King had hardly time to collect an Armie. But the Duke, caſually looſing that Iourney and thereby his head, his and the Biſhops Plot was neuertheleſſe proſecuted in a firme and ſtrong Confederacie. Which was, that *Henry Tuder* Earle of *Richmond*, ſonne and heire of *Edmund* Earle of *Richmond* and *Margaret* his wife, daughter

and

and heire of *Iohn* Duke of *Somerſet*, ſonne and heire of *Iohn* Earle of *Somerſet*, the ſecond ſonne of *Iohn* of *Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaſter*, ſhould, as the then indubitate heire in the *Lancaſtrian* Lyne of *Henry* the ſixt, the laſt king and heire of the then fayling Houſe of *Henry* the fourth, the firſt ſonne of the ſame *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, put downe the Vſurper, vndertake the Scepter, and eſpouſe *Elizabeth* king *Edward* the fourths eldeſt daughter, the then indubitate heire of the Houſe of *Yorke*. For which marriage by him, and ſuppliments to him to be performed, ſecret Contracts and Othes on all parts had paſſed.

Of this plotting (which toucht him to the verie quicke) when the Tyrant had notice, neuer had his wits beene more labored than they now were about this buſineſſe. Wherefore, aſwell to ſupplant his Competitor, and fruſtrate the conſpiracie as alſo to patch vp his broken Title with an inceſtious marriage, and further effuſion of innocent blood, by ſmooth pretexts he allured out of Sanctuarie his fiue Neeces, daughters of the deceaſed King his naturall Brother: who with the Queene Mother, to auoide his tyranny, had of long time priuiledged themſelues there: whence alſo to murther them, as he did, he had formerly practiſed the two yoong Princes his Nephewes. Of theſe Ladies he prepoſed *Elizabeth* his eldeſt Neece to his of her abhorred bed, and the others to their vntimely buriall. But this to effect was requiſite that his Queene then aliue were, howſoeuer, firſt dead. Which act in the Tragedie when himſelfe had ſhortly and feately performed, in the *intermedium* betwixt that paſſed and the next acte purpoſed, wherein the Prieſt in the play ſhould haue celibrated the intended marriage, was ſuch interruption by the Prieſt out of the Play, that the Tragedie proceeded altogither croſſe to the firſt Authors inuention. For Biſhop *Mortons* continued plot was now ſo hotly on foote aſwell beyond the ſeas as in *England*, that no leaſure remained the King for his formall

formall courting of so contrarious a Ladie, or the couert dispatch of her death-behighted sisters: himselfe also reckoning it to be as farre from policy as pietie then to perpetrate ought whereby to become more odious, when his downefall being in so dangerous a chace, it stoode him vpon to honest his actions. Wherefore it sufficed him for then that he had gotten into his power his fiue Neeces: deferring his determined Marriage of the Eldest and Murther of the others vnto further and more fitting Opportunities.

Also the Earle of *Richmond* himselfe, who in his Childehood at the latter deposing of *Henry* the sixt had beene conueyed into *Britaine*, and was there vntil then, notwithstanding much laboured thence, secured against the heere-raigning *Yorkestes* (the good Duke in his sickenesse abused therein by one vnder him in chiefe Office) very narrowly auoyded king *Richards* smooth-spoken Orators and large Bryberie. But the Earle intelligenced from Bishop *Morton*, then in *Flanders*, of that practise gainst him, secretly and speedily escaped thence into *Fraunce*: whence, to be short, after many difficulties, with a thinne Power he arriued in *England*, was assisted of his Friends, encountred his Enemies (which in heart were but few) and slew in Battle the Vsurping Tyrant: whose rare valiantnesse, wit, and pollicie, misapplied, had procreated vnto himselfe and others extraordinary and prodigious Issues. Wherein is neuertheless to be obserued the vnscrutable prouidence of the Almightie, who, when it so pleaseth him, euen from most bad Causes produceth most good Effects. For had not this Tyrant (though far off from conceiting any such happy Euent to the Weale-publike) made riddance of so many in either of the then factions families, that might, and, no doubt, in their turnes would powerfully haue beene Competitors of the Soueraigntie, where through, aptly, survniued an indubitate heire male of the one house, and an indubitate heire female of the other, either of them marriageable, and neither

neither of them married: and had he not raigned ſo odiouſly that the two factious houſes, ſundring in all things elſe, of neceſſitie concurred to ſuppreſſe him their common Enemie, the ſo bloddy and long-continued ciuill warres had ſtill liued an *Hydra*: whereunto the then ſtudied Vnion by this opportune marriage plotted and afterwards effected was thenceforth (and for euer may it ſo be) an *Hercules*.

King *Richard* the third the Vſurper, asbefore, ſlaine, *Henry Tuder* Earle of *Richmond* was preſently crowned King by the name of *Henry* the Seuenth: who afterwards, as was precontracted, taking to wife the aforeſaid *Elizabeth Plantagenet* the eldeſt daughter of *Edward* the fourth, he of *Lancaſter* and ſhe of *Yorke* the imediate heires, the ciuill warres famous in the Factions of thoſe two Families, which from *Richard* the ſecond vntill then and the more part of this *Henry* the ſeuenths Raigne, through ſundrie tumultious Counterfeits at Seuerall times ſubborned by ſome enuious *Yorkeſts*, had raged aboue 80. yeeres happily ceaſed. Betweene which Factions had beene foughten ſixteene or ſeuenteene pitched Battels, and about that Quarrel had at times periſhed eight or nine kings and kings Sonnes, beſides (not reckoning vnder-degrees of Nobilitie and Gentrie) aboue fortie Dukes, Marquiſes, and Earles, and of the Commons, as is computated, aboue two hundreth thouſand.

Of this happy Vnion of thoſe two Houſes, beſides two Daughters, the one married into *Scotland* and the other into *Fraunce*, and thence backe againe into *England*, of either of whom preſently remaineth a right noble and broodious Poſteritie, proceeded the victorious King, King *Henry* the Eight, of either Houſe the indubitate heire.

He (and firſt of all Kings Chriſtian he) aboliſhed the long time vſurped ſupremacie of the Biſhops of *Rome*, with their exceſſiue pillings and exactions hence: whereby from time to time they had impoueriſhed the Realme. Alſo the abuſed

and

and Iuſtice hindring immunites of the arrogant Popiſh Clarkes and idle Moniſticks: the waiward appeale of one of which from their naturall Princes to the See of Rome ſufficed (whereof had beene too often Experience) to the vnquieting of a whole Kingdome. And, that by taking away the cauſe the effect might ceaſe, hee demoliſhed and ſuppreſſed Abbies and Monaſteries: appointing competent Penſions to the Suruiuors of their, ſome of them hyppocriticall, and all of them vnprofitable Recluſes: whoſe Perſons, purſes, and poſſeſſions, eſtimated a third part of *England*, had formerly beene in effect, exempted all Seruices and Contributions in the Weale-publike. Religion in the then erred doctrine therof in much he reformed to the autentike ſenſe and only warranty of the ſacred Scriptures. Church-diſcipline & Cerémonies, he alſo in many things clenſed from Superſtitions, conforming the ſame to the Pattern of and Practiſe in the primatiue and true Appoſtolicall Church. Many of his noble, zelous, and abuſed Predeceſſors and Progenitors kings of this Land had often and earneſtly, by lawes and otherwiſe, attempted the like aboliſhing, reforming, and conforming in the Premiſſes. But ſo had Cuſtome and the corrupting Romiſh Pollicie prouided for the Obſtinacie and Illitterature of the ſhallow people, and plauſibly deluded their preiudicate Senſes, that theretofore their Popes, not their Princes, had euermore preuayled: as by our Hiſtories may be too plentiouſly thereof collected.

Whatſoeuer by this death-preuented King the father in Religion and church-rytes remayned vnreformed, was by his bleſſed Sonne King *Edward* the ſixt happily perfected. But more abſolutely by his world-admired daughter *Elizabeth*, her now moſt gratious and ſacred Maieſtie: vnto whoſe highnes I beſeech the Almightie to vouchafe long and like religious and proſperous as her paſſed and preſent Soueraigntie ouer vs.

FINIS.